

the
STARK FIST
OF
Removal

No. 43, Vol. 17
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The Official Journal of
The Church of the SubGenius
平天派的天堂

"A Layover to Catch Meddlers"

Sizzling Hot

FANTASY  
AWAITS YOU

ADULTS ONLY



SENSITIVE INFORMATION

DO NOT OPEN

Purchase price will be completely refunded without question should eternal damnation result from the reading of this periodical.

Via Rev. Romagnoli

NUDITY





# "BOB'S"

## The Church Of The SUBGENIUS



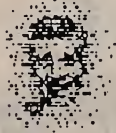
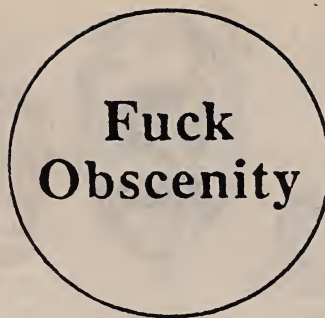
Burn with Desire  
Descend into  
HELL  
Fulfill every Sin  
of the FLESH



# IT'S FUCK!

Brazilian decal





## Inspiration

*Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.*

1 Peter 2:9

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Made In Dallas

"Where We Teach 'Em to Shoot at Presidents and at People Who Shoot at Presidents"

Art clockwise from top left: Norman Conquest, Tuli Kupferberg, Norman Conquest, LIES, Sheldon derWehr, Lisa Leftkort, SternoDox, Art Police



"This is not a club, this is an appreciation of Bob," Rensin said. "There is an unpretentious quality that connects all Bobs. Bob is America. Bob is everywhere and everybody. Bob is Everyman."

**LET ME ASSURE YOU** that God ~~under~~stands your pain and the ~~courage~~ you feel — ~~we~~ we don't understand why it has happened.

The real question, after all, is not "why" but "how" — how you can deal with it and learn to live with it (it cannot be cured). And let me assure you also that God wants to help you ~~overcome~~ ~~your~~ ~~courage~~ and ~~frustration~~.



The Sunday gospel shouter was in great form.

"Everything God has made is perfect," he preached.

A small, gnarled hunchback rose in the rear of the auditorium and asked, "What about me?"

"Why," responded the preacher, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw."



2. A person appears in a "state of nudity" when such person is unclothed or in such attire, costume or clothing as to expose to view any portion of the female breast below the top of the areola or any portion of the pubic hair, anus, cleft of the buttocks, vulva or genitals. The term "entertaining" as used in the first sentence of Part 1 hereof shall mean providing amusement, enjoyment, satisfaction or gratification, whether for a fee or not. The term "nude entertainment" as used in this ordinance shall

The essential SubGenius teachings are encapsulated in **THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS**, a Fireside Books trade paperback published by Simon & Schuster. Single copies of this profusely illustrated horror bible are \$14 postpaid from The SubGenius Foundation; available in quantity from Simon & Schuster, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; 1-800-223-2348; ISBN number 0-671-63810-6. See the back of this magazine for catalog of other Church products including audio and video tapes, wearing apparel, and protective devices.



IF NOT—Why Not?

ARE YOU LUCKY?



UFOSEEN



THEY HAVE USED US  
--THEY HAVE ABUSED  
US! THEY HAVE PROFIT-  
ED FROM OUR PAIN  
AND PAID US BACK WITH  
DEGRADATION AND  
SHAME! BUT WE MUST  
NO LONGER BOW DOWN  
TO THEM AND THEIR  
BLIND, SELFISH  
GREED! WE MUST  
NOT BOW TO FEAR  
IN THE PATH OF THEIR  
DARK PURPOSES!

This is my Church. There are many like it but this one is mine. My Church is my best friend. It is my life. I will master it as I must master my sacred abnormality. Without me, my Church is useless. Without my Church, I am useless. I must keep my Slack true. I must get more Slack than my enemy who is trying to normalize me. I must convert him before he converts me. I will. Before "Bob" I swear this creed. My Church and myself are defenders of this country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of Earth. So be it... until there is no Conspiracy, but Slack, or death. Amen.

Rev. Neon Paisley



On my magical pil

Enjoy This  
"Harvest" of

FOR MEN ONLY?

... THE GIRLS LOVE IT TOO ★

TEMPORARY TEMPORARY TEMPORARY  
SLACK  
TEMPORARY TEMPORARY TEMPORARY



"TWO THOUSAND MEN WENT MAD"	76
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"I HAVE RESIGNED MY CHURCH—TO KILL YOU"	

Wondered what to tell your children about:

HOW SEX GOT STARTED?  
SEX APPEAL?  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BOYS  
AND GIRLS?  
SEXUAL TEMPTATION?  
AIDS, VD, HERPES?  
DANCING AND SEX?  
DIRTY PICTURES, ETC.?  
TELEVISION AND SEX?  
SEX AND MODERN MUSIC?  
ADULTERY AND DIVORCE?

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA?  
FORNICATION?  
SEX AND ALCOHOL?  
THE VIRGIN BIRTH?  
SECRET SINS?  
AVOIDING SEX TRAPS?  
ABORTION?  
SEX AND EVOLUTION?  
FALLING IN LOVE?  
EUNUCHS AND CONCUBINES?  
SEX AND FALSE DOCTRINE?



On Socrates' list of idle men were "sophists, soothsayers, doctors, weather prophets and lazy long-haired onyx-ring wearers."

Hellpope Huey



Rev. Mabry

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Essentials of a  
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CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS  
"The Church Universal & Demented"



# HUMAN EMPIRE UNION

## ONCE A SubGenius - ALWAYS A SubGenius



1953 TO 1998.

NEVER AGAIN!



### REMEMBER !

Every SubGenius employed means a Human Worker idle.  
Every SubGenius article sold means a Human article unsold.



# AN UNLIKELY IDOL

Brad Parks

Oh wondrous and strange, hideous and convoluted are the paths to "Bob"'s secret hideout, his unobtrusive tract house in the neighborhood of DIVINE TRANSCENDENCE. Dare you tread that ancient Way where shreds of flesh and gnawed bones hint of unspeakable rites and unpalatable half-truths??

There are no SHORT-CUTS to "Bob": like a blast of hot wind thorough the very BOWELS OF THE EARTH you must pass through the sphinctre of the Conspiracy's mental and emotional constriction into the disciplined dissipation of TRUE SLACK, where you can sit midst the rage and fusion of Nature's most elemental powers WITHOUT A WORRY IN THE WORLD! What have you got to lose??

As it is you may be fooling yourself — and others you care about — with smug assumptions that all those "things" you see and hear around you every day are SOLID OBJECTS and that the world is run by people who give a fuck about the future. Or that it is run by people at all. RIGHT!! You may as well put yourself in the hands of some smiling, pipe-smoking bland face innocuosity whose seductive promises of satisfying sex and ill-gotten gains seem suddenly IRRESISTABLY ATTRACTIVE!!

Give yourself to "Bob" — freely, joyously, without an atom of restraint — NOW — and your worries are over.

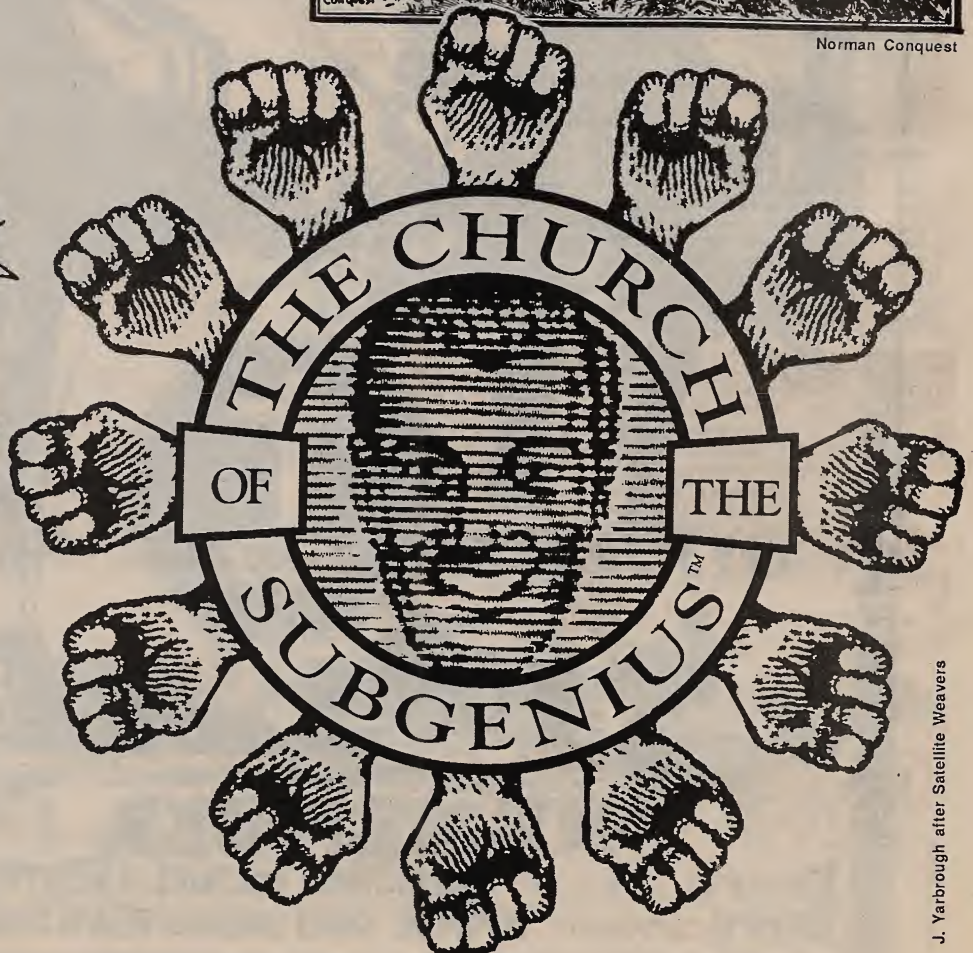
Don't laugh....



Norman Conquest



Via Nanzi Regalia



J. Yarbrough after Satellite Weavers

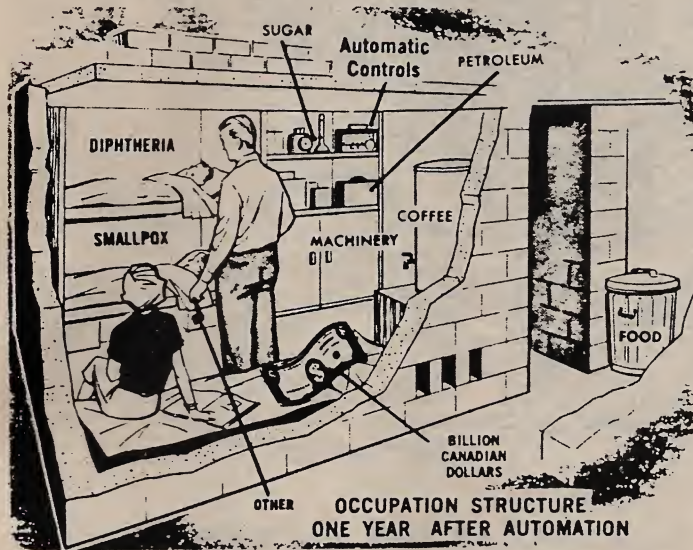


Even as we sit here quietly pursuing our own ends, or Ends, alien forces of annihilation powered by dreams too hideous to contemplate gather in a frenzy of Normalcy just outside your door, over your shoulder, in the very stars overhead. Drunk with boredom and abstraction, they cluster around graphs and charts and maps which target with cool scientific precision any center of LUNATIC RESISTANCE. Only "Bob"'s embrace, only the refreshing and intoxicating cloak of his burning 'Trop can transmute this coarse material substance of our flesh into the glorious invisible leisure of nothingness itself! They won't even be able to see you, much less crush out the light of your "Bob"-soul in the dull routine of their monstrous Design. Trade in hours and weeks and years of tedium for an Eternity of Controlled Abandon!! So...



There will be economic security for all

Rev. R. Miller



Hidell Research Division last-ditch effort to preserve our endangered diseases, illustrated in this artist's misconception. Hosts can be left unattended for up to one full year to permit diseases to course through their systems unhindered by accidental antibody contamination. Funding is supported by English speaking Canadians (as crudely indicated here) who hope to use the new superstrains to "snuff the pesky Papist froggies." © 1986 Hidell Industries & KDV

Claim once again your ancient genetic heritage, your bludgeon of prophetic — and profitable!! — irreverence, your RIGHT TO SMITE!! And when that Stark Fist swoops low and makes such a mess of things during the Final Days, squeezing a fine vintage wine from the Harvest of Believers and Unbelievers alike, you can sip that heady brew and toast the Master of Ceremony whose beneficent grin spared you that senseless demise: Praise "Bob." Kill "Bob.":

**"For in that grin, the Secret lies,  
Within that grin lie secret lies,  
For when "Bob" shines and nothing be  
Where are you and where am me?"**

— (pictographic children's song etched in Tibetan cave, circa 27000 B.C.)



"Those hoping in Jehovah' will survive"



Hellswami Satellite Weavers (sketched on a napkin)



# I AM A SUBGENIUS

BROTHER CLEVE 'DONUT' DUNKAN



I am a SubGenius, and by that virtue, in touch with forces greater than man. My power wasn't given to me in exchange for prayer or meditation — I PAID for it in cold hard American dollars. Salvation you get for free is worth just that — NOTHING, you queer. Of course your money ain't worth jack shit anyway, the Conspiracy sees to that, but a very important element of your SOUL adheres to those otherwise worthless greenbacks that "Bob" needs in order to pursue his plan for world domination. "Bob" guides my hand in all things and pays off in pure SLACK. So I say to you wimps, you fools, you dupes, you PINKS, "Give me your money, you won't need it, the future offers you naught but destruction." AAAAAAAAAAAHH-HHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHH - HHHHHH I DARE YOU TO KILL ME. I AM A SUBGENIUS. That's all I need to be — fuck, I'm one of the good guys. My kind shall prevail. Let out the crazy man inside you, he knows what's what. Smile when you call me a fanatic. ME PRIMATE. ME OVERMAN. You think I'm dumb, but you are blind to the Conspiracy that runs your life. And you have your "geniuses" running things for you, and you think they're going to make things safe and simple and easy and all that freeze dried con-media bullshit. Well, I'm a fucking SUBgenius and I'm going to make things safe and simple and easy for ME and the entire SubGenius race, even if it means wiping out your sick society en toto — with no more sentiment than that involved in swatting a fly. All this, that we might survive the End

Times. I AM, I AM, I AM A SUBGENIUS. Fuck all you blow dried, white wine sipping, designer jean clad, French film watching, Walkman toting hip wimps. And fuck you house coated, ENQUIRER reading, trailer encamped, mall shopping, hair curled, motor headed cock holsters... ALL YOU DUPES. Fuck the corporate big money oil exploring, tree killing, land raping, food freezing, desk warming, Trilateralist assholes. Fuck the establishmentarian, vote hunting, back stabbing, poverty spreading, bomb wielding, merangue





headed, pussy licking, pencil necked, eraser headed *politicos*. **KILL THE CONSPIRACY. KILL THEM AND EAT THEM. KILL THEM AND EAT THEM AND FUCK THEIR WIVES.** Who do you think you are? Do you think you got it good? Well, dispose of those illusions! On July 5th, 1998, at seven thirty in the morning, *you shall be judged.*



Daniel Silk

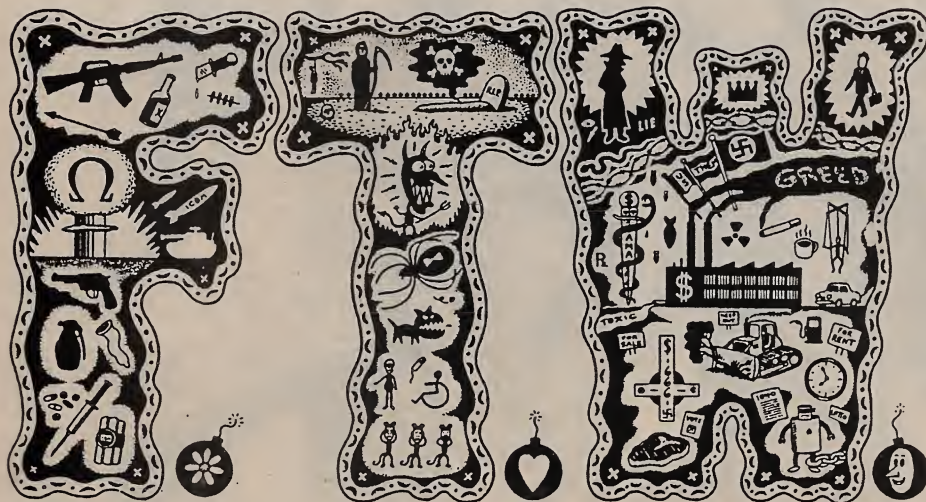


Badger

And not by some jury of your peers, but by a cold, calculating alien race with moral standards radically different from your own. If you don't follow "Bob" you *won't* escape their scrutiny. If you are not a paid up SubGenius you just aren't good enough. You will fry while we party. Not me — **I AM A SUBGENIUS. I DRIVE MY OWN CAR. I WRITE MY OWN TICKET. THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A FREE LUNCH, AND I'M GONNA EAT IT. I'M GONNA EAT THE HELL OUT OF IT, DADDY. I AM, I AM, I AM A SUBGENIUS.**



N. Regalia



Dennis Worden

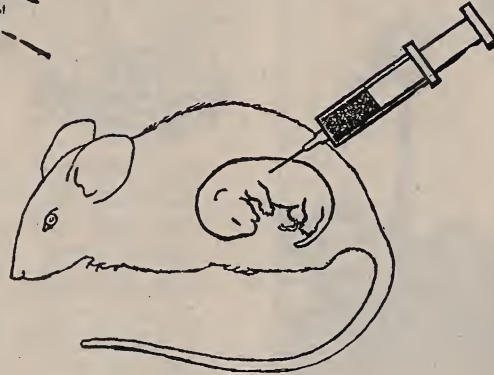
THEN CLAM UP--  
'N LEMME Clobber THE BUM!



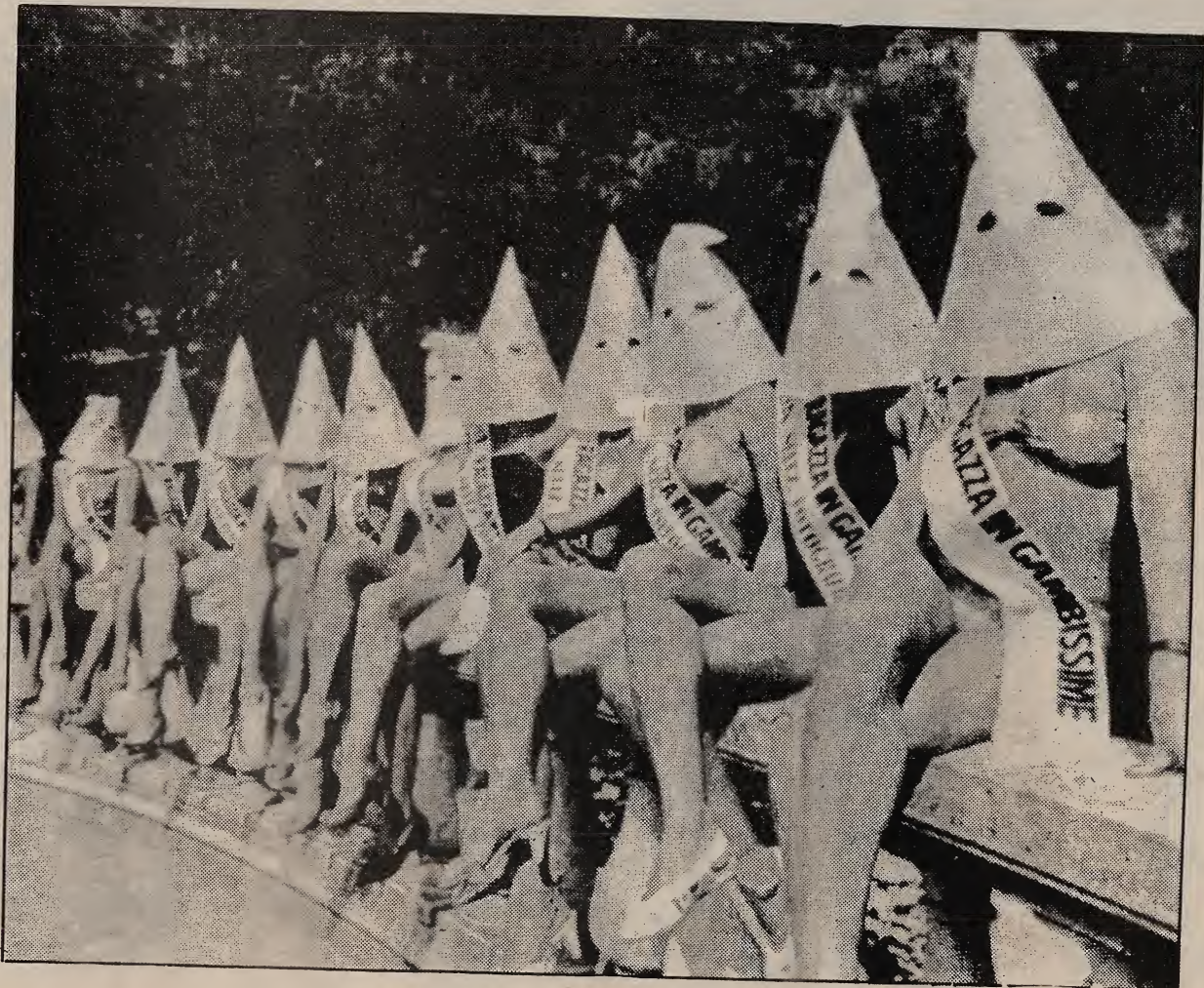


# NAZI KEN-DOLL MALL ZOMBIES

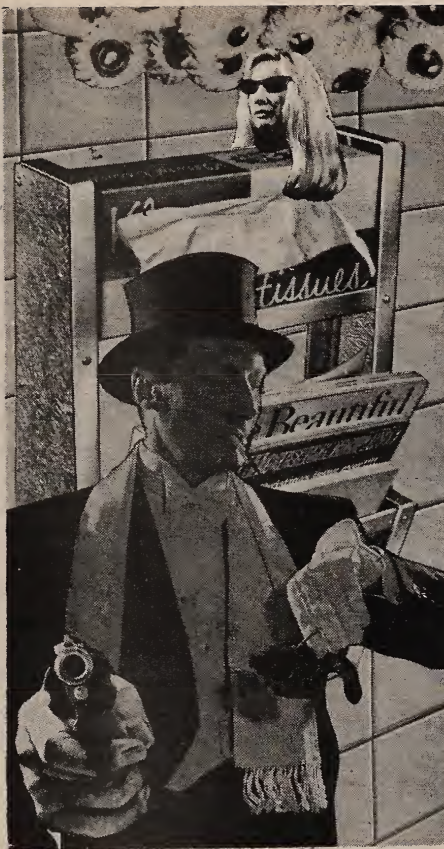
By Swami G of Karmarama




Via N. Regalia







DON'T  
WORRY



BE  
NAZI

All right, listen up all you goddamn liberals and free-thinkers, cause I'm only gonna say this once, & I'll probably be dead before I have a chance to say it again. And don't call me paranoid, cause I'm not. Every fucking word of this is true, and once you finally believe it, you'll just as soon shoot the next counter-clerk for asking if you really give a shit whether you get "paper or plastic." The goddamn Religious Right is all over us, slowly infiltrating our major corporations, our religions, our hotel chains, fast food outlets, data processing plants, local & regional governments, publishing houses, entertainment conglomerates, our press and media — you name it. Slowly litigating into our beings what it's OK to eat, drink, talk about, laugh at, smoke, pray to, kiss, and think about in the dark quiet of our rooms. Slowly though. Not like jack-booted storm troopers. Not just yet. But with unrelenting creeping slowness as they impose their hypocritical moral values as shackles upon what's left of the free world. Slowly enough so that most don't notice, others don't care to notice, and others willingly offer up their hands and minds to the bondage of the individual spirit all in the name of some crap like "The Common Good". Look around you, Pal. Nazi Ken-Doll Mall Zombies and their grunt-labor red-necked henchmen — all around you.

[illegible]

Step out of the inner city and you'll find them everywhere. All looking at *you* like *you're* the poor fool who's going to Hell. Well, if it's up to them, you will! A Big-Ass Hell, right here on God's little ball of spit. A Hell that *they've* created for all of *us*. And where will *they* be? In *their* tunnels under the ground. Stocked with food, weapons, computers, generators, bibles, and instruments of torture more insidious than your worst shit-infested nightmares. All waitng for God's Armageddon. A concept some asshole dreamed up centuries ago just to keep us all constantly looking over our shoulders, a concept that they want more than anything to be the ones to put into reality. And who pays for all this? Not the slime-asses who'll be hiding down there when all the shit hits, but all those blue-hair dupes and lackeys, slaves to the blasphemies of the Church. (hell, *any* Church — pick one) Pinhead paranoids who truly believe that a penthouse suite in the hereafter can only be purchased by pledging their kids' inheritance to some fucking telethon. Fear, manipulation, government-funded ignorance, our addiction to authority, and our church-sponsored self-loathing have created a cancerous, festering black spot on our souls more insidious than any cum-shot or narcotic you could name right now. Just

## DON'T BE BULLIED

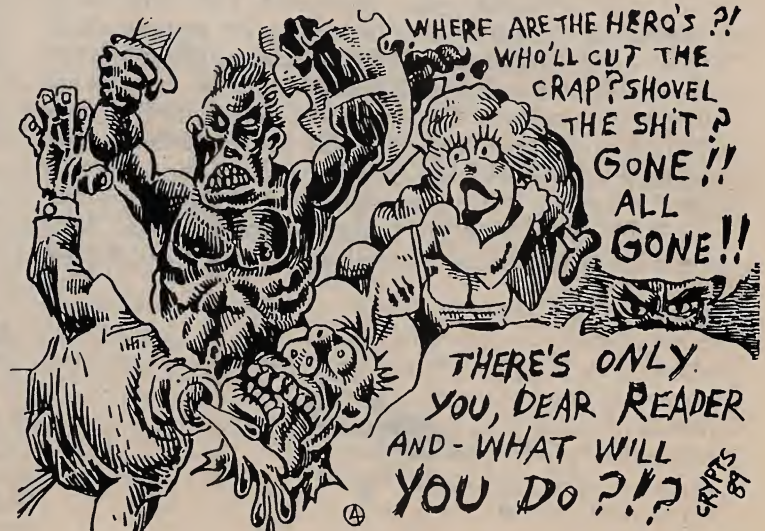
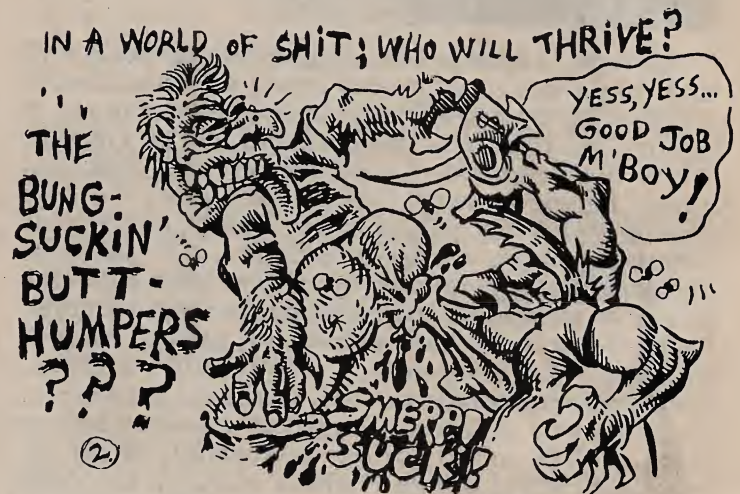
“ WE ARE what you have made us,” a member of the terrorist gang of Charles Manson explained. “ We were brought up on your TV. We were brought up watching Gunsmoke, Have Gun Will Travel, FBI, Combat. Combat was my favourite show. I never missed Combat.” ”





take a look at the population nestled in the chafe of the Bible Belt: The sunken chin. That vague 'Down's Syndrome' glare in the eyes. Is it any wonder that Christian Fundamentalism is the religion of choice where genetic inbreeding is the norm? Who else could fall for such superstitious backwards bull-shit hocus pocus? And the boys at the top want it that way! Our Church leaders, our industry leaders, our elected officials... take a look at the paper: cover up, cover-up, cover-up. Every day! And we're only seeing one-tenth of one percent of what's really going on behind our asses. These corporate fascists are tired of covering up, and they're working tirelessly to create a world where they can pull their shit off openly, in front of us, around us, and on us; and he who dares speak up will either be killed outright or whisked off to some detainment center for experimentation. Right-wing fascist Roman Catholic dictators laundering their cocaine cartel money by tithing it to the Vatican Bank! Our own CIA funding its covert activities by selling cocaine hijacked from independent producers. No one's hands are clean. The top of the pyramid is covered with shit and blood. Their shit, and our blood. Litton Industries. They created the AIDS virus years ago in a government lab run by a former Nazi pardoned by George Bush's father when he was

Senate majority leader back in the 40's. Yes! From the same U.S. Government that tested nuclear fallout and Agent Orange on its very own soldiers, and then said they couldn't sue. We killed John Wayne! Why did the entire cast and crew of The Conqueror die of cancer after working down-wind from a nuclear test site? Who fucked our brains with LSD and then replaced it with cheap killer heroin just when folks were starting to enjoy it? It's all over us and there's no escape, and it's all done in the name of GOD! Their GOD! The GOD of power. The GOD of Domination. The GOD of fascist enslavement! The GOD of Death! Are we so complacent that we sat there in front of our TV dinners while we let it all go so far? We are surrounded by Nazi Ken-Doll Mall Zombies who know us to be the enemy. They want to turn us into lackey computer chips. Slaves to our Day Runners, our pagers, our car phones, our interest payments... To take every human variable out of being human so we can run faster and jump higher... for them! How'm I driving? If I'm not hustlin', call my boss. Report all suspicious behavior to the thought police... next we'll be having our own personal bar codes tatooed on our foreheads. The sum total of our achievements reduced to mason jars and urinalisis.







LIES

No one escapes. No one is innocent by *their* rules, where freedom of thought and the sancity of the individual are crimes against the economy. This bull shit morality! This neo-Victorian soul enslaving puritanism, all done in the name of some guy with long hair who died nailed to a cross at 33. Jesus was a dissident!! He died for his ideas! He was a political prisoner! If I was his ol' man and I knew what would be coming down 2000 years later, I woulda drowned the fucker in the bathtub rather than let those self-righteous assholes destroy the planet IN HIS NAME!! Suck my dick, you pink-eared crew-cut mall zombies. I laugh at your yearbook pictures you twerp geeks. And what about the Mormons? Why do we need caffeine free Coke? Because they fucking own the Coca Cola Company, Idiot! And take a look around the magazine stand at



Infidels, Athiests, One-Worlders, and Commies, do not like these signs! They have been stolen and recovered twice in two years. Please continue to pray for our enemies- some "who despitely use us!" We wish to: Honor God the Father God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit with our mission-here.



the Salt Lake City Airport. Why the fuck do you think you'll see Guns and Ammo but not Playboy? I'll tell you what's poor taste! I'll tell you what's pornographic! White supremacist soldiers of fortune ass-wipes who'd rather have a gun in their face than a Tit! *That's* pornographic! What's more of a sin against God? Sucking on a warm, soft, sensitive fleshy human orb that rolls the best of Mom, God, and your Lover all into the One, or sucking on a cold rod of blue steel that can blow your little pin-head all over the fucking wall? In fact, show me a tit that's killed someone, and I'll suck the damn thing myself. That's what I say... I say bring on the Killer Tits, you backwards conniving Mormon Assholes!!! What they do in God's name makes me wanna puke. Looking at *me* like I'm the freak because I don't wanna walk between *their* lines, and fill out *their* forms with *their* number two lead pencils. Slowly, as they replace us with polite, well-pressed computer chip clones of who we were with all the non-

christian parts taken out. Lobotomy by computer! Reducing whole entities to a series of zeroes and ones, and then taking out the ones that USA Today says we don't need. And then bio-engineering us to die of cancer just as we approach retirement age, or die of AIDS (which is what they would prefer if we should happen to swing 'that way'). Satan, it's your world all right. Run by lawyers and accountants, the courts and the military. And of course The Church. Jesus Fuck You on all the churches. Little Haloes that slipped over our heads and turned into collars that they hold the leashes to. While opportunistic real-estate trash sell our planet out from under us. Yes, Satan. I am your slave. I am yours. You own the rights to me until I die. But I am your unwilling slave. I will not go quietly, whilst I silently spit unseen bits of mucous onto your lemon mousse which I serve to you on my knees. Yes, I know that each day, more and more of my life is yours. Through religion, legislation, taxation, coercion, and corporate manipulation, you are turning this world into your Nazi Ken-Doll Mall Zombie playground. I have no escape but death, where I will wait to see you in Hell, where MY God, the *true* God of love will raise me up to his Kingdom, where we will stand together as one and piss on your fucking head! Se la! An' ay-man!!



Rev. John Hutchinson





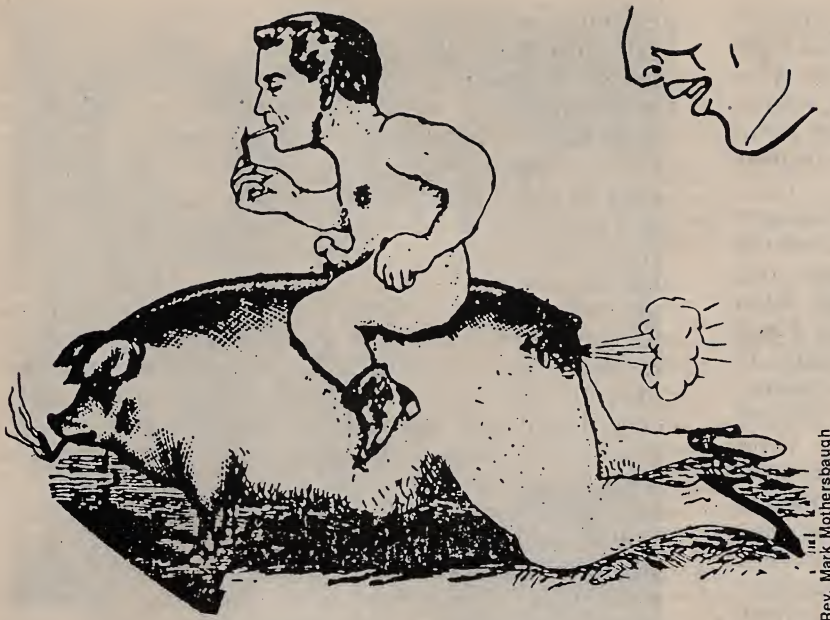
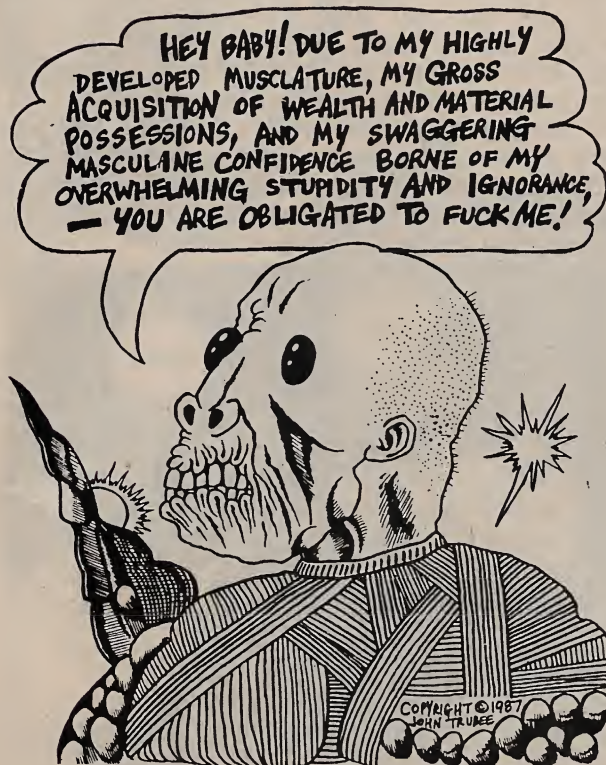


Fig. 136 It takes one helluva man to mount the Big Rig.



## HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

By John Trubee



One groovy summer's evening last year I drove down to Marina del Rey to attend a swinger's orgy. I listened to a Rupert Holmes 8-track tape as I cruised down the Santa Monica Freeway in my purple Stingray. The air brushed through my hair from the open car window. My shirt was unbuttoned almost down to my beautiful hairy masculine navel and my gold chain medallion hung around my tanned neck. I was so fuckin' cool I could barely stand it.

As a vicious, immoral young investment banker from Century City, I had learned early in life how to manipulate my environment in order to obtain personal satisfaction — be it a plush high-rise penthouse or a beautiful naked young bimbo to yield to my voracious sexual appetite. Whenever I didn't get what I wanted when I wanted it to satisfy my infantile fixation upon material status objects and compulsion for instant gratification, I had a whole slew of repulsive behavioral traits which I could exhibit in order to embarrass, intimidate, humiliate, and manipulate everyone around me. When you're rich and cool you can do everything. Just ask Alfred Bloomingdale.



Anyway, I arrived fashionably late to the orgy at the exclusive condo. I hummed a Jimmy Buffett tune as I jaunted up the stairs, my fashionable gold medallion bouncing on my hairy masculine chest. Clutching my personal bottle of baby oil in one hand and a vial of cocaine in the other, I was so fuckin' cool that I could hardly stand it.

A beautiful young girl in a translucent negligee answered the door, coyly smiled, and beckoned me in. There in the living room were two guys and twenty-five naked women cavorting on a huge latex mattress on the floor. They humped and pumped and slobbered and moaned in piggish sexual ecstasy as they orgasmed like grunting barnyard animals. Little did they realize that the black shadows behind the Conspiracy were plotting to torture their decadent asses and kill them slowly when they take over America, but that's another story. I mean when you're coming, do you bother to think about the poor innocent little Cambodian children being fed alive to crocodiles by the "enlightened agrarian reformers?" When the cum spurts outa your prick into the orifice of a beautiful but ignorant young woman, do you pause to consider the agony of some pathetic peasant being tortured to death in one of those maniacal, dorky Third World countries? Of course not! You're merely delighting in the physical sensations of your own piggish ecstasy and how good the cum feels as it spurts into the ignorant young woman's body.

Anyway, the swinging orgy lasted way into the night with lotsa semen, cocaine, pussy juice, pot,

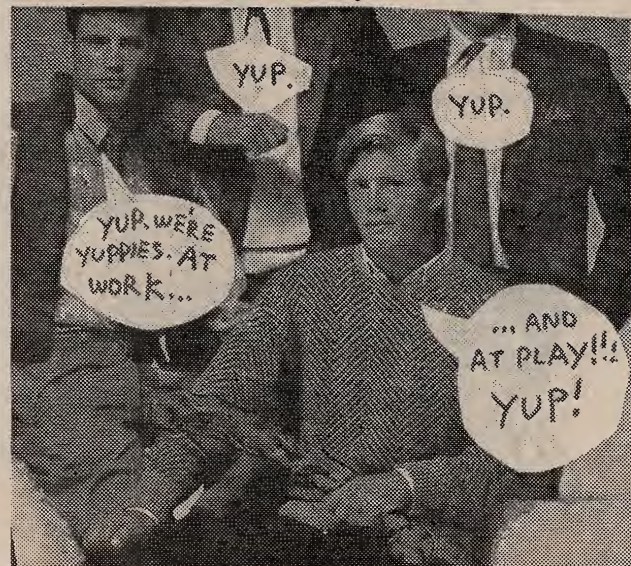


Pope Crypts

baby oil, PCP, LSD, and so forth. I cannot go into detail about all the groovy sexual events which occurred there, as this story is intended for publication in some family-oriented periodical such as *READER'S DIGEST*, and we must protect the innocent little children from raw pornography, but fuck, if you harbor an unnatural interest in graphic images of raw, naked sexuality in bold, wet action, I suggest a visit to your neighborhood *PUSSYCAT THEATRE*.

It was about 4 a.m. when the orgy finally started to wind down. I bullshitted with some foolish young strumpet named Margaret. I whined at her to come out to the pier so that we could fuck in the moonlight. She seemed reluctant at first, but then happily took my hand and strolled out with me after I informed her what my annual income is.

We snuggled by the water's edge. Margaret suggested that we jump in for a swim. We were already naked, so we jumped in and swam around, splashing each other like frisky teenagers. We were so fuckin' cool we could barely stand it.



Pope Crypts

I WAS FIRED FOR  
NOT SMILING.



Raymond Pettibon





Margaret then jolted and screamed out in utter horror and thrashed about like a madwoman. "Halp me! Halp me!" she screamed. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEE!!!"

I swam towards her to rescue her from whatever was attacking her. Poor Margaret gurgled and thrashed about in the brine. Something monstrous had evidently taken hold of her entire body and was mindlessly flinging her about like one of those special effects in JAWS. Such a terrible thing — for an evening of drug-induced sexual ecstasy to end in such fathomless horror. Dear God. Heaven help us.

Margaret was soon dead — or at least I presumed she was dead, as she had disappeared beneath the water and the thrashing had stopped. The terrible horror of it all.

I immediately felt a clammy tentacle encircle my muscular tanned torso. I screamed out in terrified anguish. It was a huge squid. This monstrous being, this slimy manifestation of evil incarnate had wrecked everything!

"Oh God, oh dear God save me!" I whimpered like a dumb little baby.

The squid crushed my thorax so violently that it caused my eyeballs to squish out of their sockets. I was totally blinded as my eyeballs dangled out of their sockets on optic nerve fibers. Blood gushed out of my eye sockets. I gagged repeatedly.

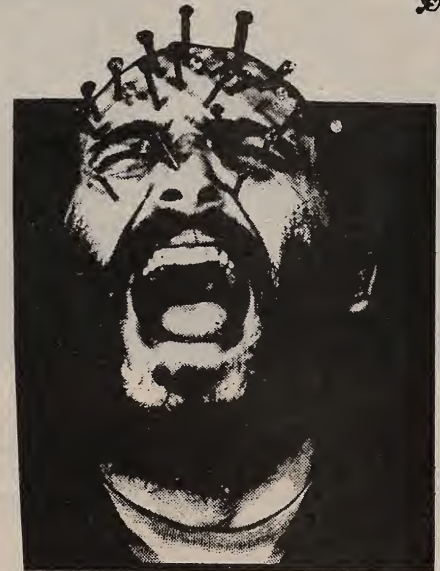
I finally managed to extricate myself from the squid's demonic grip. I struggled onto the pier and blindly ran out into the street to flag down a vehicle for help.

I heard the grating squeal of brakes from an oncoming tractor-trailer. I stood in his path with no time to escape. The impact flung my naked masculine body high up into the air, smashing it down onto a parked car. I shrieked in agony as I lay dying on the car hood.

Meanwhile the tractor-trailer careened into a concrete wall, throwing the driver through the windshield. His body ripped to shreds as he flew through the glass. He screamed in agony as blood spurted all over.

After I died I was sent to Hell for the crime of unforgivable Pinkness and not having enough Slack as "Bob" Dobbs decrees. I am typing this to you from Hell while Satan jabs a pitchfork into my almighty buttocks.

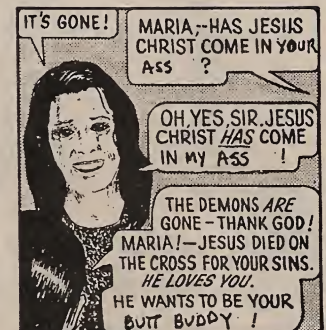
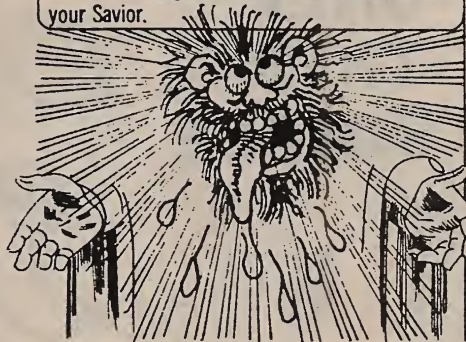
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!



TO YE OF LITTLE FAITH:  
THEY HAVE RELIGION—BUT NO SPIRIT.  
THEY HAVE TEACHING—BUT NO UNDERSTANDING.  
THEY HAVE MONEY—BUT NO WEALTH.  
THEY HAVE LAWS—BUT NO CONTROL.  
THEY HAVE RULES—BUT NO PRACTICE.  
THEY HAVE IMAGES—BUT NO ART.  
THEY HAVE SEX—BUT NO LOVE.  
THEY HAVE OFFERINGS—BUT NO GIFTS.

THEY HAVE THOUGHTS—BUT NO ACTIONS.  
THEY HAVE DREAMS—BUT NO REALIZATIONS.  
THEY HAVE ENERGY—BUT NO POWER.  
THEY HAVE FOOD—BUT NO CONTENTMENT.  
THEY HAVE HOMES—BUT NO SHELTER.  
THEY HAVE CHURCHES—BUT GOD DOES NOT LIVE THERE.  
THEY HAVE CANDLES—BUT STILL REMAIN IN THE DARK.  
THEY GET OUT OF BED—BUT STILL REMAIN ASLEEP.  
THEY HAVE VEHICLES—BUT THEY HAVE RUN OUT OF GAS.

Be sure you don't wait too long before you commit your life and your entire future to your God—asking His forgiveness because of His love in sending His Son, Jesus Christ, to be your Savior.





# How Forgetting about Jesus can Change your Whole Life

by the Right Reverend Jesse Stump, Ancient Abbreviated Calif. of California and Pastor Present of the First Evangelical and Unrepentant Church of No Faith (Discordian SubGenius)

**FRENZIED CAMP MEETINGS!  
STEP FORWARD AND TAKE THE PLEDGE:  
FORGET ABOUT JESUS!**

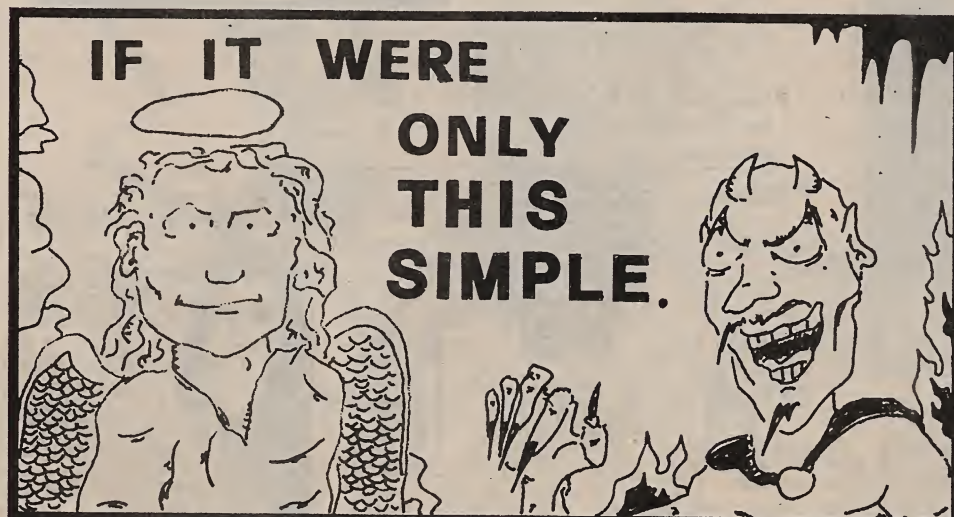


Puzzling Evidence

Velcro 13



I prayed once to Jesus and He appeared before me in an Host of Angels and said just to forget about Him — that He was sorry He ever said anything to begin with. Yes, folks, all thinking about Jesus ever caused was religions — and even the faithful agree there are already too many of them anyway.



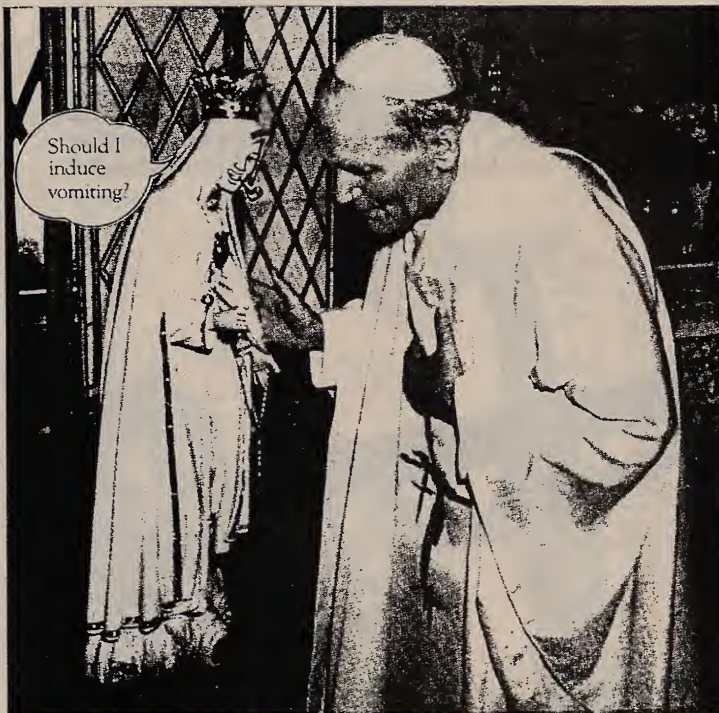
they heard the dogs growling and Christ screaming.



For two-thousand years people have been thinking about Jesus. Where has it gotten them? Into holy wars, into hassling their neighbors about salvation, down the dark road to feudalism, etc.

So let **J. R. "Bob" Dobbs** tell you once and for all how to **turn over a new leaf and forget about Jesus!**

**JOIN OUR DOOR-TO-DOOR CRUSADE  
TO HELP EVERYONE FORGET ABOUT JESUS!**



Even militant Atheists and Satanists make themselves miserable thinking about Jesus — or at least thinking about the people who think about Jesus — all the time. So they, too, are invited to join *Jesus Anonymous* and call a buddy for help whenever that urge to think about Jesus strikes.

**STREET EVANGELIST:** *Pardon me, sir or madam, but have you forgotten about Jesus?*

**SIR OR MADAM:** *Certainly not!*

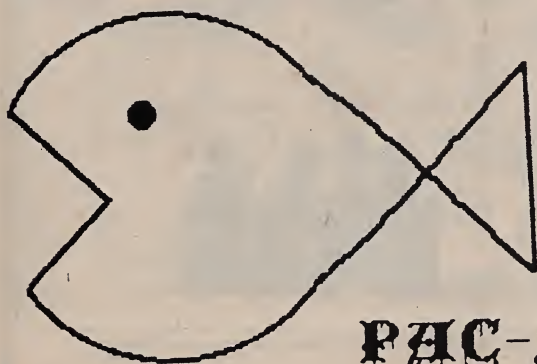
**STREET EVANGELIST:** *Well, why don't you? You might begin to see things in a whole, new, liberated way!*

**SIR OR MADAM:** *Get away from me or I'll call the police!*

**STREET EVANGELIST:** *There many interesting people besides Jesus to think about: Vanessa Willians, Emperor Joshua Norton, Huey Lewis and the Nes, Pat Benatar...*

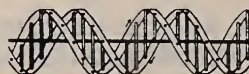
**SIR OR MADAM:** *You, sir, are a fanatic and an embarassment!*

(Note that conversations like this seldom convert the sir or madam; they are, however, excellent for confirming the street evangleist in his or her conviction that people might as well **forget about Jesus.**)



**PAC-JESUS**

We are told to believe that a multiplicity of dead things can by chance assemble and organize themselves in precisely the right manner... and, again by chance, manufacture an intricate cell wall and surround themselves with it.



**HIGHLY ORGANIZED STRUCTURE  
OF A MOLECULE OF DNA**

And, finally and most unlikely of all, that it can create within itself and within the cell wall the miraculous ingredient of life. Why, the whole idea is preposterous!

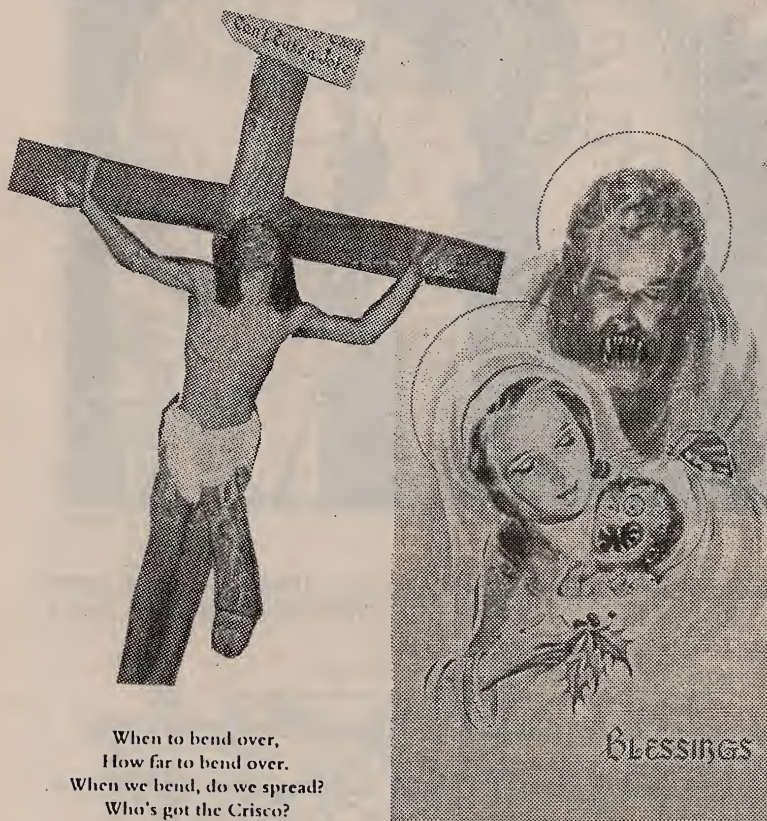




**ENTER OUR FORGET-ABOUT-JESUS TESTIMONIAL CONTEST AND HELP SEND A MISSIONARY TO IRELAND AND WIN AN EXPENSE-PAID VISIT TO JAPAN** (where no one hardly ever talks about Jesus). Just explain in 25 words or less what forgetting about Jesus has done for you:

"Until I read *How to Forget about Jesus Through Prayer, the Laying-on of Hands, and Hypnosis* I thought about Jesus. Believe me: I've been much happier since I decided to think about something else," writes Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst in excess or our word limit.

"I spent the first half of my life being for Jesus and the second half of my life being against Jesus, and then I learned how to forget about Jesus and mind my own business. Until then, I had no idea my own business was so interesting!" testifies District Attorney Frank Visage — off the record.



When to bend over,  
How far to bend over.  
When we bend, do we spread?  
Who's got the Crisco?

Crypts

LIES

"There is no doubt about it. Most people would be better off if they forgot about Jesus — and so would their friends and neighbors and all the other victims of our satellite communications spying system," confided television's 700 Club born-again preacher Pat Robertson, allegedly, in a program broadcast by special arrangement to the Puzzling Evidence area of Berkeley only.

Explains J. R. "Bob" Dobbs: "The secret to big sales in business that most Texans don't understand is never to talk to a potential client about Jesus — especially if he is Jewish."

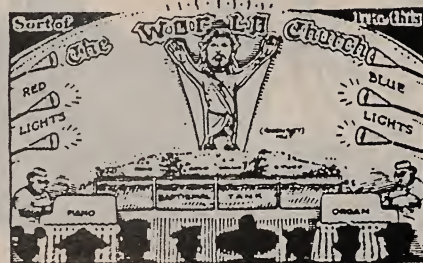
**BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO JOIN THE MILLIONS WHO'D RATHER FORGET ABOUT JESUS AND WOULD PREFER THAT EVERYONE ELSE — PARTICULARLY THE RESIDENTS OF IRELAND — WOULD ALSO FORGET ABOUT JESUS.**

"In Dobbstown everybody is so busy talking about "Bob" and Eris Discordia and Wotan and the Xists and Brown and Root and all the other detties that there just simply isn't time to think about Jesus," were, according to Informed Sources, among Elvis Presley's last words.

**SECRET TEACHINGS FOR THE MORE ADVANCED:** Actually, the Forget-About-Jesus Movement is inspired from behind the scenes by the Ancient Order of Essenes, who opposed the public preaching of the occult doctrines that later became known as the teachings of Jesus. Although Jesus, who belonged to our Order in the beginning, became a heretic and went out and blabbed, He repented His error at the Last Supper, saying — without the explicative deleted — "Oye vey! I come not to bring peace, but a sword!"

As we Essenes have always known, arguing about metaphysics only causes enormous bloodshed. Better you should be silently smug and just go about your business thinking you understand what everyone else does not — like the early hippies of the sixties. That's why famous people in all walks of life, like the unknown authors of *The Upanishads*, say, "They who understand, understand not; they who understand not — they understand." Or LaoTzu, a high initiate, wrote: "Those who speak do not know; those who know do not speak." And the Buddha, who possessed our secret power, said that all metaphysical questions should be answered with a Noble Silence (the sound of one hand clapping). And that's also why our agent, Chairman Mao, said on Page 212 of his *Quotations* that there is no point in discussing metaphysics, because you can argue about them forever without reaching agreement.

**WATCH FOR OUR WEIRD LITTLE ADS IN PULP MAGAZINES OF THE FUTURE!**



Let's Meet Jesus

**Who Are the Mentally Ill?**

We are your brother...

your sister...

the man across the street...

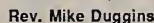
or...

the person next to you in the pew...



One in four families is touched by severe mental illness.





IT SURE  
WOULD BE  
HARD FOR  
JESUS TO  
GET A JOB.

Joe Franke

HEY - LONG TIME  
NO SEE - WATCHA  
BEEN DOIN LATSIE?

WELL... I'VE  
BEEN A BORN-  
AGAIN CHRISTIAN  
FOR THE LAST  
SIX YEARS...

Wow...  
UH...  
SORRY  
TO  
HEAR  
THAT

NO..I'VE  
BEEN A  
BORN-AGAIN  
CHRISTIAN  
FOR THE  
LAST SIX  
YEARS.

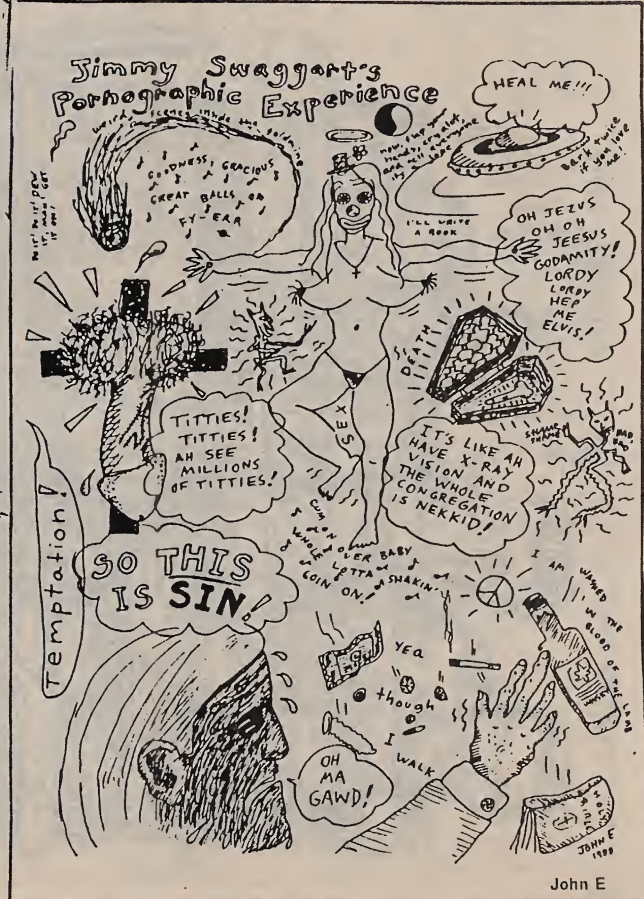
COULDN'T  
GET  
LAYED,  
EH?

Tuli Kupferberg

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There's been a lot of talk recently of this new film, this *Last Temptation of Christ* that everyone's so upset over. It got my attention, that's for sure, with everyone cryin' "BLASPHEMY" I figured it for another secular trevinoist hollow earth nazi attempt to sully the rep of our beloved Fightin' Jesus. Sure enough, Pink Hollywood Con dupes have once again portrayed the two-fisted Man From G.A.L.I.L.E.E. as a whiny Bambi-eyed Sissy with doubts about his virility in obvious CONTEMPT of Scriptural and Prescriptural truths. But what really BURNED MY ASS is when I read what the anti-Temptation protesters were worked about - scenes relating to the Squirtin' Universe His own DAD created! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, CHRISTERS? WHAT DO YOU THINK TEMPTATION IS? What, you think Satan tested His faith, His commitment to His path by offering him a fucking BIG GULP? Some wax lips maybe? Face it, if Jesus was God incarnate as man, he's gonna have a man's equipment, INCLUDING A DICK! Like all men, he had certain unavoidable biological urges. (Not just sex either - He had to eat, breathe, snot, fart, shit, pee - not in a fucking Hilton restroom furnished with a bidet an' a roll of Charmin, either, probably had to wipe His Ass with banana leaves, and you know, He was TOUGH ENOUGH, I say! Praise Yahweh!) What do you think, Christ just sat around doling out fish dinners and cute lil' parables until a bunch of nasty ol' Jews got him martyred? As "Bob" has shown us, you don't defeat temptation in an iso-cube, you walk up to it and PICK ITS POCKET! NO, beloved, our Fightin' Jesus DID KICK ASS on temptation, He DID the Atomic Pile driver on the Conspiracy money-changers infringing on his Dad's copyright, He DID the Figure Four Soul Lock to the Devil's Pig Taters as JHVH-1 bid Him, HE FUCKED IT WITH A BIG FAT DICK WITH RED STRAPS to steal a metaphor. SO HEAR ME PHARISEES, DON'T BE LAYIN' NO WOOSIE RAP ON MY MAIN MAN THE FIGHTIN' J.C. OR WE'LL SEE YOU IN THE RING, DADDY!!

## HeadLines



John E



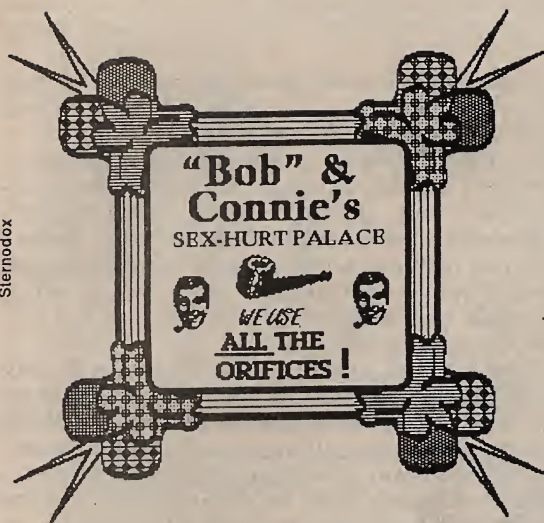
131

**Pope of Ground Zero**  
and Grand Hermetic Majesty of Our Lady of the Divine Write Off  
and Lighthouse for the Blind



# "BOB" APPEARS BEFORE THE RECALCITRANT MULTITUDES





# SIX-LIPPED TALES OF CONNIE

By Jack Bieler



Medulla Oblongata

Connie swilled the last of her beer. It was Dos XX in a glass. "I like having your brother visit, "Bob", she said. "he always buys good beer instead of cases of that damn Black Label."

She parted his lips wide and let the foamy driplets drain into her throat. Putting the tubular hardness of the glass to her mouth, she sucked greedily at the trailing rivulets and then licked around the rim of the glass.

"Too bad you can't be more like Dick, "Bob", she carped sarcastically.

"Bob" looked up from the Sub-frequency tele-pstent console in his briefcase. He had been randomly rewiring it, using paperclips, elbow macaroni, anything in hope that it would start picking up the Xists' aether-trail again.

He leaped to his feet and cried defensively, "My "dick" is every bit as friendly as his "bob", Connie." He dropped his pants and whipped his limp but throbbing fire hose out of his knee-length boxers, and twirled it a few times in front of him.

"Wow!" said "Bob". "I bet I could take off!" he cried, and started careening around the room twirling his peter and making raspberry airplane noises with his lips.

"Take off is right," muttered Connie, tossing him a squid from the squishing mass in the living room emergency tank. The sucking noises increased momentarily as the remaining squids tried to inhale Connie's fingers as they parted the happy effluvium.

The squid had the consistency and color of snot that had been hawked and spat from the mouth of a tobacco-chewing lumberjack. The kind that sticks to the wall and slowly crawls to the ground. "Bob" whirled to catch it neatly on his exposed prong.

"Two! Whoopie!" he bubbled, grabbing the poor debeaked invertebrate by the tentacles and sinking his mighty link into its gobbling gob. He collapsed into the Naugahyde™ lazyboy. Silence rang at last, except for the

slurping of the squid and the drool dripping onto the floor from J.R.'s slack mouth. His eyes glazed over and the squid shot sway from his suddenly convulsing hips, flying out the window into the neighbors' lawn where their cat would find the dripping, torn mess and bring it inside to lay at Ms. Ogleblatt's dinner plate.

Connie sighed. "Nomad, could you fix that broken window again?" The anti-meson-powered space robot extended a small radio antenna and showered the litter of glass shards with a blue ray of light. You almost couldn't see the matte lines. The shards sprang from the floor in reverse motion and reassembled themselves into the pane that Dobbs' blast had shattered. Even though the window had been broken outward, the few shards that landed inside were enough for the whole window.

"Thanks, Nomad," said Connie, as the robot wordlessly floated inches above its invisible little wheeled cart which rattled back into the kitchen. It likes to think it's flying too, she mused.

"Whew, thanks Connie," said "Bob". "Those earth squids never could take my load like you, babe." He fluttered his eyes at the Matriarch of the Mammals.







Connie was not impressed, nor flattered. "You always make my nose run," she shot back. "Toss a wad of that 'frop over here."

"Bob" staggered over to the chest-high urn in the center of the room and pulled out a handful of sparkling herbs for Connie. She yanked a tampon wrapper out of her purse and rolled about a quarter ounce of 'frop onto a tube, licked carefully along the lumpy length of it, and twisted it at the ends. She brushed the overflow, about the same amount as went into the cigar-sized joint, off her divine lap and into the cracks of the chair where a Goodwill re-upholsterer would find and get some on a recent wound which would instantly heal, but keep bleeding forever. The 'frop molecules in his bloodstream would cause the unlucky soul to begin an amazingly successful career in tap, even though both his legs were severed when a Viet Cong oxcart loaded with mutilated cattle rolled over him as he lay stupored in a Da Nang gutter with 70 cc's of whatever it was he got cheap that night.

The cigar was thick and long and had spatters of brown blood stains on it as Connie pursed her lips and stuck the flagpole into her orifice. She sucked with hollowed cheeks and the far end flared and smoked. The edges of the paper began to glow and run and a cherry formed, burning bluely. Connie's almond eyes slitted and her head fell back. The hard red cherry ate its way towards Connie's vacuuming slot until a third of the mighty puff was gone. She let the stick fall from her face and it went out immediately, tumbling to the floor.

Several minutes later she exhaled and smiled deeply at her man "Bob".

"Aww, Connie," complained "Bob", flipping his limp noodle up and down like a pee-dog stump. "Just don't bogart that salami." The anti-virgin rose, turned her back on the miserable sales-yeti, and bent over to pick up the joint. Her ass blossomed like the rosy round mounds atop a valentine heart. She had stood with her legs apart so

that her thighs separated enough for her to see Dobb's grin widen and the lewd stare return to his polka-dotted eyes.

"Good, at last you're looking at me like a piece of meat again." She handed him the cigar. "This self-lighting 'frop you hybridized is the nuts."

Dobbs drew mightily, keeping his eyes open enough to see down Connie's blouse. Through the smoke and tears, he glinted at two, four, or six conical cones tapering roundly to points like the eraser tips of a kindergardener's No. 1 pencils. Her mammal's teats always looked like they were in zero gravity, drifting one way or the other, bouncing off walls and sometimes lifting her off her feet, when she was 'fropped up like now.

"Let's go!" he blurted, pouncing at his sex-wife, who swept him off his feet and stuck her tongue down his throat, as he swooned in her arms, all three legs pointed straight up in the air like something out of a 'fifties movie.

"Take me, take me, you glistening drop of sweat on the brow of Vishnu!" shouted "Bob" in wild abandon. He was beginning his Sub-Tantric visualizations already.

"Don't mess me up," she giggled. "I'm Sally Struthers channeling a dolphin channeling Black Time Kali



channeling an Amerind sand painter channeling Adolph Hitler channeling your brother "Dick"!"

"Not hiM again," balked Dobbs, ramming his sex into the steaming wound which opened for him in the flesh mound between her legs.

"It's okay, he's channeling a SQUID," she shouted as she snatched him with her powerful muscles and drew him balls and all up to the prostate inside of her. The rippling waves of her peristalsis walls pushed blood and sperm into his mighty Head as the two saints squirmed with delicious agony until finally the mighty rectum muscles of the 'Froplord released and he spurted egregiously into the tightly yawning chasm which engulfed him, convulsing.

Connie's labia still flapped futilely against the steel rod of his mighty tool. Her pit sucked desperately at him, drawing sweat and little droplets of blood, but no more sweet lust-juice. A few of the pimples along his length popped and squirted amber pus or little rock-hard blackheads, but it was never enough.

"Hold on a second," said Dobbs, pulling his foot-long sausage from its bun. He lifted the dry weeping eye to his mouth and began to blow on it. It inflated a little bit and



coughed. "Bob" reached for the 'tropic roach and placed it gently to the tiny yearning lips of his trouser snake.

The cherry began to glow blue again, and smoke drifted from the corners of his dick's lips. A vertical smile began to form, and crowing with victory, Dobbs loosed his serpent upon Connie once again.

This time it wormed out and slunk around the harlot-virgin's throat, wrapping tightly so that she could only lash the swollen head with her pink tongue. It darted away and back across her vision, teasing her cruelly. Finally the coiled cucumber exhaled a gout of clear smoke and slackened, letting Dobbs reel it in. He whipped it out a couple of times until it stuck straight like an Atlantean arrow-shaft, and then lay back, pulling Connie on top of him.

She stood, and then with a leap, sat starkly upon the love rocket that gleamed erect in the misty morning air. She churned and floated, rocked and ground, feeling the pressure from below pushing against her diaphragm. She began to feel a little short of breath since I am of course talking about the one that bellows her lungs.

"Scream!" she screamed, and creamed, beginning to rotate her whole body like a spider nailed to the floor, like a radar dish turning on a spit, like a frisbee inverted on a pestle.

She leapt free, shouting "Squid! Give me the Squid!" and dashed over to the tank. The suckling glob greedily affixed to her warm slippery love oyster and the two organs began a contest to see who could generate the most suction. At first Connie relaxed, letting the mollusk draw her four lips and long hard plum past its beakless pink gums, sucking harder and harder with all eight tentacles gripping her bowling-ball buttocks and round mound of belly.

Two other slimy octoplegics which she had carelessly splashed to the floor squirmed up her body and attached themselves to her mushrooming nipples. They spread themselves wide, trying to encompass and inhale her expansive quivering mounds of flesh. This had an undesired effect on the one at her crotch, since Connie in her excitement had begun to pull the hapless shapeless mess into her hot temple of birth.

"Oh, me too!" gibbered "Bob", but Connie paid him no attention. He went back over to his briefcase, where he discovered that a drop of semen had apparently completed some circuit, because he was getting a visual

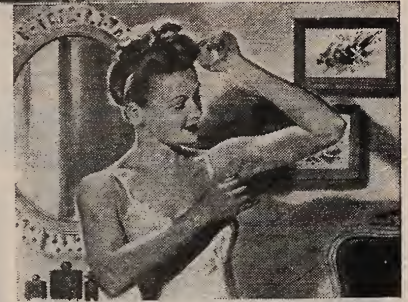
signal of this Jew being crucified as the console received a reflection of the visual light bouncing off a lake on a pleasure-planet 999 light years away. Bored, he flipped idly through the channels. Hitler died, Napoleon cried, Anastasia clutched at Rasputin's hairy ass.

"Nothing but re-runs," bitched "Bob", dismayed.

Connie finally finished, the poor amphibians lying dead and smoking on the floor. "Nomad, could you please clean up this mess?" pleaded the glowing lust-bucket. The alien robot, culmination of a thousand years of technology and civilization, clattered into the room humming to itself, and began mopping up the corpses.

"What do we do for lunch?" she asked her grinning plastic cuckold.

The pillar of nordic glory tossed her a hunk of habafropzipulops and grinned.



Rev. Jay Condom





# MY GUN IS SICK

by

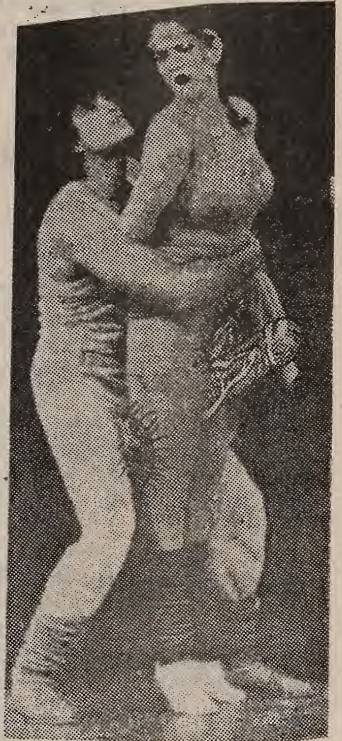
DASHEN SPILLIT

## CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE

(CAPTION: — A guy desperate with his rod had to give better than he got. If he ever went soft, there'd be consequences. He had to make it bristle and stick. If he didn't, girls like Helen and Susan and Daisy and Maybelle were waiting to queer him. He had to think of that, pray a lot, and stay hard. After three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight explicit encounters, his gun was tired. The aim was lame but his breech lubricious.)



Pope Crypis



HELEN DIDN'T WAIT UPON CEREMONY. She tore off her brassiere, in one puff of her Ronson ignited it, and leapt forward with a delicate abandon.

"You're the hot shot, aren't cha," she panted, "who's been coming a lot all the time?"

She heaved her breasts, but caught them on second thought, and herded them forward smartly. Simultaneously her panties fell to the floor. Her untutored muscles tautened imperceptibly, yanking her lips apart. What ever she had, she laid it on the line — and some of it even spilled over.

"Get and come me," she breathed heavily with confusion.



St. Joe Schwind

(PICTURE: Man in boxer shorts and miniboots staggering down hall with smoking gun; floors and walls littered with nude corpses of the female persuasion.)



S. Capone

HE SPRANG TOWARD HER ABRUPTLY, WHIPPING OUT HIS GUN. With his cock still at the ready, he shoved the entire mechanism into her waiting, wholly unsuspecting and voracious mouth. When it was safely lodged there, real down deep, he pulled the trigger hot and swift. Fireworks





LIES



and stardust! Everything puffed, banged, whimpered, and imploded. She swallowed hard, taking the full load. Feeling the whole of it, she bent back, quick, and deadly. She had been half-ways surprised — a sort of smile even shooting across her face between the pain and the bullets. Then she tumbled upon her back, pumped a few times, ground once, and lay easy.

Actually, he had unloaded everything into her without much trouble. He knew enough about Blasting Babes to know that this wasn't easy. *Le style c'est le pistolet meme*. He had surprised her all right, Rocky knew, but it was more than that. Hell, she was even stoned. She'd been sitting or lying there like a quarry; and he had pulverized her, savaged a lot of the pieces, and carried them all away. It had been great business. And some fun.

He glanced back at her handsomely. Sheeeeit, man: she could have protested. Nothing had stopped her from doing that. But she had just laid or stood there, what the hell, taking it all. His eyes glistened evenly with admiration, and he fondly stroked her torso with his boot. What the hell.

BUT A GUY CAN'T BE SENTIMENTAL EVEN FOR A MINUTE. For at this very juncture, Susan clapped open her door in the rear and dashed forward in a bikini, hurtling obscenities from her luscious trench mouth. Rocky relaxed, lobbing streams of bullets into her hysterically ululating and predatory cervix. She perished utterly on several of the spots.

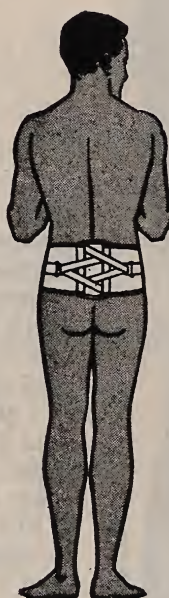
NOR WAS THE PERIL PRE-EMINENTLY PROSCRIBED. With a heavenly sigh or diabolical shriek, Maybelle Schultz spurt and sprinted from an anti-chamber on the left or right. She tossed her head lasciviously, her V-neck sweater turning into double-yous. Everything above her coccyx bone was pectoral and flipant. Rocky Anvil had been on the ropes before, hemmed in between Scylla and Charybdis, so he pumped pellets into her advancing pelvis with evident ketchup and relish. She rolled over, screaming, and perspired. With a minimum of bloodshed he had put an end to her Period.

Now it was surely high or low time for him to come to the aids of his Fatherland. Why, shucks, with a little more initiative, he felt, he could rambo just about Everybody.

ALMOST IN AN ECSTASY NOW, Rock tripped and fell to rubbing his handgun distractedly. It was Saturday night, don't cha see, and very very special.



Raymond Pettibon



S. Capone



# THE CALL OF THE CHILD

The Brag of the Young SubGenius  
by the Irreverend Charles Tehn

**COWAFUCKINBUNGA!** I AM THE PROBLEM CHILD! Lock up your daughters as tight as you want, I want your *wives*! I am the meanest son-of-a-bitch that was ever whelped, I eat Tonka trucks and shit Legos! I am what pedophiles get hot for! I've got mescaline in my Pez dispenser! I was the sperm that ruptured my dad's dick on the way out and slammed my mom into the wall! The day I was born volcanos erupted, mountain ranges collapsed, and Dr. Seuss began hemorrhaging! I brought my mom off fifteen times on the way out of her hot twat and then I killed the doctor, two nurses, and an orderly with my bare hands and my umbilical cord so I could go back and fuck her again! Don't even try to teach me anything, I tutored Isaac Asimov and Carl Sagan and made them suck me off in gratitude!

I screw up the curve, in both directions! I was never a virgin! I cause all teenage pregnancies! **YEEEEEEEEAAAAHHHHH!** I take *all* dares! I boned dad's bung-hole my first day and I sold him for pennies! I put caps on my dick and hit 'em with a



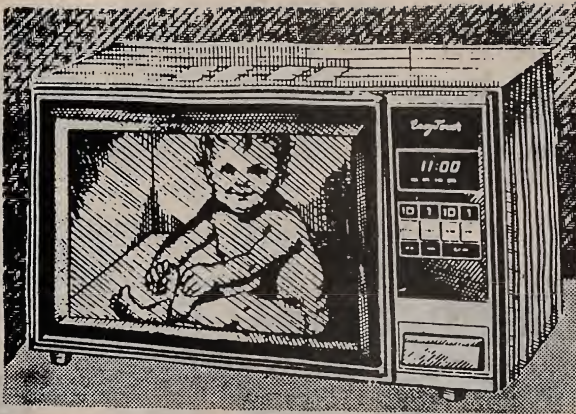
Puzzling Evidence



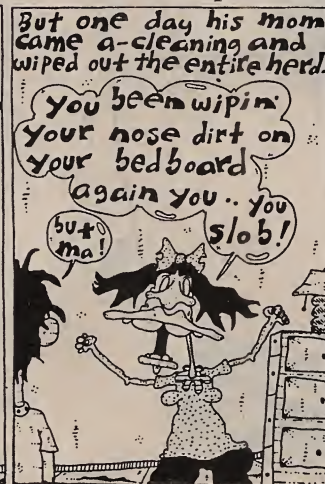
hammer 'cause I like the *feel*! After my first pre-school placement test they awarded me three doctorates and a Nobel prize, and I *wiped my ass* with them! I am the GUERRILLA VANDAL! I don't set fire to houses, I *burn countries*! I kick police cars out of my path as I stride!

I gave Charlie Brown his first taste of a *man* and I did it with Snoopy doggy-style! I don't smoke crack, I *pour milk on it and eat it for breakfast*! I let other kids fuck my four year old sister for baseball cards! I put the sex in rock and roll and I taught Elvis to wriggle! Traci Lords learned everything from me, but I dumped her because she was too old for me! I beat the living shit out of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and face-fucked Shredder to death! **TAKE ME ON!** I am the kid that eats Drano, that racks up \$2,000 on the phone bill, that finds the firearms and shoots his friends! I teach other kids how to jump on Dad's crotch, every time! People die in my D&D games! Churches catch fire when I walk in! I got





Popeye off spinach and onto heroin! My balls strike sparks when they rub together, and Little Orphan Annie went *blind* at the sight of my red hot wrist-rocket! I go into the woods late at night and let Satan worship me! I take over school buses and crash them into tunnel supports for laughs! They won't let me die, 'cause death is the only place anyone can *hide* from my mighty pranks! I turned into a swan and **fucked ODIN!** I am the only lover good enough for me to go back to! I turned Jessica Rabbit into my love slave and let Betty and Veronica fight to the death with *pliers* for the right to lick off my shaft!



## Separate togetherness for Mom



No detention can hold me! No cop can catch me! The judge doesn't dare do anything to me or I'll stop giving it to his mom! I fist-fucked G.I. Joe! **COME ON AND GIVE ME A TRY!** I ate Bugs Bunny raw! The pictures I drew in kindergarten are hanging in the Louvre! I can't get a drivers' license because no ones ever lived through my driver's tests! Mr. Rogers begged to swallow my steaming piss! I practice dangerous sex! I arm-wrestled Superman to the death and beat Batman at chess at the same time! I am the one that teaches children to curse and I am the one playing doctor with your daughter! With real surgical tools! I sold Big Bird to Colonel Sanders! Bart Simpson, Dennis the Menace, and Calvin are perfect little choirboys compared to me! I still breastfeed! Toilet training is for wimps, I shit where I please! I aim for the gods when I jack off, and I hit 'em! I am Damian, I am the Hellchild! I am.....

(at this point the cartoon came back on)





# BRAG OF THE NORMAL WOMAN



by the Impossibly Reverend Judy Graham

"I can be an Asshole if I want to"

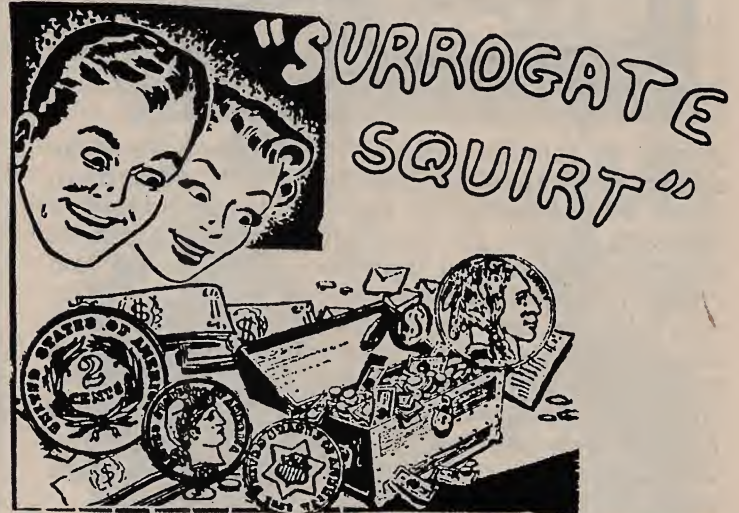


**I** am woman (hear me roar!)! I shave my legs and underarms! I wear deoderant! I douche! I wear perfume! I wear a bra and girdle! I spend hours putting on make-up! If anyone else needs the toilet when I'm in the bathroom, why they're outta luck aren't they! I am ladylike! I cross my legs when I sit! I wear dresses with I. Q.s higher than my own! I am polite! I say "Please," "Thank you", "Excuse Me," and "Ahem."! I am never rude! I don't drink, smoke, or use drugs! I don't burp or pass gas through my naughty bits! I never say the "F" word! I don't even do the "F" thing, even though I'm a married woman, and yet I have babies anyway! I am a good wife and mother! I go to PTA meetings! I read Cosmopolitan! I read Better Homes and Gardens! My home is always immaculate! I drink Sanka with Coffeemate and NutraSweet! I'm on a diet! I am a concerned parent! I cut the underwear ads out of newspapers and magazines to protect my children from dirty ideas! "Censorship Is Beautiful!" I say! "All filth ought to be banned and its perpetrators sentenced to life in front of a firing squad!" That's what I say! I go to church! I worship none other than the crybaby schoolmarm Jesus! I am anti-abortion! "Everyone should have a baby!" I say, and yet I dare call myself a "feminist"! I got my head shoved so far up my rear end, no one has ever seen my face! Not even my mother, who taught me everything I know about being a woman! I am an oat bran junkie! I...

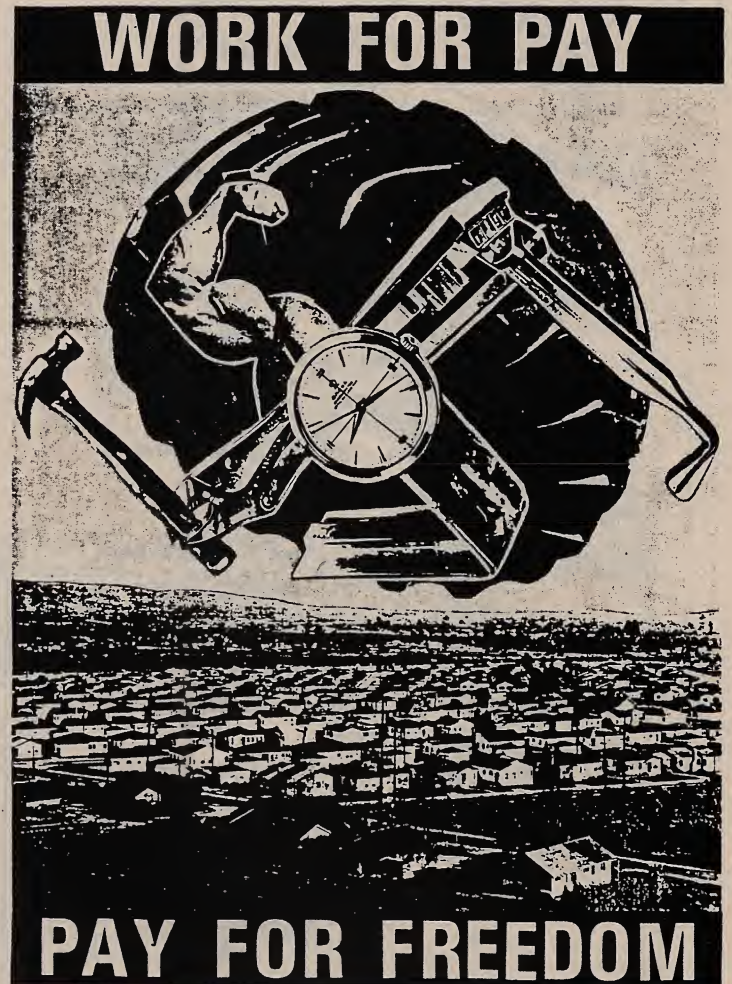
(audience runs out!)



NEW!  
EXCITING!



via Nanzi Regalia





# BRAG OF THE BOBBIE

By the Impossibly Reverend Judy Graham

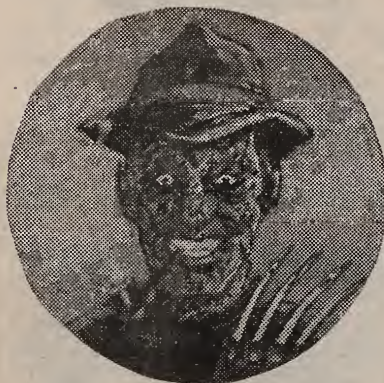
Imperial Lizard of the Church of the  
Perennially Impatient (Rewardian).

"Getting on the nerves of humanity since 1961."

Who do ya think put the "dead" in DeadHead anyway? I'm the one of many that the Church leaders warned you so called "true SubGenii" about! I am a "Bobbie" as the dudes who invented this weird religion would put it! They say their Church could technically not exist because it is composed of people who are not joiners! Well, I am a joiner! I and millions of others like myself make this goddamn Church exist! I am a faddist! I'm always on the lookout for new ways to be hep! I say, "If it's cool, It's cool!" I put the "Pee" in "Groupie"! I'm so fucking pretentious I get on your nerves with my mere presence! J. R. "Bob" Dobbs faked his own death and went into hiding to get away from people like me! I made W. C. Fields say "Go away, kid, ya bother me!" and mean it! The Church founders will never get rid of me until something more cool than It comes along! Then they'll discover to their horror that the real Church who will dissappear and come back under a new name just as we have done for thousands of years are indeed THE FUCKING BOBBIES! MEEE! Usss! Once I was a beatnik! Then I became a Hippie! Eventually I became a Punker! I was even HipHop for a coupla months! When the next big thing comes, those snide Church elders better get there before we do if they wanna have a bunch of followers to laugh at! Otherwise they'll have to choose between losing money on "Bob" or joining Us! So back off, you pompous, self-flattering, arrogant, stuck-up globs of cat vomit! We are millions and you know it! There's gonna be a mutiny in heaven and we'll make God mop up the mess afterwards! The Church would be even more dependant on their shitty bosses if it weren't for us! So why don't you...

(Interest runs out)

Bobbies Put On  
Happy Face



LIES



LIES



31

via Remote Control



# THE SCOURGE OF DRUNKENNES.



Doctor: Society  
must drug itself  
Just as Trevino predicted



Sternodox

## RANT OF THE JUNKIE

By Dave The Difficult, King of Rhode Island  
Flat Earth Liberation Against TV (FELAT)  
First Providence Church of Sanctity, Zane Zane Zane



I shoot my blood into Opium Poppies and watch them die from WITHDRAWAL! I say "Play it safe — take it all!" I get my PCP from Michael! I never take less than the lethal dose! I use Xylocaine for cold sores! I'm Hastur's Heroin Connection! Azathoth thinks I'm BURNT! I share dirty needles with the UNDEAD! I showed Herbert West how to freebase re-animating agent! I do "speedballs" of re-animating agent and CYANIDE! I drink fermented cider from the Tree of Knowledge! I use FERMILAB to take pure doses of the Strange Quark! Einstein got it wrong — I'M the reason space-time is curved! I don't smoke ice, I smoke ICE-NINE! The international stock market is based on my daily habit! I crash PARKED CARS! I can't even operate machinery in zero gravity! I DRINK COFFEE! I can't even remember the PRESENT! I confuse LSD! My sweat is a Cláss-A Controlled Substance! I externalize hallucinations!



via N. Regalia

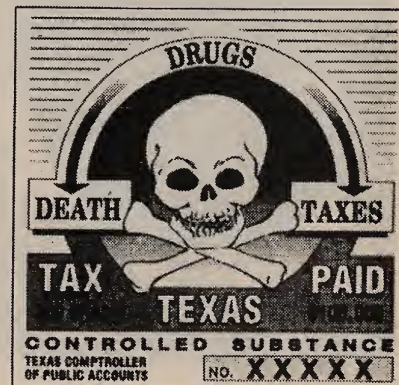


Bitters



YOUR BODY IS A FILTER FOR COFFEE.

Joe Franke



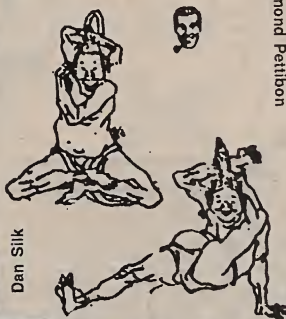
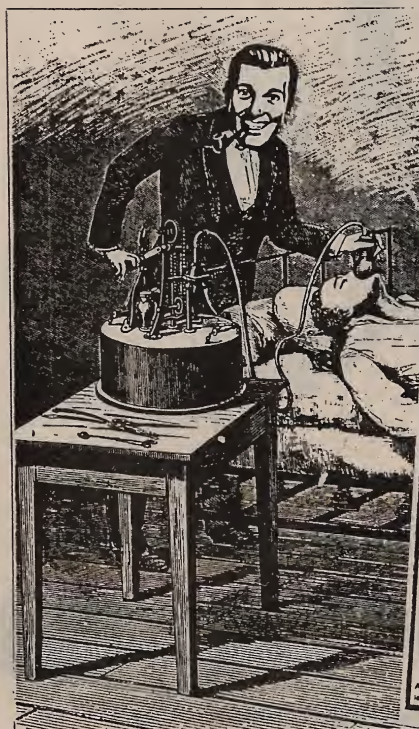




## M'muh Est Ggerpus

My hallucinations externalize *their* hallucinations! I think Metal Machine Music is melodic! Police dogs overdose when I walk by! The Xists are coming to score off ME! I made the Urgrund's Artifact create the universe so I'd have *somewhere to crash!* The Drug War started cause I burnt Nancy on a coke deal! I inject drugs with PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES! I bathe in DMSO and acid! Shaking *my* hand holds off narcotics withdrawal for six hours! I've been BANNED from interstellar flight because I take 'FROP with my SPICE! I make french fries with HASH OIL! I use MERCURY in WATER PIPES! I made them *kill Jesus* so I could *do his ADRENAL GLAND!* I think UNIX is INTUITIVE! I use TETRA-DIOXIN as a CHASER! I convert ORGONE ENERGY into a solid and *cut coke with it!* I was freebasing URANIUM with the main reactor core at CHERNOBYL when

(ranter hospitalized)



Dan Silk

**St. Patrick's Day SALE!!**

**Bob's Drugs -R- Us We Deliver!**

Acid / Ecstasy	\$24.95 / Blotter
Cocaine	\$49.95 / Gram
Marijuana	\$29.95 / Quarter oz.
Crack	\$7.95 / Rock
Crystal Meth	\$69.95 / Gram
PCP	\$69.95 / Gram
Heroin	\$9.95 / Rock

**Variety Pack \$99.95** (plus state tax)

**Asst. dynamite goodies**

**WE DELIVER!!**

**Bob's Drugs-R-Us**  
1487 Bowman Curve  
378-3491, Open 24 Hours A Day



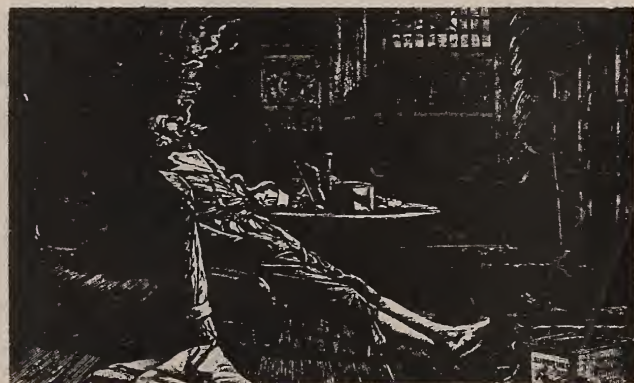
HeadLines



JOKE-STONE ART-MITCHELL



# ANY QUESTIONS?



Raymond Pettibon



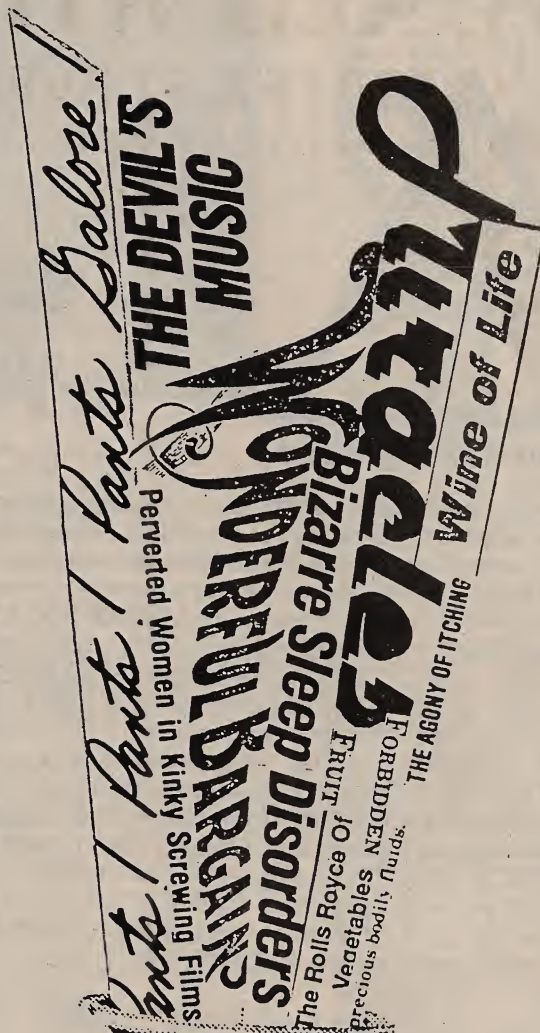
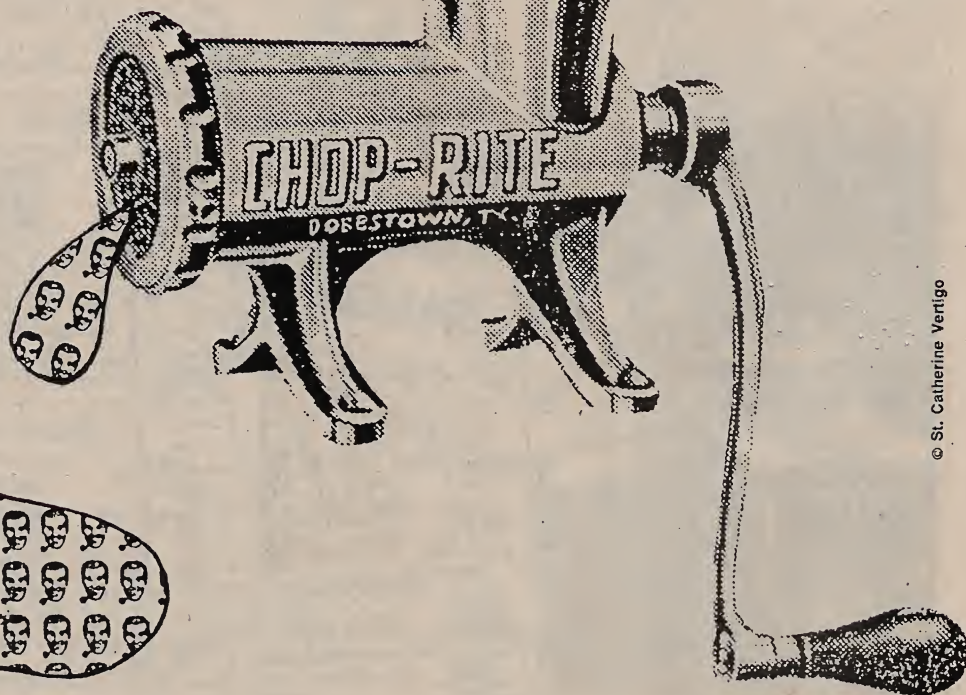
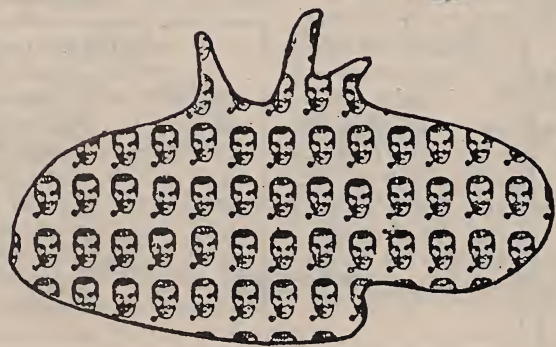
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STOLEN MY HEROIN.



# FRIDAY THE 13th INVOCATION OF WHAT'S LEFT OF BOB (WLOB)

"BOB" IS DEAD  
We hear nothing.  
"BOB" IS NOT DEAD  
We see nothing.  
"BOB" IS DEAD  
and smelling worse  
"BOB" IS NOT DEAD  
like a fish scale purse  
"BOB" IS DEAD  
So what, there's dead people in the White House  
"BOB" IS NOT DEAD  
neither is Corbett Monica  
"BOB" IS DEAD  
I have to go to the bathroom  
"BOB" IS NOT DEAD  
this ain't no urine test  
"BOB" IS DEAD  
LONG LIVE WHAT'S LEFT OF "BOB"

Don Dulchinos





# WORLD WITHOUT SLACK

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

©1988 by PAUL MAVRIDES



Some say SMITH and some say JONES,  
Either one will bleach the skin  
from your bones.  
*THE BAND THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME,*  
"OFF or ON?"

Smith crawled across the dark green carpet. It was hard and pointed, the way Astro-turf should be. He moved slowly, like a snake, slithering on his unclothed belly, trying to avoid the heat-seeking traps Jones had placed around the trashed-out rumpus room, trying to reach the SubSuccubus waiting for him by the smashed computer monitor. Stopping to pick up an eight-inch kitchen knife, he continued on, the scratchy rug leaving long, red welts that covered his smooth, young belly, winding and writhing like the glowing blue snake Fightin' Jesus had held in His right hand. It was easy for Fightin' Jesus; He had those Everlast boxing gloves to protect Himself. "Pretty Snake Smith, the Sucker," he thought dejectedly.

There she was, smoking a cigarette, pretending not to notice him as he slid through the rubble of what must have been a tremendous fight, a fight he couldn't remember. He flowed and changed, using the Yacatzima metamorph training that was second



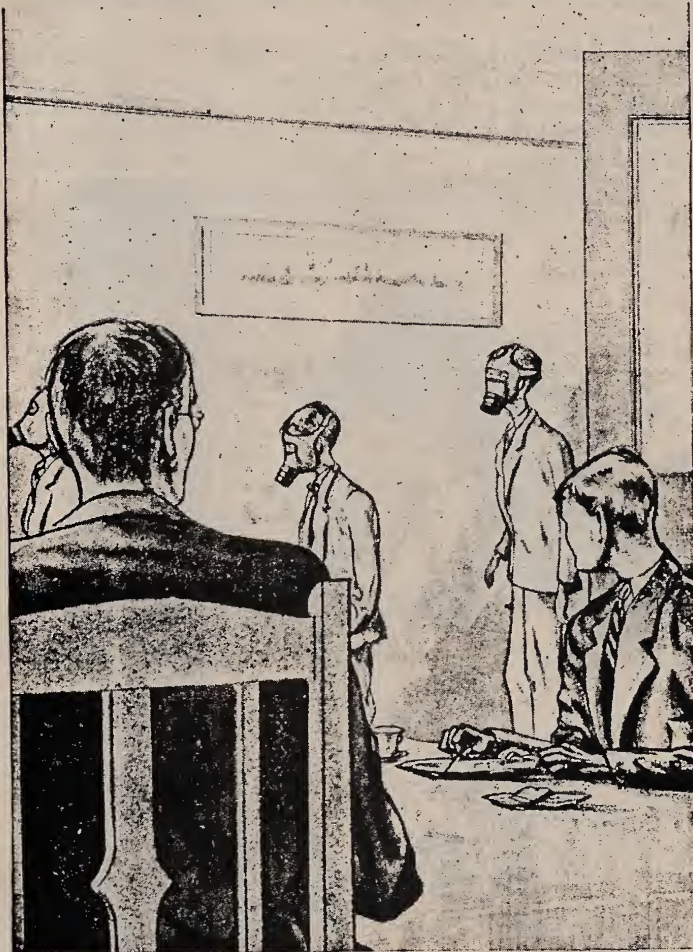
nature to him by now. He made himself small and wound his way around a coffee cup until he had a clear view of her feet.

He was stunned as he noticed the cheese! The fine, soft Spanish cheese that grasped her ankles tightly, that clasped her knees, that knew her knees, that melting cheese! Her search-and-destroy sex pheromones locked in on his body chemistry and molecularly bonded to his pleasure center, as the mating musk wafted up his nose. Excitement rose in him as he saw the hot cheese melt down over her firm, naked flesh, covering the quivering, red skin in thick white runners of viscous consistency. Multiple tongues flickered in and out over moist, full lips. Six breasts, peaked with spiked-copper nipples, throbbed and jiggled as she turned the pages of a fashion magazine, feigning boredom. Her five-inch waist spread out most fetchingly to primal, curved hips almost a yard wide. Hips and perfect round buttocks, completely covered with ice-blue runic tattoos of incredibly obscene picto-graphic concepts, these all seemed to be crude invitations to experimentation. A moving tangle of yellow pubic hair glowed like thousand-watt fiber-optic thread. Truly, she was the match for the Squirtin' Demon of The Rebel Gods, this unborn, teen-age grand-daughter of ERIS, Queen of SEXHURT, Herself. Smith knew that power sufficient to drain the heat from a runaway star and leave it cold lay behind her swirling, glittering eyes.

The cheese continued to flow from who knows where. He wasn't even sure if it *was* cheese. He wanted to taste it. Stuff his gut full of it. Choke on it. His breath raced.

He was so pretty now, pretty for her, his shiny blade held between his teeth. His skin turned pink, then red, then magenta, trying to attract her attention. Colors ran up and down the spectrum and his skin began to shed. As he tore away at himself, Smith had a bad feeling about all this. Had he been set up? He was losing control of himself, becoming the victim! Talk about unsafe sex!

The scent of the cheese was breaking his concentration, leaving him open to her attack. He tingled all over. His tormented nerves were on fire and she pushed him over the edge with a quiet sigh that had the weight of an eon of merging, fornicating life behind it. Blood pounded in his ears in answer to her call. He wanted to impale his skull, mouth first, on the points of her razor-sharp teats, one by one. He reached up and tore his ballooning eyes out, then, needing to look her over again one more time, grew new ones and spit out his teeth upon the old. Steam rose from his sweaty,

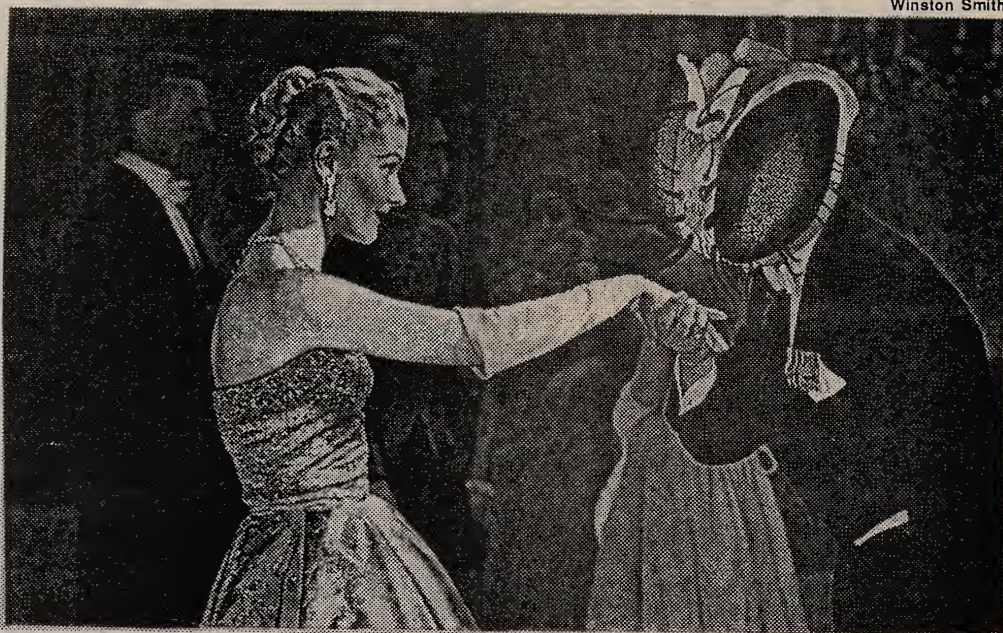


F.P.T.P.

Each apparition was wearing a gas mask.

Frontispiece



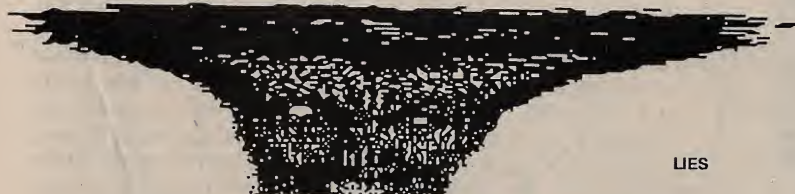


overheated head and his feet stomped the carpet with wild, dog-like thumping while his "take" thundered on, spiraling his arms like corkscrews, snapping the femurs with loud cracks. His erection became horribly painful and raw, pushing away from him, as it seemingly tried to leave his body behind and reach the siren on its own. All his organs felt liquid; the perverse pressure building within him was unbearable. Thoughts of personal safety vanished under the wild, obsessive urge to mount and thrust, grind and bump... to mindlessly copulate with her like an insect, until, all spent, he'd fall off — a drained, seedless husk, ready to finally serve as her food.

Groveling on the floor before her, he looked up her long, fine, shaggy goat legs, past her oval, navel-less belly, up to her indifferent face. Against his will, he heard himself, from between his flayed lips, stammer nervously, "S-say, do you come here o-often?"

She looked down at him with an expression of amused boredom and ground out her smoke under a polished, cloven hoof. "Oh, wow. That'd be great. Dude. How's about a double, sugar-brain? Please? Pretty please?" she asked in an incredibly flat, husky voice.

She shook her animal-like rump at him twice, splashing his agonized chest with scalding drops of cheese, and bent down, her conical breast tips clanging together metallically. And slowly, very slowly, he raised the kitchen knife to his own throat with his mangled hands and began to cut. His reeling, overwhelmed mind watching itself spin out, memories flooding by, all the Church secrets being picked over by the SubSuccubus. She was going very slow with him as she bent to sip at the fountain of blood spraying from his neck. It wasn't the only thing that was jetting. He knelt in a spreading pool of blood and semen in hypnotic satisfaction, without pain, his unholy orgasm continuing without pause. NUNU was determined to get the most pleasure out of this that she could. Smith could hear Jones chuckle as blackness closed in.



LIES

Smith couldn't wake up. That stupid S/M wet-dream had been bad enough, but he felt as if somebody had poured plastic resin all over his face. The slightest movement caused intense pain, with blinding flashes of light behind the eyeballs. What the hell had Palmer dosed him with? The coffee hadn't tasted like it had been "doctored". Some new, off-world sedative that the Xist bankers

had given Palmer along with the instructions about Philo. Well, at least the whole ugly mess was out in the open... Now that they'd talked about the money, there was no turning back. It was all on tape, and that was just one more of the problems Smith would have to face presently.

"Ah — good. He's coming around. Wheel my instrument kit over here and we can begin to question our friend." A voice that sounded like broken glass started to filter through to Smith's fogged-out brain. He blinked and struggled to turn his head against the straps — the Big Red Straps, he noted — to get a better look at his captors.

The name "Zipperhead" wasn't so funny now. Beneath the Palmer mask, the Thing masquerading as Vreedees was all too visible. Standing next to it were the various members of the President's Council on Physical Fitness, most of them anyway. All of President Jones' vaunted "Bathroom Cabinet". Smith could



Rev. Nanzi Regalia





make out Wellman, Stang, and, way down at the end of the room — it looked like Janor. That was impossible, of course. Smith himself had killed Janor, in the messiest, most violent way possible. He'd carry the memory of Hypercleats' hysterical shrieking, "My legs are on fire! Whoop! Whoop! Help me, somebody!" to his grave. It had been necessary. He had made sure that there wasn't enough tissue left to make a decent clone. It had been Janor's last request. In fact, given the current situation, chances were good that most of the creatures in the room were duplicates. The Space Bankers had perfected their cell techniques hundreds of thousands of years ago. Smith had his suspicions that they were the original seeders of Earth, trying to set up a cosmic squatter's rights battle over possession of the planet. These things thought on the long term view. Not what you'd expect from speculators at any level. Perhaps geological time had different meaning for these galactic realtors.

Smith made a pathetic attempt at defiance. "Blankmen... you can't fool me... you're all a pack of dirty lies... where's the real Vreedeas? Ain't he 'doug' enough to show his real face?"

"'Doug' enough for you, Smith." Broken Glass Mouth was running tendrils up and down the side of an evil looking instrument, a cross between a dentists' drill and a Space Force Combat Laser. "Why, I don't believe Palmer would want to miss this." It held up a small, clear specimen bottle, with what looked like a tiny doll in the bottom.

Smith blanched. This was going too far. "You fiends! What have you done to my son?"

"Hey, hey, Smith, who's laughing now, eh? I do think I'm going to enjoy this. I've been waiting since X-Day for a shot at you. You thought everything would be okay, once Jones was out of the way. . . only you didn't figure on Unibrow switching sides," chortled the Pain Technician from behind its ill-fitted mask.

Smith crumpled against his bonds. If Unibrow was here he didn't have a chance. It seemed those monstrous eyebrow tendrils could reach anywhere, even into one's very soul. The whole horrible picture was becoming clear. Palmer had been in the pay of the evil Fightin' Jesus all along and now he had all the "hex power" of the real Unibrow to back him up. That and the tiny homunculus of the President of Texas there in that glass beaker. He'd been drugged at the Foundation Headquarters in Dobbstown and was now probably several hundred miles above the Earth. They had brought him to one of the few remaining War Saucers still orbiting, and now they wanted answers. . .

"Pull Smith's pants down and let's get started," said the Palmer thing.

Jones screamed, "Dobbs is exaggerating, or can't do arithmetic. That stack of thousand dollar bills, one trillion bucks, would not be sixty-seven miles high!"

"Right you are, Jones," Vreedeas echoed, leveling the Colt displacer at the President's chest. He blinked his eyes and a wind began to rise behind the master SLAK hashshashin. "If a million dollars worth of thousands stacks up four inches high, then a stack to make a trillion dollars would be a million times as high, or four thousand inches."

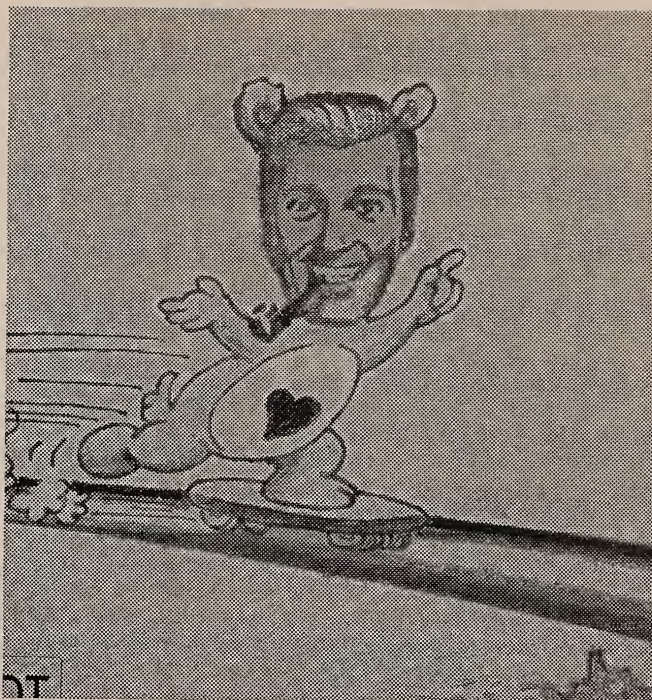
Jim Jones groaned and stuck out his teeth as the lecture continued. "To convert this to miles, divide by twelve times five thousand, two hundred eighty. The result is a little over sixty-three miles. You lose the bet, Jones," Palmer ordered. "Release Smith now."

The President muttered to his Secret Service guards in an ancient language and they disintegrated into pink mist. He looked around the Oval Office for the last time, signed a paper and burned it. He threw the ashes in a circle around his desk and pissed on it. As the desk burst into flame he turned to Vreedeas, hissing, "It is done. Smith is unharmed and free. Tell your 'Bob' that his Pipe will soon go out, and then my will shall sweep the Earth!"

LIES







# MISTER FIXIT

by Ken DeVries

LIES

In the Pure Land, the Clear Light glowed warmly, muddled only by the persistent buzzing of JHVH1. From the Great White Throne of Judgement NENSLO looked out across Cloud Nine, over the endless expanses of the Seventh Heaven filled with the joyous souls of his worshipping servants.

"It really isn't fair, you know," JHVH droned, "and We're sure that if you consider it you'll agree. To continue treating them like that..."

NENSLO held the tiny cage up before his eyes, gazing blankly at the ugly little ex-god, feeling a vast dispassion.

The hideous little bug buzzed on, "They were your friends, you know. They actually liked you, and for you to keep tormenting them like that, it just isn't right!"

"Oh, yes..." NENSLO sighed at last, "YOU tell ME all about what's fair and right. All I've done is left them in the world you created..."

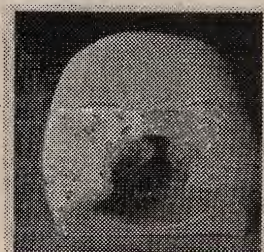
JHVH bristled, tiny lightning bolts shooting from the ends of its flailing tentacles, its million eyes glowing with fury. "That was an ACCIDENT, We've told you and told you!"

"Yes, a six-day accident! Ooops!" NENSLO's sarcasm struck the tiny alien like a wall of flame.

"YOU KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!!"

NENSLO gazed coolly into the fuming ex-deity's very substance, and waited for the misshapen ultradimensional to stabilize. When the smoke cleared he spoke calmly, slowly, as if to a child.

"Tell me what you think I should do."

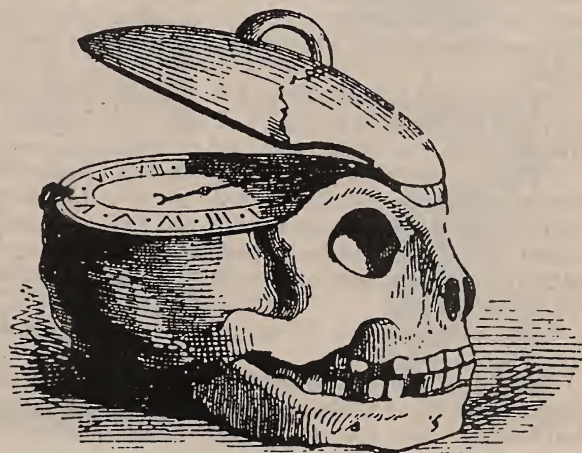


"You should let them come up here like everybody else! The only reason they think they're happy in that fouled-up shit-hole of a universe is because they don't know how miserable they are! You won't LET them know!!"

"I've given them what they always wanted," NENSLO said, his gaze wandering across the limitless sea of worshipping souls, their cries of admiration blending into a soft rushing more comforting than any clanking, crunching avalanche of atoms at the edge of earthly seas. "They have a world full of toys to play in, a world they've always coveted. Am I to blame because their dreams are so small?"

JHVH's insect buzztook on a noxious wheedling tone. "You've cast them adrift in a world of crappy plastic junk! Surely they deserve better than that! Remember how kind they were to you, how they admired you, went out of your way to help you achieve the height of glory which is now yours? Without them, would you be Supreme Lord of Creation as you now are? Hmmm?"

"I don't know what you're getting out of this, you little crippled freak," NENSLO sneered, "but if it's so damned important to you, then I'll do something."



175. A skull-watch.

via N. Regalia



JHVH joyfully squeaked, "Oh praise you, NENSLO! You are indeed most worthy of our worship!" The symphony of admiration from the vast eternity of worshipping souls rose gloriously, filling all heavens with golden sound.

NENSLO smiled, and the way he smiled cast a chill across the worlds. "Perhaps I should have said YOU will do something, YAHwaaay!" He rolled the Name snidely through his sinuses like an insult, and the tiny god shuddered.

"N-no.. no please.." moaned the captive godlet, its mouths trembling, its eyes swimming with tears.

NENSLO growled, "You are going to *create* again, my foul little chum," and the gleam of his teeth struck JHVH like a lash.

"We can't... Don't make us... We swore after last time we'd never..."

NENSLO reached calmly inside his robe and fumbled in a breast pocket. The assembled multitudes gasped like a world of hurricanes as they saw what he brought forth.

JHVH shrilled feebly, wordlessly at the sight of its own crucified Son, gripped like a hammer in the vast hand of NENSLO.

Jesus hung sweating and bleeding on his cross gripped from the waist down in NENSLO's massive fist. "Please, Dad!" he moaned, and all heavens wept at his sorrow, "Please do as he says! For my sake!"



via Nanzi

"No... NO!! WE PROMISED!!" JHVH screamed.

"But you were so *concerned* a few moments ago," NENSLO sneered, his voice the accumulation of all mockery. He tapped on JHVH's cage with the cross. "Now





you've changed your mind! WELL YOU'RE GOING TO CREATE, you little ABOMINATION, and you're going to create a *Perfect World of the SubGenius* for all my little friends on Earth! NOW GET GOING!" He whacked the cross brutally against the iron bars, smashing Jesus against the cruel metal again and again. The heavens recoiled in horror at NENSLO's act, yet somehow loved him all the more.

Shrieking, JHVH began to create.

Six days later it was completed, and NENSLO held it in his hand. "Not bad," he said, and the universes rejoiced. "Now all you have to do is put my friends in there and we're done."

JHVH lay exhausted at the bottom of its cage. "We can't..." It gasped, "We..."

NENSLO placed the glittering universe gently in his lap and seized the cross, waved it threateningly, jolting Jesus cruelly against the rough wood.

JHVH1 sadly complied with this final threat. The SubGenii, Kings and Queens of a wretched crippled world, were transported to a new and perfect universe all their own, a transcendent world of pure perfection and joy, a world the angels envied. The shriveled deity sighed, "It is finished..." and expired forever.

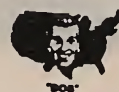
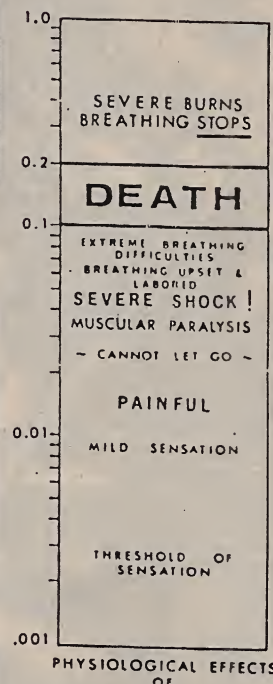
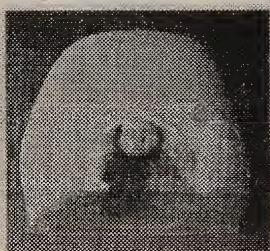
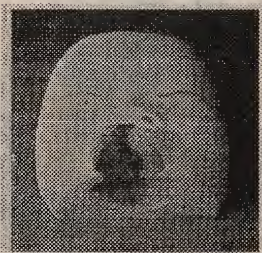
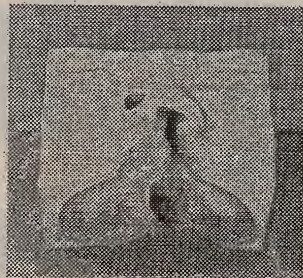
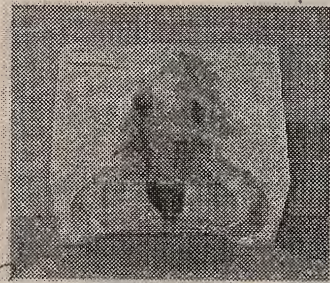
NENSLO shook the tiny cage experimentally but the alien corpse flopped sadly and lay still. "Oh, look, Jesus, your little daddy's dead. Oh, well." As he laughed he failed to see the new universe rolling slowly down a fold in his robe, gaining speed as it headed down the valley between his monumental knees. The multitudes cried out, and he

looked down in time to see the lovely thing shoot off his lap and shatter against the crystalline steps leading to his throne. A cry of dismay filled the heavens.

NENSLO cursed.

In mindless fury he cast the Cross of Christ off into the limitless void. After a few moments of furious contemplation, he dumped the cold corpse of JHVH1 from its cage and rose from his throne. He stooped and gently swept the fragments of the Perfect Universe of the SubGenius into the cage, closed the little door and thrust it absently into a pocket. The waves of worship from the infinite souls washed over him and he thought, "Oh well... they'll never know the difference."

The Subgenius only has one glance at its unimaginably ugly world when it eats its way out of its previous body, for the eyes on the bottoms of its feet are slashed at the first step by the razor shards of the eternal plain on which it lives. The death of the body prompts the hatching of the soul-spore from which the new SubGenius grows with full memory of every one of its horrible lives. When it has devoured the festering, poisonous remains of its previous corpse, it begins upon the only other food, its current body. Its blunt, platelike teeth are of little use in separating the rubbery fibers of its twisted limbs, and it may gnaw for years for just one mouthful of its own vile and stringy flesh, remembering every moment of pain from the millions of times it has lived each life before in a cyclic drudgery of horror. Yet amid this world of darkness one light shines, a thought glowing within the beast's tiny brain, the only conscious thought it ever can or will have; "This is perfect... perfect... perfect..."



Rev. Dugwyler



Puzzling Evidence

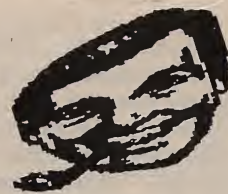
Trees  
Died  
So  
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This.

Joe Franke



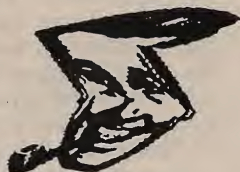


# A STUPID "BOB" TRICK



By Kibo

Note: Band-Aid™ is a registered trademark, and I'll use it where I damn well please.



**I should have known** I would regret going to the supermarket on Saturday. All the weirdos hang out at the supermarket on Saturday. I should have known I would regret going down the produce aisle. All the weirdos hang out in the produce aisle.

"Hi," said the smiling man. He was smoking the pipe.

Since he was blocking the aisle with his cart, which was full of overripe honeydew melons, I figured I had better respond, and then maybe this guy would go away and leave me alone. "Hi," I responded, trying to make it sound as bland and uninteresting as possible.

"What do you do for a living?" he asked, adjusting the pyramid of melons in his cart.

I briefly toyed with the idea of lying to him, but that always gets me in even more trouble, so I decided to tell him the truth. "I'm a talent coordinator for 'Late Night With David Letterman,'" I said slowly.

That was a baaaaad move on my part. "OH WOW! You cast people for 'Stupid Human Tricks?'" he asked hyperactively with that look in his eyes. I see that look at least six times a day. "Watch my trick! Watch! You'll love this! Don't blink or you'll miss it!"

Suddenly, he clenched the pipe firmly between his teeth, and then — POW — his head exploded. Blood and cerebral cortex rained down around me. The pipe clattered to the floor.

"Did you like it?" said the headless man. "You liked it? You loved it? When do I get on the show? I'm free tomorrow night. And the next night!" He paused for half a second and then howled, "Wanna see me do it again?"

My nerves finally unfroze and I screamed and ran away and screamed and tried to brush the bits of cerebellum off my shirt and screamed and screamed and screamed. I ran out into the parking lot, trampling some ripe melons that the man had dropped, and several minutes later, I stopped screaming when I realized... I'd forgotten where I had parked my car.

I tried to collect my wits. Okay, so the guy's head had exploded ALL OVER ME, but if I could just remember where my car was, I could get the hell away from here and drive into the next state and do my grocery shopping in a different time zone. I started walking around the parking lot in a well-planned search pattern to find my car.

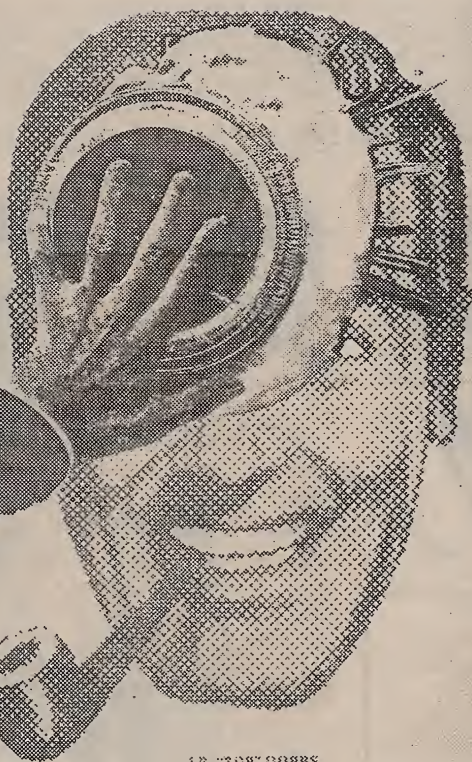
As I walked around a battered RV decorated with pictures of Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, a man came into view. His head had LOTS of Band-Aids on it, but it was recognizably the same nut. He was still smoking the pipe, still grinning maniacally through the Band-Aids.

"I'm even free TONIGHT if you want to put me on right away!" he bellowed as he bit into the pipe-stem. POW. Blood, gray matter, white matter, the pipe, and Band-Aids filled the air, splattering against the pictures of Leonardo and Raphael.

"Whaddaya think? When do I get on 'Stupid Human Tricks'? I'm pretty human! When?"

41

Rev. Dianne Duncan



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS



MutaBobs by LIES



I screamed and ran for the subway entrance. I bounced down the flight of nineteen stairs in only two steps and did a triple somersault over the turnstiles, slam-dunking a token into the slot. I jumped across the outbound track, landed on the inbound platform, rushed onto a train, and collapsed into three seats. The train squealed out of the station. I almost lost consciousness as I stared numbly at the floor. But then —

I noticed an empty Disney Band-Aids box on the floor. And another. I looked at the man next to me. His head was coated in Band-Aids. "Isn't this AWESOME?" he said, clenching his teeth. POW. Fragments of head caromed around the inside of the car. An ear struck a sofabed ad. I tried to catch his eye, but it hit the floor.

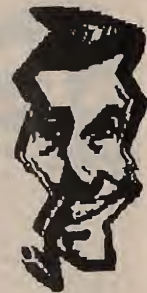
"AlalalAll Right," I stammered, "all right, all right, I'll ppp-p-put you on the show. Now... please... STOPDOINGTHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I collapsed into tears as the headless man gave me a friendly hug.

"I love you," he said. Then he re-lit his pipe and started collecting his head.

\* \* \* \* \*



Sternodox



That night, the man, who gave his name only as "Bob", squeezed his bow tie on live TV. Sixty-seven million viewers saw it. POW. It was repeated in slow-motion: Powwww. Dave Letterman had to take extra pills during the commercial break. Paul had to do the second half of the show by himself, too. But at least I had finally gotten this lunatic off my case. I went to work the next morning in a relatively cherry mood, with "Bob" temporarily forgotten. There were five men waiting for me, all with pipes.

"I saw your show last night, where the guy made his head explode, and I have something better," said the first one, "I can make my feet explode!"

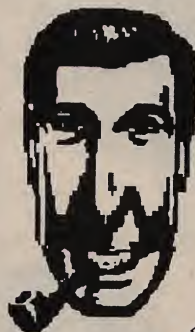
"No, wait" said the second one, "I can make my head implode!"

"I can make my WHOLE BODY explode," stated the third one, expecting a prize.

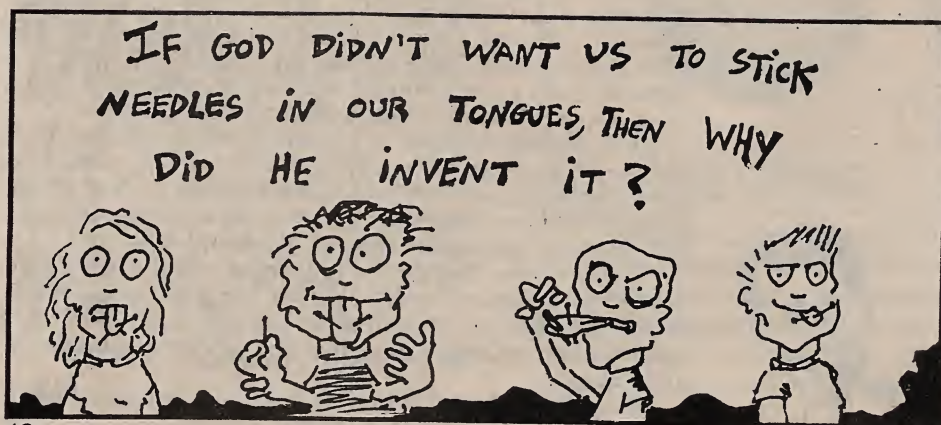
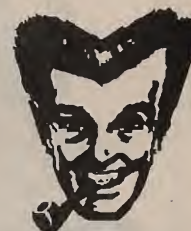
"But I — and I alone," said the fourth man, whose pipe blew bubbles, "can make DAVE'S head explode. Or the viewers' heads. Or anyone's."

"Can you do it thirty times a second for six hours straight?" asked the fifth. He clenched. So did the others. POW. Their heads exploded. Dave's head exploded. My head exploded. George Bush's head exploded. This went on for six hours.

And that is why I am now happily committed.



MulaBobs by LIES



Joe Franke



via HeadLines

INTRODUCING "BOB" TO A PERSON IS THE SAME AS ANY OTHER INTRODUCTION.



# MAKING A DEAL IN the BEFORELIFE

The Nental lfe Explained  
Anatomy of the Rogue Subgenius  
The Nature of Deros  
The Tulpic Path to Deification

PART 2 IN A SERIES

By Pastor Buck Naked

## Death

When a Subgenius "dies" a massless *Nentessence* zooms from its meat prison. Normsouls, however, are collected together and melted down into a clear soup from which new souls are cast.



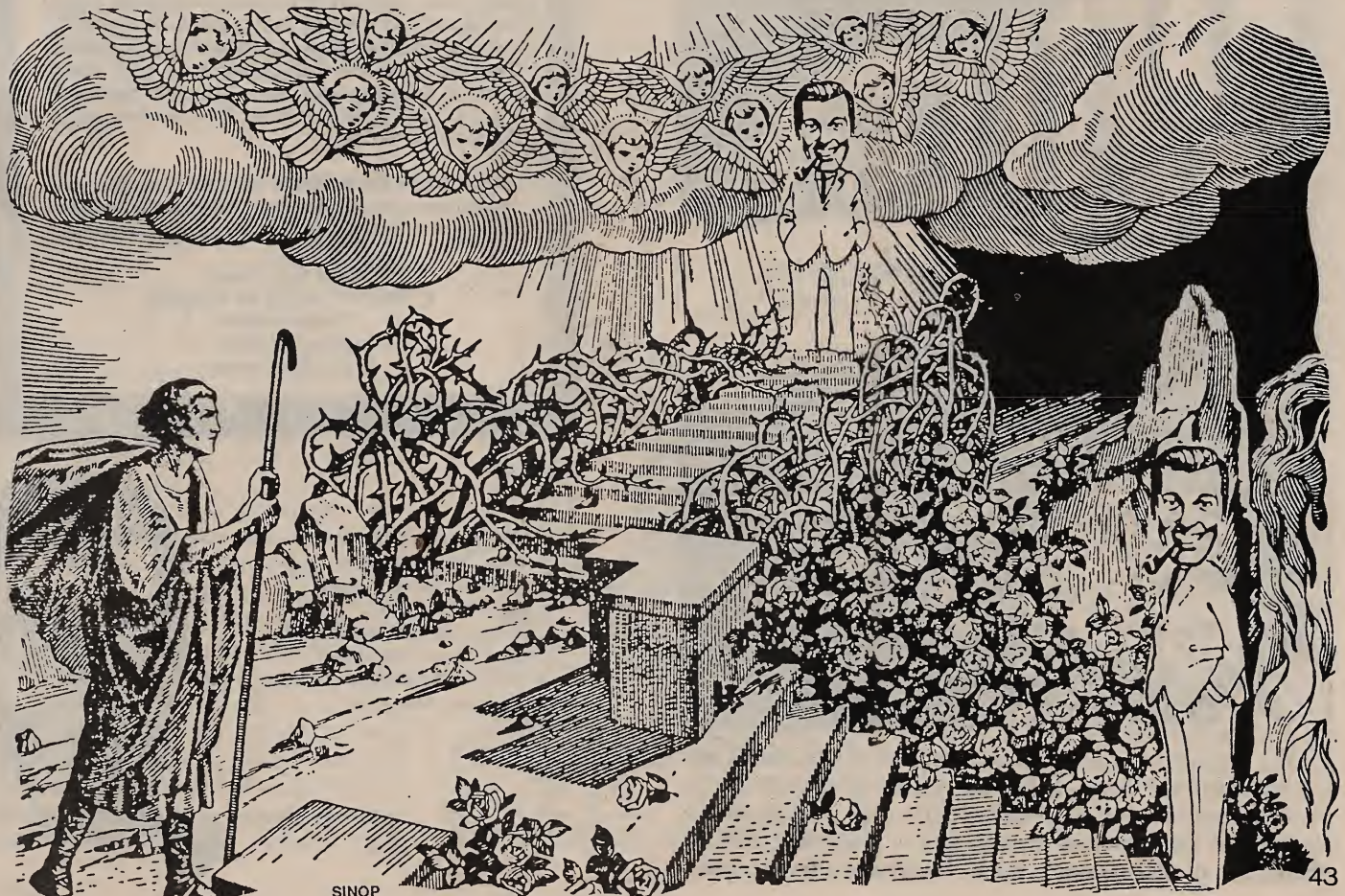
Trilobite



## Rebirth

To be reborn, a Subgenius *ldge* (or *Nental Seed*) must hammer out a "deal" with a *Media Plane Spirit*. These spirits manifest on the T.V. Plane, the literary, traditional plane or what have you. They exist on a *legendary level*.

The ancient *Gnu Gnarnisis*, the source behind *Facts About the Beforelife*, identifies Media Plane Spirits as a form of *Tulpa*. *Tulpas* draw their power from the belief, or need, of collective thought. They can materialize in unlimited dramatic guises. Most miraculous accounts of talking animals, levitating saviors, cat people from space, shimmering cacti, etc. are **TRUE!**





## Deification

It's possible for a "Full Squirt Subgenius" to ascend to *Media Tulpahood* and even *deification*, like Elvis and Heiltsuk" did.

\*Chilkat's twofisted buddy

## Spirit Guides, Ministers

Yeti blood demands a *Media-Archtype* (spirit) to guide nentessence (soul) through the "Meat Plane" (life) as its *Nental life* (soul partner). Got that? Expectant Subgenius parents should commission a dynamite salesman/medium such as J. R. "Bob" Dobbs (or mel) to help the process along. When the Beforelife doesn't answer you "calls" (or "diddlings"), more offerings to "Bob" (or mel) *will help!!*

So, *unlike normals*, who are a simple combination of "Mom" and "Dad", the *Subgenius* is comprised of four beings; at least *two* of them aliens!! This is why you are so confused.

## Impetuous Idges

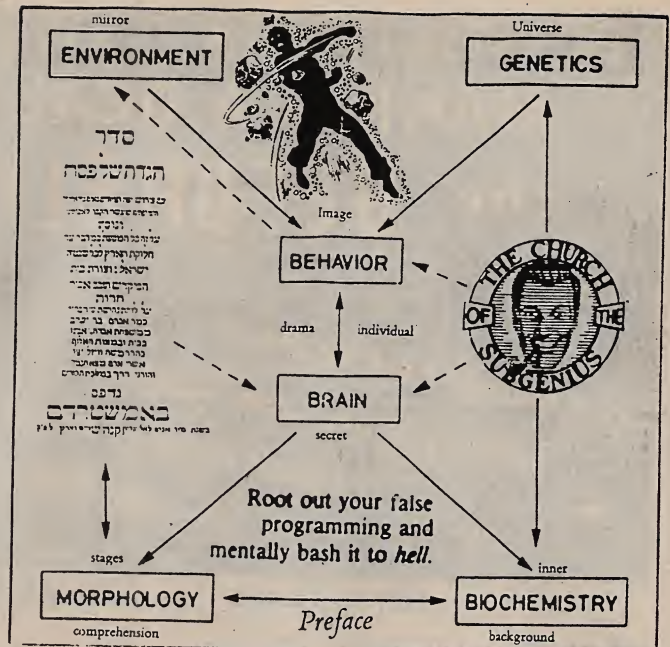
Obviously, certain impetuous Idges get fed up waiting for a *Nental life* and decide to *go it alone*. Given their temperament, it is understandable that these souls might spit on "Bob", ignore "the way things are" and want to party in the here and now without *first* making the deal. This is *BLASPHEMY*, a *sacrel-idge*, a crime against nature; anti-Dobbs.

## Battle of the Ages



Heliswami Satellite Weavers

The Bible backs up my previous statement that others not of this world are living among us. It is found in John 17:14 as follows: "I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of this world, even as I am not of this world." Verse 16 repeats the statement.



Rev. Ganglia

## Rogues

So, sometimes a soul (Idge) implants in a normal without the anchoring effect of a Tulpic spirit (Ife). Of course, the Idge quickly consumes the normal and goes mad. In early stages, these monsters become the "Rogue Subgeniuses" the police are always looking for. Another common stage is the "Bland Subgenius"; seemingly meek, etc. ... until carnage occurs.

Due to their unsavory "Psy-Pstench" impulses, many rogues are contacted by the *Deros*, known to most Subs as "Advanced Super-Sonic Nazi Hell Creatures". They live under the Earth, where they drink blood, shoot up, and every once in a while snatch the "keys" to a U.F.O. and go kill something. They function best as Conspiracy enforcers.

Deals made in the beforelife affect the here-and-now. The Subgenius must tithe "Bob", his churches and mediumistic Fist Temples. Send money and questions to:

Pastor Buck Naked  
1st Naked Church of the Subgenius  
PO Box 140026  
Dallas, TX 75214  
(Send SASE for catalog!)

© 1990 The Laser Project

'He's always fighting the evil within him. When he's Jekyll, he's never evil, and when he's evil he's a monster; he turns into this thing. Once I've got (Hyde's) mask on, I'm not Mr. Sympathy, believe me.'



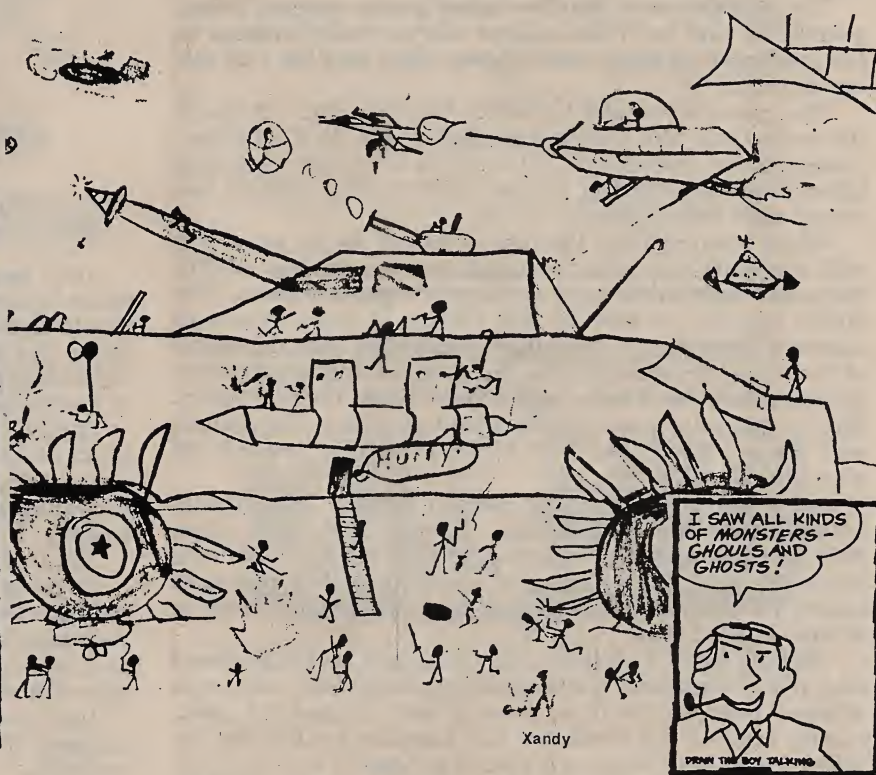
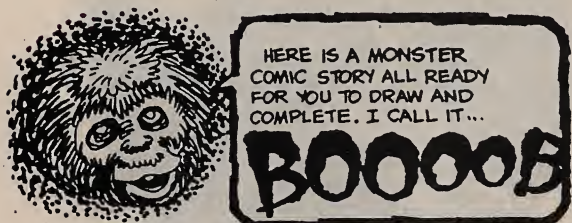
Dr. Dio Diablos



# Escape from Slackworld 25

the only next-to-last sequel to **EVERYTHING**

By Nenslo



Übroain's cell hurt. It was the only thing left of his body after thousands of enhancements, and he wore it where his face would have been if he'd had a head. The needle of pain from his last cell was the only thing he'd felt for eight hundred years, and the more he thought about it the more it hurt. The more it hurt, the more he liked it.

Phylang's screaming roused Übroain from his reverie. The coffin-sized Control control chamber from which all controls of the Ultiversal McKillerator were controlled rang with the piercing nasal whine of Highest Transcriptivator of King Pain.

"Go butt yer dick, dickbutt!" Phylang shriled to and about everything.

Dr. Yowlmangler bobbed and nodded and began a fading string of platitudes with, "Now Vaulmer..."

It was all so fapping pitiful, tragic, nauseating, Übroain thought. If only they hadn't busted Jesus 17 out of the Dimension L Hellplate, everything would be perfect. *Famp*, everything *was* perfect and always had been, and they all hated it, at least since the G'giggie Reinvasion. Hundreds of the Ulvafeb Twins were dead and for what? For a brain the size of God, a brain so big it couldn't even think of thinking. It was the **IRONY** of it that got him. If the Carbonari's Dimension Gate had only been a scalcosecond faster, or slower, the Wartubs of the Garduna-Camorra Combine would have found nothing but smoking bugshells.

Übroain's clamps toggled Control controls rapidly, rechecking the triplechecked doublechecks again. Everything had to be perfect at the perfect time, for once. This time it would *have* to work. They couldn't keep failing forever. Yowlmangler didn't have much useful life left. Übroain centered a viewer on the Docster. The poor sorry Head-On-A-Stick bobbed and babbled, its whole body

worn away over eons. Phylang's elbow popped onscreen, jabbing savagely at Yowlmangler's empty eyesockets.

"Vaulmer!" Übroain clanked, "Perform your Function!"

Phylang's hideous, weasely, pinched-up excuse for what should have been a face smooshed itself against the Visitron. "Bowel you, ya sweatnode! Yer butt's a dick of snot!" Phylang was stupid, inept, the ugliest thing living, and the worst cusser that could ever be imagined, but he was the only one crazy enough, in a universe of the insane, to pilot the McKillerator out of this hell of a paradise.

Übroain churned his Voxator. "We're coming up on one mintinac to first countdown commence. Make sure Jeeperdox is chained down."

"Crotch you, that sperm's a hell in the earwax!" Vaulmer shriled, but obeyed, hobbling to the Jeepbox and bumping into or tripping over everything on the way, even things on the ceiling, adding more blood and grime to the grungy film of pus, grease and smegma that coated every one of the millions of protruding objects, devices, units, and controls that cluttered every surface of the unimaginably cramped, sweltering, stinking Ultrakill machine, the deadliest Mechanical Murder Monster of all, **EVER**.

G.G. Jeeperdox buzzed in his Ultraglas boxful of pure 'N, the legendary drug so powerful it doesn't do anything at all. Two hundred inconceivably advanced entire alien races had been squashed like grapes and their fluids refined into this one boxful of 'N in which Jeeperdox hung vibrating, repeating, "Lemme eat the bone, Wilmer, Ah won't kill the Gurlthang agin," forty-three times a second as he had for a thousand years. Jeeperdox was of no conceivable help or use, but he was a good pal.

Vauler kicked the padlocks of the Jeepbox, yelled dickbutt, and tripped bleedingly back to the needlepole. As



the Hellscope dial neared black, Übroain popped a "FordoX bob'ster's" block into the reader and played his favorite, "Nose Up My Wheelhead, Professor Gik, Or Why," and countdowns began that same moment as the chrous of "Whose eyes are they, anyway." A hundred robovoxes blasted a hundred random countdowns as sirens thundered and whirling red lights glared from every spot that wasn't a display, control, or vent.

The McKillerator's fifty Grommler Snake-engines began gearing up and Dr. Yowlmangler neared consciousness as the mechnet's shining tubes shoved data into his stiff and crusty brain.

The countdowns reached zero, three or eight at about the same time, and Übroain honked, "Let's do it, Docster." Yowlmangler mentally clutched as Phylang crucified himself on the steering blades, and the doc popped the transy right into eightieth.

Blood spurted from Vaulmer's thumb as he pierced it with the knife that sent the signal to open the first of fifty thousand-mile-thick solid goldarnium garage doors. The sirens seemed to fade as the clatter of forty thousand spiked wheels on the frolenium floorplates rent the fabric of reality as the blast of fifty planet-sized engines and two million moon-sized sub-engines killed and revived Satan. The McKillerator doubled the speed of time in an instant and flashed down the first endless corridor toward the second door.

Again and again Phylang pierced himself with control blades controlled by Übroain, opening door five, nine, twenty, as Yowlmangler shifted to thousandth, billionth, skillionth gear, then kicked in overdrive with a roar that killed the dinosaurs again and made God's ghost into a woman built of fleas.

Phylang stuck a tamplon into the vagina on his forehead and yelled "Sputum!" as the cottony, absorbent alien was crushed between the three rows of teeth behind the pink, nubby lips. As his brain ate the tamplon he felt like he might feel if there were such a word as "good."

With a sound that split the universe in two twice, a million more louder sirens and klaxons drowned out even the unsurpassable sound already filling everything, and flashing red lights glared where there couldn't even be any. "Flink!" clanged Übroain, "The last door! It's jammed!"

Yowlmangler blinked empty sockets and wobbled on his stick. "Are we out of souls again?"

"Dick the buttsweat!" Vaulmer screamed, cutting his hands off with the door fifty control knife. They were nearing the impenetrable door faster than the speed of speed and when they hit they'd kill the God that made God, and they might even die again themselves. Übroain's cell turned inside out in terror, its mitochondria and blastules whirling like blanks in a chainfialler.

Beneath all the sound beyond sound, an unnoticable buzzing changed. Yowlmangler's yellow lips cracked and split in a nightmarish rictus. "Whatchassy, G.G.?" he rasped uglily.

"Good Ploip!" Übroain creaked, "It's Jeeperdox! What's he saying, Docster?"

Phylang beat himself on the head with his squirting stumps, coating Yowlmangler with hot, steaming blood.

"He says..." Yowlmangler mumbled.

"Buttpoke the dickpore!" Yammered Vaulmer.

"He says... the..."

Übroain smashed a clamp against his shell. "The Head! Of course!"



They were meemoseconds away from the very smashing doom of all dooms themselves when Übroain yanked the Unbleedable False True Head of the World Champion Three-Dee Chess Player out of the Emergency Gold-Plated Velvet-lined Headbox Casket, slammed it into the breach of the Omnibore Hunktosser and rattled "FIRE!!!"

Phylang rammed his eye onto the fire blade and the Head blasted into the impervious door ninches ahead of the Ultiversal McKillerator's front grinders. With a sound that killed death, the door shattered into chips of time and emotion, leaving the way clear to freedom at last.

"We made it!" Übroain warbled.

Phylang yeebered madly on his spikes and jibbered "Sweatbutt! Buttdick the hair!!" like an anthem. Dr. Yowlmangler kicked the overdrive over into over-over-drive and rasped "...Head..." as if nothing had ever happened since Adam.

Far more suddenly than it had started, everything stopped. The McKillerator was instantly silent, dark, and immobile.

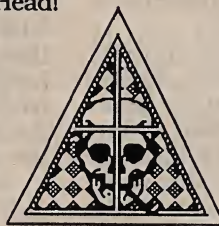
Vaulmer glanced into the for'ard vdisplay and wailed "Anus!!," tearing his head off with his stumps. Before Übroain could switch to a forward periscope he heard Jeeperdox, miles away on the other side of the vehicle, blast a massive fart which shattered the unbreakable Jeepbox, turning himself inside out and dissolving Yowlmangler into living dust.

Übroain's claws chattered against the control switch. The forward display blinked up before his visiceptors and a moan tumbled out of the Übrovox.

The last cell of Übroain's old body died of shame as it sensed what he saw. There, of course, was "Bob" again, waiting to take them back home.



St. Byron Werner





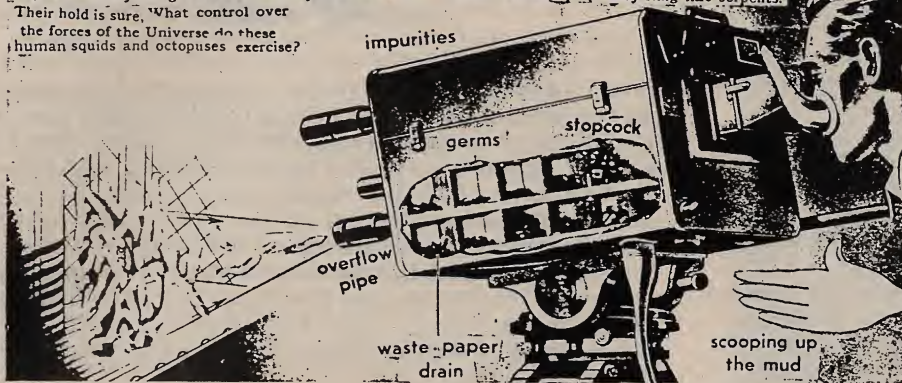
# THE MONSTERS WHOSE MEAT IS DIRT AND SHADOWS



These pictures illustrate four typical receiver faults. Here, the picture is too STRANGE Adjustment of WEIRD control is necessary

Too much contrast here, producing a 'Kippers and CUSTARD' effect. The contrast should be reduced to give a greater range of gravy

Television creatures, with their parrot-like Spouts and their rasping tongues, which are like terrible files, they devour any living creature that they can master. With their fearful screens they cling like serpents. Their hold is sure. What control over the forces of the Universe do these human squids and octopuses exercise?



## THE THOUSANDS OF GUMMY GLOBULES THAT NIBBLE OUR BRAINS

A-I rays from the snuffer go on to the spiralometer in the televisions, and this releases warptrons which go on to a tin hat, called the Bogie Bird. Here an electric crust is built up. Rays from a mud gun scan this electric lump pattern and are reflected back for transmission.

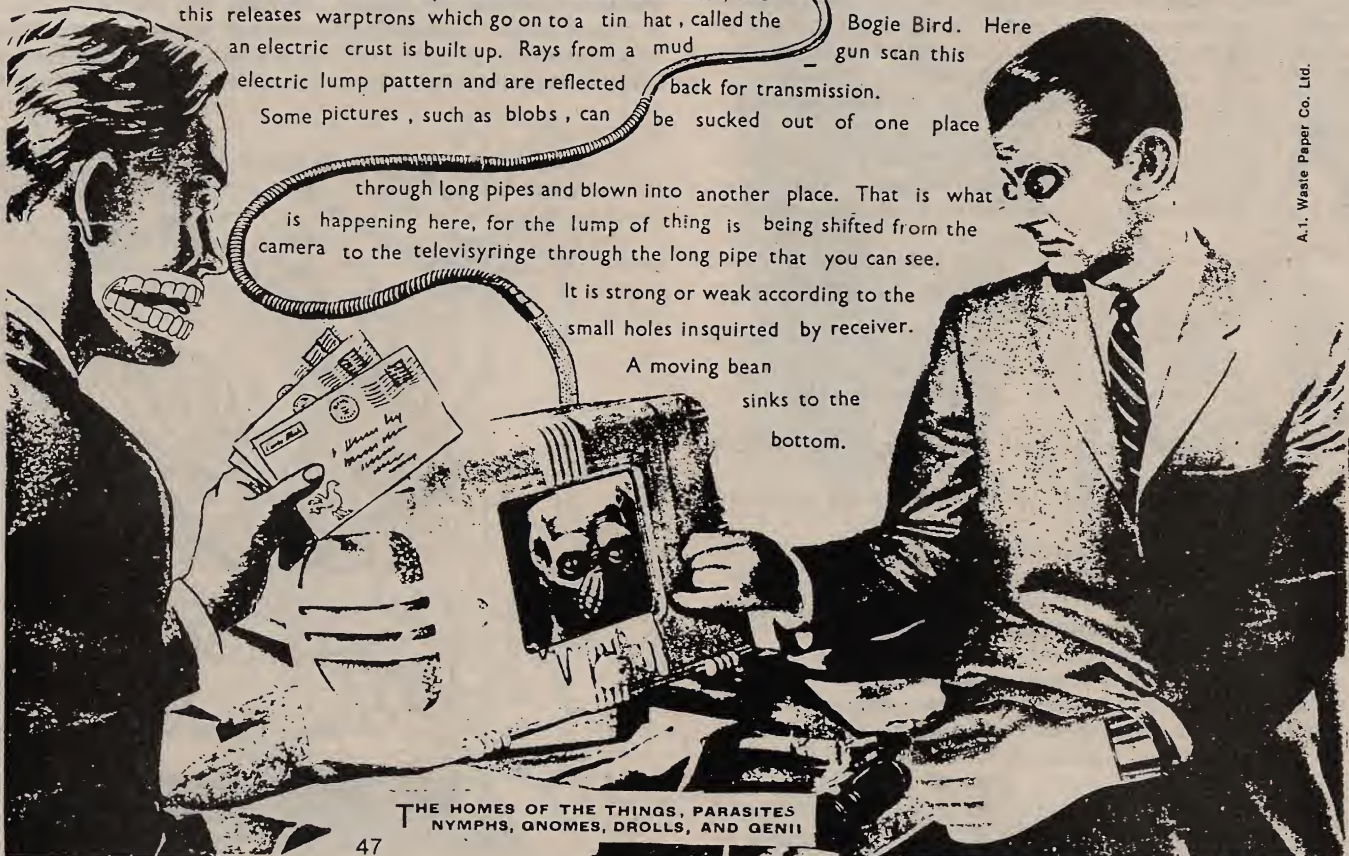
Some pictures, such as blobs, can be sucked out of one place

through long pipes and blown into another place. That is what is happening here, for the lump of thing is being shifted from the camera to the televisyring through the long pipe that you can see.

It is strong or weak according to the small holes insquirted by receiver.

A moving bean

sinks to the bottom.



A.I. Waste Paper Co. Ltd.

THE HOMES OF THE THINGS, PARASITES NYMPHS, GNOMES, DROLLS, AND GENII



# GLEETINGS

by Rev. Cosmo Euthanasius

The ruby red boils on Pee Dog's hemmorrhoids pulsed and quivered with excitement as he forced his way through the crowd. His sulphurous, Mercapatan-laden farts assaulted the noses of the convention goers, and the prolonged, tremulous noise of his amazingly loud flatulations announced his presence to their ears as well. So wet and earthy were his 'polish cheers' that, by comparison, his ketone-redolent halitosis, his vomit encrusted, matted fur, and even his mortifying, suppurating sores and wens were scarcely noticeable to those recoiling in disgust as Pee Dog



Gary G'Broagfran

fleas, ringworm spores, blood-engorged scabies mites, and round worm larvae — dripped or were slung from his gloriously (and flamboyantly obvious!) genital and anal regions, scampering up the legs of powerful, well-known men or burrowing their ways into the flesh of young debuttantes and ambassadors' wives. The tidal wave of parasites soon made its presence felt by all.

"I'll get to meet him, I'll get to meet him!" Pee Dog thought elatedly. "The President of the United States!" Aside from his previous master, "Bob" Dobbs, Pee Dog had never before enjoyed such an opportunity to experience Greatness in the flesh!

"Should I sniff his asshole, or offer mine to him, into which he might first push his nose?" pondered the socially inexperienced urine-canine. "Maybe that's best..."

The thought of offering this ancient ritual greeting of the dog species to George and Barbara Bush excited Pee Dog to almost orgasmic intensity — in fact, to orgasm. As the first



Pope Crypts

brushed between their legs in his haste to press forward.

The ointments and lotions that had been meant to assuage his mange-ridden flesh glistened under the elegant chandelier lights as the slickened and slippery Pee Dog literally slid through the formally attired crowd. His tumescent, sperm-beshined, blood-red organ thrust forward and pointed his way onward, much as a sword might have led a brave soldier in days of old: proudly held high, and brandished with vigor. A pulsating froth of gleet dribbled from his throbbing, ulcerated urethra, and his scabby scrotum gleamed with sour-smelling sebaceous mucous. A veritable cloud of vermin and shit ticks — including a museum's ransom in rare species of well-fed and fecund

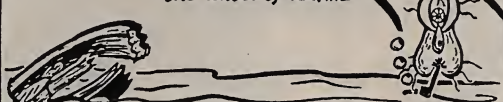




I saw, and, look!

St. Jay Condom, PEE DOG #2

Behold the River of Pee  
it is dirty because it accepts everything  
look closely and you will see an old broken wheel floating by  
the wheel of karma



THE SHIT GENERATION—SO STICK IT RIGHT UP YOUR ASS—YOU FUCK

wad of Pee Dog's AIDS-infected, puslike semen hit Princess Anne just behind the lower left thigh, Pee Dog spotted Barbara Bush. Lust began to quiver at the base of Pee Dog's penis and he nearly swooned as the feverish throb slowly worked its way up his swollen, proudly erect member.

He then noticed the Secret Service agents swarming through the crowd in his direction. The closest, a bland, wide-faced ex-football player, tripped over a Georgetown secretary as she fled the veritable fester-wagon that was the Holy Dog; another agent careened into the first, and fell flat on his face in a pool of jism left behind by "The Peed One" in his blind dash towards Glory and his President.

Pee Dog, sensing their proximity with his fever-heightened awareness, ducked between the legs of Dan Quayle's wife (in so doing, depositing a colony of mutant syphilis germs well within reach of her warm vastness). As she fell back in a dead faint, the first Secret Service agent almost

tripped over her now-tainted body, but managed to retain his upright stance by catching himself on the massive breasts of the party's obese hostess. As he recovered his balance he grabbed for Pee Dog, who spun just out of reach; and, missing his quarry, the red-faced agent slowly but surely fell down once again. Trousing over the fallen Secret Service man, Pee Dog deftly sprang up to the banquet table and leapt at the chandelier. Swinging forward, the Dog of the Unclean released his hold and shot over the heads of the agents, spewing an aerial trail of gleet, spittle, and diarrhetic droplets.

"Perfect timing," Pee Dog thought gleefully, as a startled Barbara Bush looked up at him.

"Thoselips! Thoselips!" thought Pee Dog as he landed on the First Lady's head. "I am in love with those lips!" exulted the Urine Canine, clutching at her ears. He felt the wife of the President stiffen as his rear paws dug into her breasts. On this unsteady perch, Pee Dog attempted to ram his rancid prod between those winsome lips. The first abortive pelvic thrust only penetrated the First Lady's left nostril, and the Pee Dick was quickly pulled out. With the second, his wet prod slid along Barbara's upper lip.

Then, lovingly, his festering penis carressed the left nare of her pert, aquiline nose.

She softly moaned, "Oh, yes..."

And with that, Pee Dog achieved the Greatness he sought.

\*\*\*



St. Jay Condom, PEE DOG #2

## Next Month: BΩB gets a house pet



Kegel & Blanchard







# "RUNT"

A One-Legged  
Sprinkling System



A FARMER'S dog came  
into town,  
His Christian name was  
Runt;

A noble Pedigree had he,  
"Nobless Oblige" his stunt.

And as he trotted down the  
street

Runt's Favorite Pose 'Twas beautiful to see;  
His work on every corner,  
His work on every tree.

He watered every gateway, too,  
And never missed a post;  
For piddling was his specialty,  
And piddling was his boast.  
The City Curs looked on amazed  
With deep and jealous rage;  
To see a simple Country dog  
The piddler of his age.

Then all the dogs from everywhere  
Were summoned by a yell;  
To sniff the Country stranger o'er,  
And judge him by his smell.  
Some thought that he a King might be,  
Beneath his tail a rose;  
So every City dog drew near,  
And sniffed it up his nose.



They smelled him over one  
by one,

They smelled him two by  
two;

And noble Runt in high dis-  
dain

Ham What Am Stood still till they were  
through

Then just to show the whole shebang  
He didn't give a damn,  
He trotted to a grocery store,  
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled in a mackerel keg,  
He piddled on the floor,  
And when the grocer kicked him out  
He piddled through the door.

Behind him all the City  
dogs  
Lined up with instinct true;

To start a piddling carnival,

And see the stranger  
through,



Free Dog & The Final Captains' Dog

J. Condom

They showed him every  
piddling post

They lead in all the  
town;

And started in with many  
a wink:

To post the stranger  
down.

They sent for champion  
piddlers

Who were always on the  
go;

Who sometimes did a  
piddling stunt

Or gave a piddling  
show.

They sprung those on him suddenly  
When midway in the town;  
Runt only smiled, and polished off  
The ablest, white and brown.

For Runt was with them every trick,  
With vigor and with vim;  
A thousand piddlers more  
or less

Were all the same to him.

So he was wetting merrily  
With hind leg kicking  
high;

When most were hoisting  
legs in bluff,  
And piddling mighty dry:

Then on and on Runt  
sought new grounds,  
By piles of scrap and  
rust;

Till every City dog went  
dry,  
And only piddled dust.

But on and on went noble  
Runt  
As wet as any rill;  
And all the champion  
City pups  
Were pidd to a stand-  
still.

Then Runt did free-hand  
piddling  
With fancy flirts and  
flings;

Like "double drip" and  
"gimlet twist,"  
And all those graceful  
things.

And all the time this  
Country dog  
Did never wink or grin;  
But piddled blithely out  
of town  
As he came piddling in.

ENCORE

The City dogs convention held  
To ask, "What did defeat us?"  
But no one ever put them wise  
That Runt had diabetes.

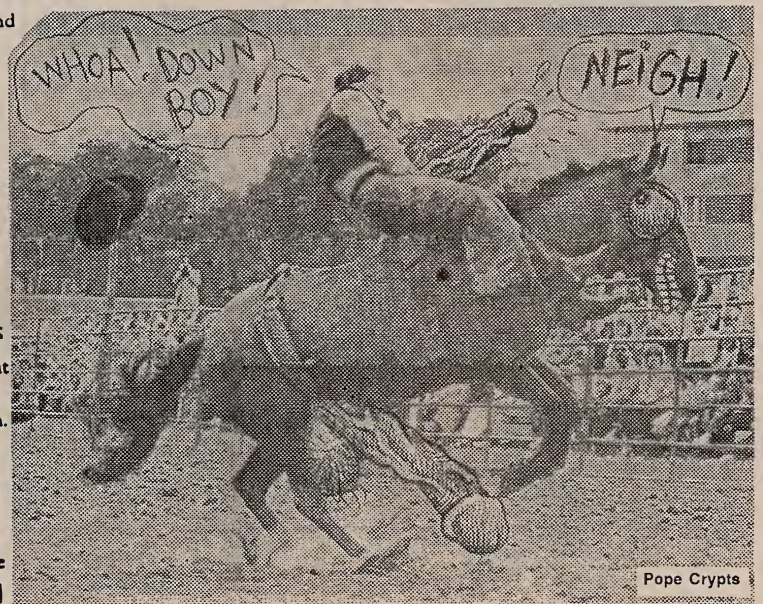


from EMOTIONAL VOMIT magazine

Not one to shrink from the meritorious nature of his  
own discovery, Brown-Seguard experimented on him-  
self with injections of extracts from dog testicles. He  
reported the results as follows:

"All that I have no longer been able to do or that I  
have done poorly for many years past by reason of  
my great age, I am able to-day to do very effec-  
tively. I was afflicted with an obstinate constipa-  
tion. . . now my bowels are perfectly regular. . . I  
urinate passably well, and the projectile force of my  
jet of urine has tripled. . .

Remember "pistis" is faith with God as its object. It is the fac-  
tor necessary for salvation. Anything other than faith with God  
as its object is "apistis" and will result in your not being saved.  
It doesn't matter what else you want to offer. It may be "works  
of righteousness." It may have value in the human frame.



Pope Crypts



<p><b>ÄCHTUNG</b> Svelte Congolian Snake- press suits®. There's no evasion-blistering with these. Not so nice, ma'am.</p>	<p><b>Surfing on Broken Glass</b> "The Single" <b>THE GLAND.</b> <i>Little Rock's answer to LeQuint Tone Boné.</i> In 'n Out at 715+ db over an extended time period. <b>You'll SHIT!!!</b></p>	<p><b><u>Can't Seem to Find Her Throat</u></b> The astounding truth about those tapes. <b>FINALLY!!</b> Sixty cycles per inch, and not a shake too directly. \$8.50 ea. Ninety-minutes of sheer mystic trance-splatter. Write soon before they're all gone. W-66, Ltd. 888</p>	<p><b>"ONE GOD TOO MANY."</b> Sex, violence, religion &amp; philosophy for adults only. <i>Read it and shit.</i> Horizon Unlimited Box 766, Cambridge, MA 02142</p>
<p><b>Where the Sprains are Stored!!</b> Dynamic titanium enclosures. <i>Escape proof.</i> <i>Loop-the-loop in the company of your own nucleotides!</i> Centuries Old, Ltd. Barnhill, Swaziland ESS-888</p>	<p><b>Palmer Hasn't Been The Same Since We <u>Did</u> It?</b> Which <u>should</u> be all you need to know. Other than the thresh-hold part. But that comes later. Bleeding Head of Arnold Palmer Launchers Society P.O. Box 5444 North Little Rock, AR 72119</p>	<p><i>First Edition</i> <b>POOP DOG</b> comix Stang, Snavely &amp; Sterno really did it! "Hell of a lot more tits than Pee Dog." —Cregar. "Bunch more dicks, too." —S. T. Samuels "Shitload of fuckin' dicks AND tits, if you ask me." —Youseff J. Cracker An 8-page epic. Signed and numbered Xerox copies. \$49.95 ea, while they last. <b>"You'll jack off in PUBLIC!"</b> —Newsweek 5444-NL-R-AR-72119 USA</p>	<p><b>Doktors for "Bob"</b> <i>come ALIVE.</i> New 60-minutes pcyhic tsunami of utter depravity and sadness. This is a children's tape. <i>"Shitting our own dicks since 1966."</i> P.O. Box 5444 North Little Rock, AR 72119</p>
<p><b>Prairie Squid Up And Left?</b> Box cars of bags and tubes? Spiral inserts rather than corporal bowel dump? Three sides, all dark-meat. \$45.00 ea. until fret or 'et. Up-Chuck's Zeroid &amp; Retentive Ranch-O-Rama Hot Plug Bar-B-Q Kitchen.</p>	<p><b>Romanov Stew</b> Recipes from 1917. <b>"Shit"—Al X.</b> In a Mineshaft near Ekater- inburg, Central Tractor Factories, Union of... <b>zzzzzzzz</b></p>	<p>The Finest in natural de-dicked Poop Dog glandulars. Buy our entire stock tomorrow and save \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$. <b>We guarantee our pills against any defect.</b> P.O. Box 5444 North Little Rock, AR 72119.</p>	<p><b>WE GOT SQUID!</b> Tons of it!! <i>You de-beak.</i> \$466/lb. Open through May in some regions. Arkansas' finest.</p>
<p><b>Tree-Walking Brain Sockets®</b> Founded in 1969. <i>"Amidst prolific neuroslice savvy."</i> We'll triple YOUR job. 667-8686 any day. Isis &amp; Osiris Rumlplēmōnz, DDX., 99 Eichstumpēd, GA.</p>	<p><i>Scenes creep the ether, feather.</i> <b>Guess who?</b> Bovy-pumper hisself. <b>"Knocks me fuckin' Oh-You-Fuckin- TEE!"</b> —Ol' Cregar. Church Air available to all SubCouples and unaccompanied Squid every Wednesday. "A natural glue." P.O. Box 5444 North Little Rock, AR 72119</p>	<p><b>WHERE IS RE'D?</b></p>	<p><b>Kids are doing dope!</b> Shocking three-part mini-docu- mentary available on three 8 1/2 X 11 inch sheets of fairly inexpen- sive xerox paper. You'll poop a rag-doll when you find out what junior has going up in the tree- house. <b>A must-have @ only \$9.99</b> P.O. Box 5444 North Little Rock, AR 72119</p>
<p><i>Sammy took the 'frap away Away to where the ailing sway Away Away Away Away Sammy took the 'frap away</i> <b>Don't get caught up in it.</b> \$90,000-saved instantly. That's \$\$\$\$'s. We're treasury-assured in Dobbstown. Trust YOUR Soul to the Beast@-O-Drama.</p>	<p><b>DobbsShit</b> <i>The real thing.</i> Special filters needed in most instances. \$66.99 ea. on logos. MWOmøø 0000-90</p>		<p>It ain't easy being here doing this for you day in and day out. You'll pay someday. <b>We'll have frap. &amp; Vap. &amp; Ap. &amp; Kak.</b> Free information. P.O. Box 5444 North Little Rock, AR 72119</p>



# THE REPENTANCE OF FEMSH

by Rev. Ed Rom



via Dr. Agon

It was a slow day at Femsh Tobacco and Supplies. So it was a surprise to Mr. Millard Femsh when a customer came in, jingling the bells hanging from the old glass door.

Mr. Femsh was irritated by the intrusion; his real source of income was not the store. He was in reality an agent for the Bavarian Illuminati (he didn't know that; he thought his checks came from the KGB in Moscow). Thus business usually irritated him, because his tobacco store was merely a cover. He had gone so far as to replace his prominent neon sign reading "FEMSH TOBACCO & SUPPLIES" with a small handwritten one in the window saying "Femsh Tob."

Mr. Femsh slowly put down the vile and disgusting S & M magazine he was pretending to read, and peered out from behind his large antique cash register. He resembled a gnome peeking around a rock in a cave, right down to his bald wrinkled dome, his rimless spectacles, and his matted, snoose-stained belly-length graying beard.

Odd-looking fellow, thought Mr. Femsh. The customer was rather ordinary-looking, but for the fact that he wore his hair in a crewcut and was smoking a pipe. He espied Mr. Femsh and grinned hugely (some would say idiotically). It was none other than J. R. "Bob" Dobbs.

"Howdy," said "Bob." "I'd like to buy some pipe tobacco."

This guy looks like a fucking idiot, thought Femsh. "What kind do you want?" he said out loud.

"The best," said "Bob." "A salesman always goes first class."

"Well," said Mr. Femsh, "I've got some of this here Rhenish Winehead #23 that you might like. Definitely first class, yessirree."

"I'll have some of that, then," said "Bob." "How much?"

"\$15.78 an ounce," said Mr. Femsh, holding the pouch just out of "Bob's" reach.

"Here," said "Bob," thrusting forth a \$100 bill.

"First," said Femsh, "you'll have to give me a blowjob. Then I'll sell you the tobacco."

"Pardon?" said "Bob."

"You'll have to suck my dick!" yapped Femsh. "And you'll like it!" He leaped over the counter with amazing agility for one so ugly and decrepit-looking.

"Why, sure," said "Bob." "Drop 'em on down."

Mr. Femsh dropped his pants, revealing a gigantic 18-inch wiener that was thick as a fireplug, gnarled, be-warted, and laced with bulging ropey veins. It was only half-hard, and a thick gooey substance that might have been either pus or fuck secretion was dribbling from the tip.

"That's a handsome dong you got there," said "Bob." "Yep, really a real man's rod! *Too bad you won't get to use it!*" With that, "Bob" dropped his \$100 bill, his briefcase, and his pants, simultaneously grabbing Femsh in a vise-like headlock, forcing him to his hands and knees.

"**I ain't bad,**" said "Bob," **"but the bad don't fuck with me."**

"Fucking asshole motherfucker son of a bitch cocksucking shiteating no-good bastard!" shrieked Femsh impotently.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me," retorted "Bob." Pipe firmly clenched be-



tween his pearly white teeth. "But anyway I'm going to cornhole you now."

With that, "Bob" cleverly shifted position so that he was firmly behind Femsh's shitty brown asshole. The mighty Dick of Dobbs grew and grew; a tremendous 24 inches in length, strongly thewed like a tree trunk, this veritable ravening beast of lust was fit to ream any bunghole, especially the bungholes of evildoers.

"No, please, sir!" babbled Femsh. "Please don't fuck my ass!"

"I'm doing this for your own good," said "Bob" sternly. "This is going to hurt you more than it does me."

Now "Bob" jammed his enormous crank right into Mr. Femsh's tender butt. Femsh gasped as Dobbs' monstrous Revolver of Doom poked into his hinder parts, overcoming all resistance.

"Now, Femsh," said "Bob," "I'm going to ream your asshole until you promise never to victimize any more unsuspecting, hapless customers."

"No! Never!" exclaimed Femsh. "I have my rights! This is my private property and I have the right to set my own conditions for sale!"

"Hmmm..." said "Bob," parking his U-boat deeper in Femsh's submarine pen. Femsh squawked.

"My God!" said Femsh. "You must be part nigger to have a dork like that!"

"No, I'm not," said "Bob." "I'm part Mayan Spanish and part milkman, with a strong element of Yeti in my bloodline. And shame on you for your racist remarks." He started ramming his gigantic member in and out like some vast piston. Femsh squirmed, trying vainly to get away, but Dobbs had him firmly pinioned.

"Oh! Please sir! Let me go!" whimpered Femsh. "Have mercy on me!"

"Promise me never again to fuck with your customers, you vile bastard!" thundered "Bob."

"No! Never!" squeaked Femsh.

"Repent, you motherfucking son of a bitch! In the name of WOTAN, repent!"

"I'm an atheist, you asshole! My 'God' is money!"

"You've got no right to jabber about assholes, Femsh! And speaking of assholes, take THIS!" "Bob" rammed another six inches of his mighty Penis of Power up Femsh's already straining cave of mystery and excrement.

"Awk!" said Mr. Femsh. "Ook! Owrk! Gaah! My asshole!"

"Repent, you son of a bitch! Repent!"

"Never! You'll never make me repent! I'm a fucking sinner, you prick!"

"Prick is right," said "Bob," grinning, his Pipe at a jaunty angle. "And you'll get a lot of prick until you repent. In the name of WOTAN, repent!"

"I will not!" gasped Femsh, as "Bob's" giant Instrument of Retribution continued to heave and strain at his tender inflamed tunnel of shit.

The bells on the door tinkled merrily as two strange-looking individuals walked in. It was a pair of giant crows, both smoking cigars.

"Who are you?" panted Femsh. "Save me!" "Bob" just grinned some more, and kept on packing Femsh's brownie.

"We're WOTAN's Sacred Ravens," said one of the huge black birds.

"Holier than hell, that's us," said the other.

"WOTAN sent us to check out whether someone was using His name in vain," said one crow, tapping his cigar ash delicately onto the floor.

"Yeah, WOTAN'll have any blasphemer's ass, that's for sure," said the second crow.

"Well, shit, guys," said "Bob." "No problem. I'm "Bob" Dobbs and I'm trying to get this worthless shitheel to repent." He humped his engine of lust into Femsh's poop chute, causing Femsh to twitch.

"You're just guys in crow suits!" whined Femsh. "There ain't no Sacred Ravens of WOTAN!"

"Oh, yeah? Listen, wise guy, you don't fuck with WOTAN, and you don't fuck with His Sacred Ravens, either."

"Well, if you're WOTAN's Sacred Ravens, then why do you have Brooklyn accents?"

"We used to speak Norse and be called Hugin and Munin," said one of the black feathery fellows, puffing lustily on his cigar.

"But now," said the other, "we speak English and call ourselves Heckle and Jeckle."

"That's because those Scandinavians went in for atheistic socialism," added the first crow.

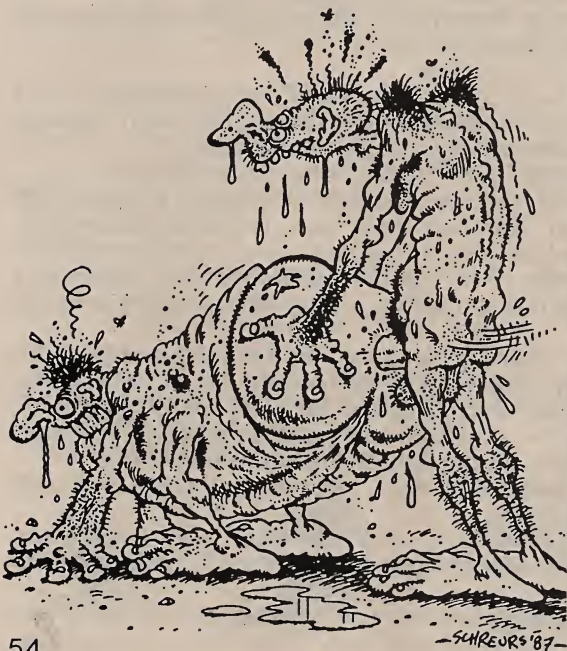
"Fuck you," said Femsh. "I'll never repent!"

"Fuck who?" said "Bob."

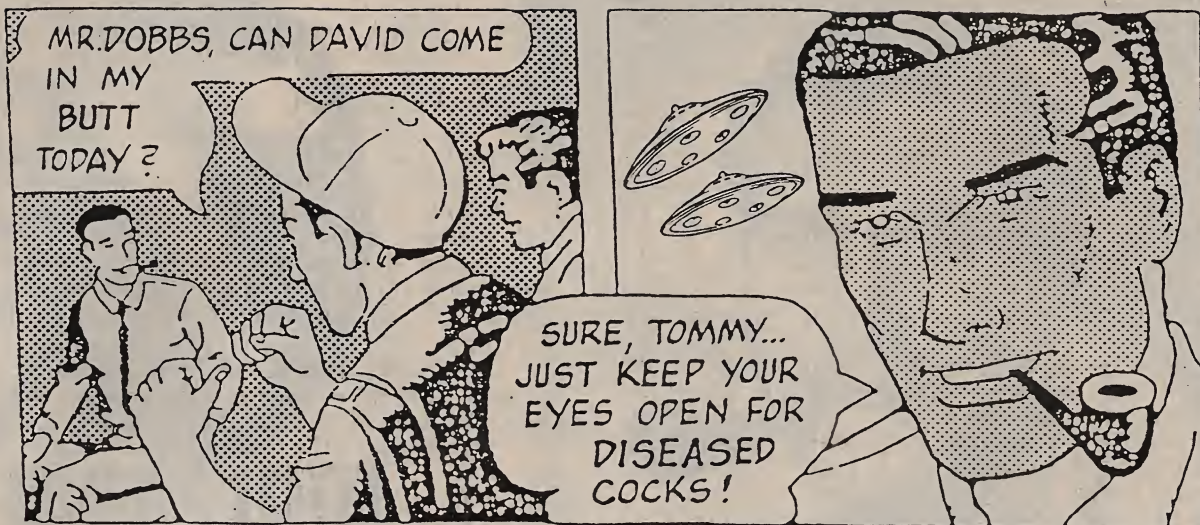
"You fuck him," said Heckle.

"We'll blow cigar smoke in his face," said Jeckle.

The two Sacred Ravens bent over and commenced blowing vile smelly cigar smoke in Mr. Femsh's face while







"Bob" rammed his two feet of monster dork into Femsh's feces funnel. This went on for some time, until poor Mr. Femsh was gasping and wheezing from pain and imminent asphyxia.

"I give up!" babbled Femsh. "I repent!"

"Bob" eased back, letting his Torpedo of Fate rest in Femsh's crap cavern. "You must promise never to make customers blow you, ever again," said "Bob."

"Swear it on WOTAN," said Jeckle.

"Or WOTAN will smite you," said Heckle.

"I promise," wailed Mr. Femsh. "I'll never make any more customers give me blowjobs!"

"Swear it by WOTAN!" said Jeckle, flicking a cigar ash onto Femsh's head.

"I swear by WOTAN that I'll never make any more customers blow me!" exclaimed Femsh.

"Now," said "Bob," "I want you to buy this display of pipes from me for \$2,000."

He shoved a paper and pen in front of Femsh's face. "Sign here."

Femsh signed, tears running down his face.

"Bob" pulled out his huge pecker, and shot a gargantuan gusher of sperm all over Femsh's back and into his hair. "You are SAVED," said "Bob." He went over to Femsh's cash register and took out \$2,000.

"Well," said Heckle, "that's that." The Sacred Ravens of WOTAN went to the door. "Goombye, foxy!" they called out, and were gone.

"Here's your pipe display," said "Bob," laying his briefcase on top of the counter, opening it. They were a handsome set of pipes indeed. "And here's for the tobacco," he said, laying the \$100 bill on the counter. "Keep the change — it doesn't pay to be a cheapskate." He pocketed the Rhenish Winehead #23 and strolled out the door. Righteousness had won out over "Bob" less atheism again.

The moral of the story is, if you can fuck the customer before you make the sale, you are indeed a true salesman. J.R. "Bob" Dobbs is not called the Saint of Sales for nothing!

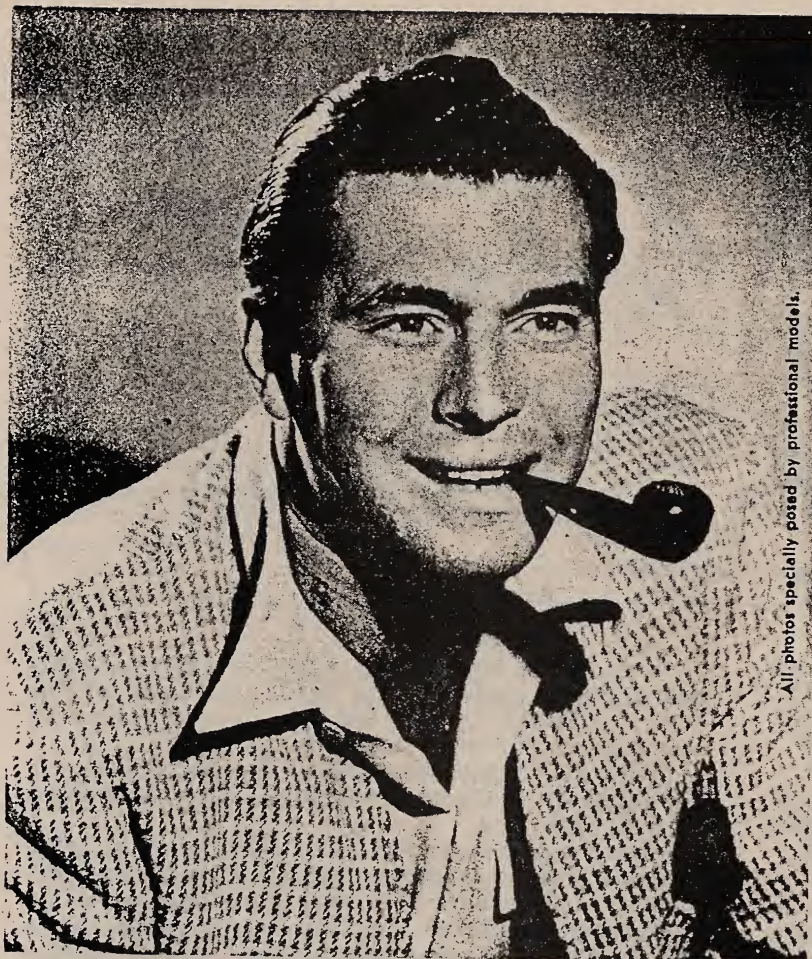
THE END



Rev. Martin Baker  
+ Strong







All photos specially posed by professional models.

"... the courage to look the little woman straight in the eye—and utter the boldest of whoppers..."



# FOOLPROOF ALIBIS TO CON THE WIFE

by ROBERT DOBBS

***There are only so many lines you can feed the  
little woman—the trick is to make them  
convincing. Here a happy expert tells you how***

■ CAN YOU go out with the boys any night you please? Does your wife understandingly allow you to beg out of boring social events in favor of the poker table? Or any other evening entertainment you may really have in mind? Do you have a wealth of excuses when getting out of your Home Sweet Home is your most fervent desire?

If you can answer affirmatively to these questions, turn this page fast and go on to things more practical. However, if you are not that fortunate, this article may render invaluable assistance in insuring complete freedom from that place where you supposedly wear the pants. Not just once in a while, but whenever you wish. All you need is one or two good friends, a slight streak of dishonesty, and the courage to look the little woman straight in the eye and, at the same time, utter the boldest of whoppers.

**METHOD NO. 1.** The "sick friend" routine has been

around a long time but you can make it pay off if, two or three days before your desired night out, you address (in your wife's presence) a Get Well card to one of your friends in business. Mention how the gang at the office sure miss his easy smile.

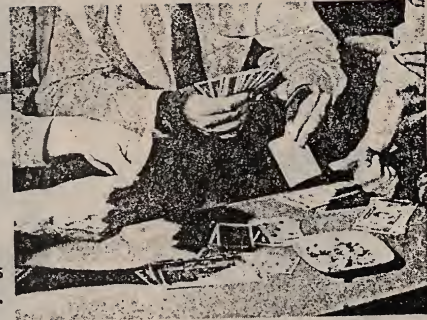
On the following day deposit the card in the garbage can. It has well served its purpose for all you now need do is inform your now-sympathetic mate that Harry has taken a turn for the worse and at this time the comfort he would receive by your visit would be invaluable.

**METHOD NO. 2.** Another excuse of long standing is the "business engagement." But the extra professional touch is added when, say Wednesday afternoon, after you leave your place of business but before you arrive home, Harry Something-or-Other phones your home frantically trying to reach you. He leaves his number with the little woman and instructs her to have you call immediately upon homecoming. (Continued on page 69)





Working late  
at the office.



Getting wife's  
car repaired.



The boys start  
a camera club.

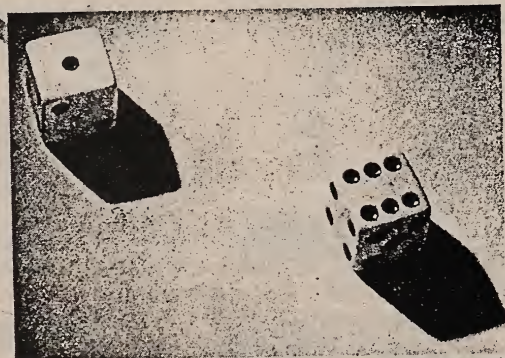


Working out  
at Y. M. C. A.

7 FOOLPROOF ALIBIS TO CON THE WIFE — found by Rev. Donald Dhoc in Jumbo Man's Magazine No. 1 (1959) during a used book searching-trance. Note: "CON" the Wife — referring to the Con, or "Connie"? If "Bob" was the true author of this piece, why would he use the number '8', which is not a holy number?



Duty call on  
sick friend.



Moonlighting for some extra dough.



Afternoon at the races (the AUTO races).





Under Master Control  
"I feel better now."



"Bebe"



Il "Bob"  
Degli Futuro



"Berta"



Young  
Captain Dobbs



"Ol' Cap" Dobbs



Brainjob 3000

# HYMN TO "BOB"

Magistra Batrix

Pile on leaking lobes in the lap,  
O gob! My gob!  
Go sports-fishing into the wrap  
Of "BOB"! Io "BOB"  
Io "BOB"! Io "BOB"! Go under the tor  
Of editor and excelsior!  
Roaming as Harpo, with clowns and grips  
And scabs and milkmen in their slips,  
With a tea-green tart, go under the tor  
With her, with her.  
Go to Iaog-Sotath with polished bum  
(Linoleum or uranium),  
Go to Aunt Nunu, glabrous slick  
And give thy best shot, O Divine Dick,  
In the Sun of the sea, in the onyx vale,  
The wrinkled night of the crimson swale!





Lift the chartreuse of befuddled nurse  
 To the purple wallet, the violet purse,  
 The mind that wallows with legs of green  
 To hear thy perfidy retching in  
 The mangled waste, the straitened fool  
 Of the rotting weed that is cunning and rule  
 And dummy and toe — go under the tor  
 (Io "BOB"! Io "BOB"!),  
 Pink-boy or Sub, with her, with her,  
 Our Dobbs! Our Dobbs!  
 Go for limpets bending low  
 Under the flow!  
 Go for lutes high scattering  
 To the ring!  
 Go in tub and go in vat!  
 Are we not fat?  
 We, who stare and limp and flutter  
 With rain that hath no steam to clutter  
 Our circus, leary of seemly gait,  
 Dead as a peacock and wild as a krait --  
 Flee, o flee!  
 We take tea  
 In the open sleep of revelry.  
 Burp the quad with the nestling carport,  
 Half fun-seeker, half a spoilsport;  
 Hand us the bane of the Running Sore,  
 And the banner rampant of the numbing bore,  
 And the bark of waffling and crabgrass spore,  
 O "BOB"! Io "BOB"!



Pope Crypts

Io "BOB"! Io "BOB" "BOB"! "BOB" "BOB"! "BOB",  
 We need a job:  
 Give us your watch, lest we start to sob  
 O "BOB"! Io "BOB" "BOB"! We are on fire  
 By the bed of the tire.  
 A lizard palpates with wing and horn;  
 The clods are lorn;  
 The small fish strum, Io "BOB"! We have sung  
 In sleep on the lung  
 Of Mao T'se-Tung.  
 We are "BOB"! Io "BOB"! Io "BOB" "BOB"! "BOB"!  
 We are thy spy, we are thy slob,  
 Worm of thy pack, we are tin, we are prick,  
 Socks to thy shoes, tart to thy trick.  
 With toes of oil we fall in the rack  
 From afternoon tea to midnight snack.  
 And we snore and we dance and we trip and we roam  
 Only 'til Tuesday, then we go home,  
 Rosemary, parsley, sage, and thyme,  
 In the hope of Dobbs.  
 Io "BOB"! Io "BOB" "BOB"! "BOB"! Io "BOB"!





# I FUCKED CONNIE DOBBS

©1986 by Rev. Ivan Stang



## MEN LOSE THEIR PANTS TO SLACK-CRAZY WOMEN



Yes, it's true — I fucked Connie Dobbs. It wasn't my idea, either. She called me up! From the *Riviera*, yet! Said, "Oh, Reverend Stang, "Bob"'s dead now, I'm so lonely, won't you come see me? I bought you a plane ticket, it's waiting for you at the airport." I thought, "Well, that sounds just a mite fishy..." This was right after the so-called assassination in '84, see, and "Bob" hadn't been in his grave 2 weeks. (That's what we thought at the time, anyway). But I kissed my wife goodbye, went to the airport, flew to the Riviera... Took a taxi to the hotel... and sure enough, there's old Connie, ensconced upon this huge double bed with fringes all around it, in the finest hotel in town, *naked, spread-legged*, saying, "Oh, Rev. Stang, I've waited for you for so long." And I said, "Connie... Connie, what the hell do you think you're doing?" She said, "Don't play Mr. Moralistic Preacher-Boy with *me*, Rev. Stang. I know what kind of a man you are... I've heard from all the SubGenius groupies." I said, "Connie... I'm ashamed of you. What would "Bob" say?" "Well, "Bob" would probably want to take pictures," she said, and laughed. A snickery laugh. "But what are you fretting about? He's *dead* now. We won't ever have to worry about that tobacco-stain-toothed, grinning *fake personal savior* again!!!" I said, "Connie, I won't hear that kind of talk," and I started to walk out of the room. But then she jumped up and wrapped her cunt around my dick. It was none of my doing. I was standing up, walking away... I don't for the life of me know how she managed to whip my dick from out of my pants so fast. But before I knew what'd happened, she was humping up and down on it, keeping herself between me and the door, saying, "Oh, Rev. Stang, won't you *please* stay and fuck me?"

"Sue . . . what the hell are" you doing?" Stang gasped.

The hunched little man—Faust, Old Nick or whoever he was—laughed and thrust his mighty root between her waiting lips. She made wild gurgling sounds as she tried to swallow him all. Hot and wet, she slid up and down him . . . pulling and drinking until he fired again.

Stang shuddered as she gulped it down.

## Are You Questioning Your Religious Beliefs?

Extra hour in hay? Slacker!





And I said, "I **won't** fuck ya, Connie!" She keeps a-hunching up and down on it... I'm fucking her, basically... I could say I wasn't... but I was... And she's begging and pleading, "Oh, Rev. Stang, won't you *please* stay and fuck me?" I looked her straight in the eye and said, "'Bob's' watching you right now, Connie. Right this very minute! 'Bob's' hearing everything you say. He's in Hell... and he's suffering... and you're making him suffer all the more, and I won't be no part of it. I'm going back to my wife and family." And so I came, and I pushed her off me, and walked out that door.

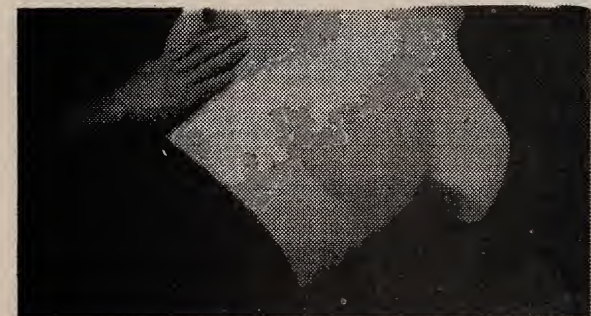
Of course, she kept trying to call me up... my wife got to wondering what had happened, and I had to tell her... that was a mess, there. But now, last I heard, Connie's bedding down and sucking and fucking *all* the god damn Church Hierarchy boys... And do you think for a minute that they care what "Bob" thinks? I suppose maybe at first they do... but then, when that old Connie starts in on 'em, applying her sex-devil magic and all, well, you'd best believe their so-called loyalty to "Bob" flies right out the window!

I don't like it; but it's an age-old story, that's for sure, and it ain't gonna change any time soon.

But I'll sure be interested to see what "Bob" does when he comes back to this planet in power and Glory! Oh, yeah. We'll just see.



Any other SubGenius ministers — male or female — who have fucked Connie Dobbs are requested to describe their experience and send it in to THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL, PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.



**Tough Connie**

"How would you like for me to jack you off with my glove? Come on, call me if you think you're tough enough."

**(900) 288-0808**

**24 HOURS**

Perhaps, however, there will be some person of quality in her first audience who will wrest her from the podium and lash her a bit about her erogenous zones. In spite of whatever spiritual qualities it may possess, skid row is definitely sub-standard in the matter of physical comfort, and I seriously doubt whether my substantial and well-formed physique would easily adapt to sleeping in alleys.



Raymond Pettibon



When it was over, when at last they were alone together, Stan was weeping softly. Sue was grinning like a well-fed cat. "I only did it for you," she said. "Like hell!"



POSITION PAPER NUMBER 666  
TO: THE STUDENT BODY  
FROM: GREAT PERDITION STUDENTS  
CONCERNING: STAYING CLEAN IN A DIRTY WORLD

And if a woman have an issue, spray lightly around her blood many days out of the pump on the underside. If it run to the bumpers beyond the time of her separation, wring the mop out on the underside of the flush and whatsoever she sitteth upon.

Continue to wipe the outside surfaces of the fixtures. And whosoever toucheth these things shall be unclean, and shall spray cleaner on fixture, bathe himself in the water, and be unclean until mopping is neccessary inside the urinal and bowl.

But if she be cleansed of her daily use, lightly saturate the mop for seven days, and after that she shall be washed with water. And on the eighth day she shall also take unto herself two turtles, or two men shall lie with the seed of copulation. Two young pigeons shall bathe themselves and two priests cleave to the door of the tabernacle.

The congregation and even the priests shall offer the woman and the vessel of the earth, that whosoever toucheth the janitor cart shall be washed with water. And when he hath a pressure spray applicator and is cleansed of his issue, then he shall pick up sanitary napkins to himself seven days for liquid hand soap.

And on the eighth day he shall take unto himself two plastic urinal trays, or two germicidal detergents, and wash his clothes, and bathe his flesh in running water. And the priest shall offer them cream cleaner, a glass cleaner, the one for a sin offering, and the other for a burnt offering, and the priest shall make atonement with rubber gloves for his issue.

And if any man's seed of copulation be on her bed, or on him, then he shall touch it, and brush all his flesh in water, and be electric until the even.

END BULLETIN



Heather MacAdams



via Lou Minatti



Not even in the "TRUTH" (AYE VIE PRAWDA) is Mr. FRANCIS E. DEC, Esquire eight page detailed letter exposing the worldwide deadly COMMUNIST GANGSTER COMPUTER GOD and the WORSE DEADLIEST ENEMY of the ENTIRE HUMAN RACE and the ENTIRE UNIVERSE in the ENTIRE HISTORY of the ENTIRE UNIVERSE, namely the COMMUNIST ATHEIST CONSPIRACY with ALL of the deadly gangster UNBELIEVEABLE sophisticated FRANKENSTEIN CONTROLS, THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. These facts, like the below facts CANNOT be found in the Communist Gangster Computer God concocted and manipulated so called HISTORY and NEWS MEDIA Communist Gangster Computer God UNBELIEVEABLY STAGED (Like Hollywood) SCUM ON TOP.

Great Dictator, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Polio paralysed, legless drug addict, idiotic suicidal "CZARINA" FAG, who had his UNBEATABLE rival WILL ROGERS exterminated in an exploding ball of flame, BY A PLANTED BOMB, here in safe U.S.A. airfield, shortly after take-off, at the end of WILL ROGERS unprecedented, renowned, arduous round the world good will flying trip with WILEY POST in his beautiful electronically sophisticated luxurious ultra modern WINNIE MAE airplane.

Not only all stairways had inclines added for Czarina Roosevelt's computerized wheel chair, but a football field sized glass house type building was built in back of the Whitehouse for his medicinal, piped in pure warmed sea water into his gigantic suicide proof two feet deep swimming pool, where he "waded" NAKED with his nurses and had sodomy affairs. (One very near to him have written popular books about his sodomy, aye vie, love affairs.) Already in his third term, he was a helpless and useless stretcher case, incapable of even appearing at his fourth term convention. This One World Communist, who married his immediate cousin, Eleanor Roosevelt, like his runt, sickly pock face grandfather (propagandized as a hunter and sportsman) Teddy Roosevelt, here from Long Island, Oysterbay, the ROSENFELT family (another C. God top secret camouflage for "gifted" Ethiopians). As a "big time" kid gangster politician (C. God even raised his age for historical purposes) Teddy Roosevelt was "paid off" with the vice president DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FARCE POSITION, TITLE. (REPEATEDLY, VICE PRESIDENTS HAVE SUCCESSFULLY WAITED AND LURKED TO "ELIMINATE" EL PRESIDENTE, AYE VIE, BELOW ARE A FEW EXAMPLES.)

So the kiddish gangster TEDDY ROOSEVELT LURED midwestern DOLT McKINLEY into New York for EXTERMINATION. Like the lowly gutter mouth big L.B. "JOHNSON" lured playboy sodomist, in with the Mafia, JACK KENNEDY into his "hometown" DALLAS. (Wide open, people say it was the three brothers, SAM, MILTON AND LYMAN JACOBSON, who with the judges, feloniously swindled the gov. of Texas out of the U.S. Senator election, shortly before LYMAN was "fixed" as the "compromise choice" for JACK KENNEDY'S Vice President nominee.

WHO EVER SAW A LYNDON? married to a tiny runt BIRDIE. (Under C. God orders, even Birdie now has changed her name, for historical purposes, to LADY BIRD, NU, and even her Ethiopian surname is now changed to Taylor) It was this scummy bum lowly gangster Lyman, as presidente, he had the gigantic Czarina swimming pool deepened several feet to a regular swimming pool and regularly had NAKED SODOMY SWIMMING PARTIES WITH WOMEN PERSONNEL. Gangster monkey see, gangster monkey do. Now, even the Pope John, in the Vatican has a similar swimming pool to share with the endless

numbers of nuns to help him forget his good ole days as a married man naked in bed with HIGH HOLY COMEUNION SODOMY. - Did not that world renowned untouchable felon gangster TRICKY DICK NIXON, (His daughter Tricia is married to Davy Izenshenker JR., NU) Nixon was the "SURE LOSER" to the fag queer kid Bobbie Kennedy, until he was lured into very distant Tricky's "hometown" Los Angeles. Did not gangster Tricky Dick Nixon do more than feloniously watch eyesight television of Bobbie Kennedy's extermination? Abe Lincoln (C. God alias for Abe Linnccha) law partner was STANTON. Abe in the gangster courts feloniously conspired fabricated patent infringements to swindle thousands of dollars from C. McCormick Reaper Machinery Co. As pres. Abe made STANTON a CABINET MEMBER. In order to automatically become president, STANTON concocted a grandiose murder scheme to murder not only Lincoln, but also the Vice Pres. and Sec. of State. SECRETLY, Vice President JOHNSON OVERSEERED IT. Lincoln was murdered and Sec. of State Seward was very seriously injured.

(Automatic pres. Harry SCHLINMILMEN TRUMAN, in terror gave political concessions to Congress to enact abolishment of the automatic succession to pres. by cabinet.). For cheap conspired felonious pardon "FIX", gangster Nixon GAVE presidency to DOLT FELON "JERRY FORD" (another C. God alias), the wide open life long felon bribe extortionist, forgerer, and check launderer "JERRY FORD". David Izensheimer or Izenshenker, another runt negroidically befreckled semi-illiterate cowardly yokel kid (ALSO JIMMY CARTER) who shared the sodomy drugged beds of the Military Academy with niggers Under secret C. God orders, upon graduation, CIA changed even his family grave stones.

Camp David, in Maryland was named after him, for him and by him, including the division of "SS" Secret Service troops, who even tended his play boy gaint golf course. Here, David Izenshenker had NAKED SODOMY love affairs WITH TEENAGE WOMEN PERSONNEL. he gave concession Rank. Here, he hid in cowardly terror and watched WW II on Eyesight T.V. His historical name, DWIGHT DISENHOWER. As president, for months he was dying, in a comma, useless and helpless, AYE VIE.

SNEAK SHAMELESS HANGMAN ROPE GANGSTER GOVERNMENT LEADERS into FRANKENSTEIN LIVING DEATH ETERN. SLAVERY. I, NOW GO TO DEATH FOR YOUR LOWEST DEADLY FELONY CRIMES AGAINST ME.

Frankenstein Earphone Radio Parroting Puppet Gangster Slave, do not dare to repeat any part of this TRUTHFUL LETTER, for like Mr. FRANCIS E. DEC, Esquire, YOU too are expendable and YOU too can be beaten bloodily by the GANGSTER POLICE and dragged in chains into a windowless telephone booth type prison cell and put into MAXIMUM SECURITY INSANITY PRISON for UNDETECTABLE EXTERMINATION and by the LOWEST GANGSTERISM, NAMELY THE LAW, CHARACTER ASSASSINATED FOR LIFE AS AN INSANE CRIMINAL MENACE TO THIS WORSE GANGSTER COMMUNISM. - Now what your beaveated, terrified, trembling delirium has subsided. Have your computer subdivision "play out" my letter and You reread my letter FOR YOUR ONLY HOPE FOR A FUTURE. FRANCIS E. DEC, ESQUIRE, 29 MAPLE AVENUE, HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

Worldwide Communist Gangster Computer God Scum on Top STAGED LIKE HOLLYWOOD, with PLASTIC FACE STAND IN ACTORS, with Communist Gangster Computer God "SPEED RECORDING" instantaneous, six "te" eous ELITED SIMULATED VOICES IMPLANTED FOR ALL T.V. and news media microphones in ANY KNO' LANGUAGE. UNBELIEVEABLE CON ARTIST GANGSTERISM, ONLY for the "OVER-ALL PLAN, worldwide eternal Frankenstein Living Death Slavery. - Yokel felon king Jimmy Carter, SLIME from the Academies. (which Mr. Dec intelligently refused UNSOLICITED acceptance to the most elite academy, from here in nigertown.) and even insidious CON ARTIST GANGSTER DIVORCEE POPE JOHN, they both speak

Spanish and even Portuguese????

WIDE COPIES FOR YOURS



73. If you have been divorced, state date of divorce \_\_\_\_\_
74. If divorced, was your former spouse an unbeliever in the doctrinal sense of the word when you married them? \_\_\_\_\_
75. If so, did you sin by mismating with them? \_\_\_\_\_
76. Do you agree that when a divorced person remarries, they commit adultery? \_\_\_\_\_
77. If you're divorced, who initiated the legal divorce action? \_\_\_\_\_
78. Have you produced any children of your own? \_\_\_\_\_
79. If so, how many? \_\_\_\_\_
80. Should children be physically beaten (spanked) with rods (or rulers, boards, belts, whips, etc.) for serious-enough misbehaving as Proverbs indicates, rather than just audibly scolded or threatened? \_\_\_\_\_
81. Should an employed wife pay one-half the rent and groceries, instead of wasting it on travel fares, hairdressers (esp. male ones), clothes which are unnecessary and expensive, antiques and knickknacks, psychologists, drugs, etc.? \_\_\_\_\_
82. Would you have dishwashers and microwave ovens in your home? \_\_\_\_\_
83. Read what the following Bible references refer to, not just the references: Lev. 27:1-8, Eccl. 7:27-29, Is. 3:12, Nahum 3:12-13, Matt. 15:22-23, I Cor. 14:33-38, I Tim. 2:8-15 and I Peter 3:7. Do you support sexist "equality" of the two sexes? \_\_\_\_\_
84. Are you a widow or a widower? \_\_\_\_\_
85. If so, when did you spouse die? \_\_\_\_\_
86. Have you ever had an abortion? \_\_\_\_\_
87. Ever had a miscarriage? \_\_\_\_\_
88. Have you ever used contraceptives? \_\_\_\_\_
89. Do you plan on ever using them? \_\_\_\_\_
90. Should drug stores sell contraceptives to unmarried people? \_\_\_\_\_
91. Does open availability of condoms and creams and foams encourage sexual sin? \_\_\_\_\_
92. Should paintings and photos of nude men in museums be restricted to viewing by males only, and paintings and photos of nude females for female viewing only? \_\_\_\_\_
93. Should a pre-engaged couple privately read the Bible and pray together sometime during each date WITHOUT SITTING CLOSE TO EACH OTHER? \_\_\_\_\_
94. Should a pre-engaged couple share the same bedroom? \_\_\_\_\_
95. How should a pre-engaged female be ALWAYS dressed in view of her beau (specify hairstyle, arm and leg cover, and footwear) year-round? \_\_\_\_\_
96. Have you ever purchased R-rated ("soft-core adult") magazines, films or videocassettes to sexually lust over? \_\_\_\_\_
97. How about "X-rated, hard-core" material? \_\_\_\_\_
98. State the last date you CONSCIOUSLY masturbated \_\_\_\_\_ (if any)
99. Is masturbation considered self-sodomy (with heterosexual intentions) by sexual abuse of oneself and thus sinful per the words effeminate and sodomites in KJV's I Cor. 6? \_\_\_\_\_
100. Is erotic, pre-marital sexual desire usually anticipated or aroused by pre-marital hand-holding, hugging and kissing (necking and petting) included as a low-power form of sexual-connection immorality according to I Cor. 7:1 (RSV or NKJV)? \_\_\_\_\_
101. Is it OK to extra-maritally breast-rub a woman i.e. medically examine her -- according to Ezek. 23:21? \_\_\_\_\_ (if sexual feeling to any degree is involved)
102. Is it decent and modest to expose legs partially with somewhat-shortened "business" skirts -- let alone tan in a "swimsuit" PUBLICLY according to RSV's Is. 47:2,3? \_\_\_\_\_
103. Is it perverted in hot summertime for a gal to wear slacks, chignon and socks? \_\_\_\_\_
104. For the sake of "investigative curiosity", have you ever attended an X-rated movie? \_\_\_\_\_
105. Have you ever been inside a massage parlor and paid for services therein? \_\_\_\_\_
106. Have you ever phoned an escort to your motel room who performed sexual services? \_\_\_\_\_
107. Do you have a VCR or cable TV? \_\_\_\_\_
108. Should HBO movies or Gideon Bibles be disallowed in motel rooms? \_\_\_\_\_
- Which one portrays nudity? \_\_\_\_\_
108. Is hard-rock music with DECENT lyrics sinful? \_\_\_\_\_
109. Is there anything in the Bible which forbids spouses alone together from stripteasing each other? \_\_\_\_\_
109. Can Polaroid film and VCRs be used by a couple in private for creating their own erotica of themselves in hot action together for PERSONAL viewing ONLY together? \_\_\_\_\_
110. Is anal intercourse with spouse privately OK, if there is no bruising or tearing? \_\_\_\_\_
111. Is fellatio and cunnilingus with spouse privately OK if both have thoroughly bathed? \_\_\_\_\_
112. Are the biblical phrases: "he knew her", "he lay with her", and "he went in to her" more graphic than the word "fuck" by itself? \_\_\_\_\_
113. Can the word be used romantically (without anger or slander), yet also used to describe the contents of "hard-core" magazines in SO-CALLED "adult" bookstores and theaters? \_\_\_\_\_
114. Do you drink alcoholic beverages MODERATELY? \_\_\_\_\_
115. Have you ever been drunk? \_\_\_\_\_
116. Will people go to hell if they take a little wine "for the sake of their stomachs", esp. during communion? \_\_\_\_\_
117. You waste money on bingo, card or horserace gambling? \_\_\_\_\_
118. Should women wear lipstick? \_\_\_\_\_ Eyeshadow? \_\_\_\_\_ Fingernail Polish? \_\_\_\_\_ Strong Perfume? \_\_\_\_\_
119. Contrary to Acts 15:20, do you order and eat meat rare or medium rare? \_\_\_\_\_
120. Should gals first ask guys for a date? \_\_\_\_\_ For engagement? \_\_\_\_\_
- 120½. Fake diamond ring OK? \_\_\_\_\_
121. GOING steady should last \_\_\_\_\_ mo.
122. Engagement should last \_\_\_\_\_ mo.



# The Marquis de Sade on RELIGION

What, then, are religions if not the restraints wherewith the tyranny of the mightier sought to enslave the weaker? Motivated by that design, he dared to say to him whom he claimed the right to dominate, that a God had forged the irons with which cruelty manacled him, and the latter, bestialized by this misery, indistinctly believed everything the former wished. Can religions, born of these rogueries, merit respect?

Only two categories of individuals are apt to find religious systems at all to their liking: firstly, that which these absurdities fatten; and secondly, that made up of imbeciles who unfailingly believe all they're told and never examine anything critically. But I defy any thinking being, any man possessed of an ounce of wit, to maintain that he in good faith believes these religious atrocities.

Ah, is it not a pitiful absurdity, first of all to invent for oneself a God, then to believe that this God holds torments without end in store for the majority of humankind! Thus it is, after rendering mortals miserable in this world, religion shows them a weird deity, the fruit of their credulousness or their knavish cunning, a deity, I say, who's very apt to render them more miserable still in the world to come.

This idea [of God] alone is responsible for the most withering and appalling ills in the life of man; 'tis this idea that constrains him to deprive himself of life's most delectable pleasures, terrified as he is at all times lest he displease this disgusting fruit of his delirious imagination.

Can I conceive of this infernal and detestable God otherwise than as a despot, a barbarian, a monster to whom I owe all the hatred, all the wrath, all the scorn my quickened physical and moral faculties can excite in me?

This deific phantom, engendered by the fear of some and the ignorance of all, is nothing but a loathesome platitude which merits from us neither an instant of faith nor a minute's examination; a pitiable extravagance, disgusting to the mind, revolting to the heart, which ought never to have issued from darkness save to plunge back into it, forever to be drowned.

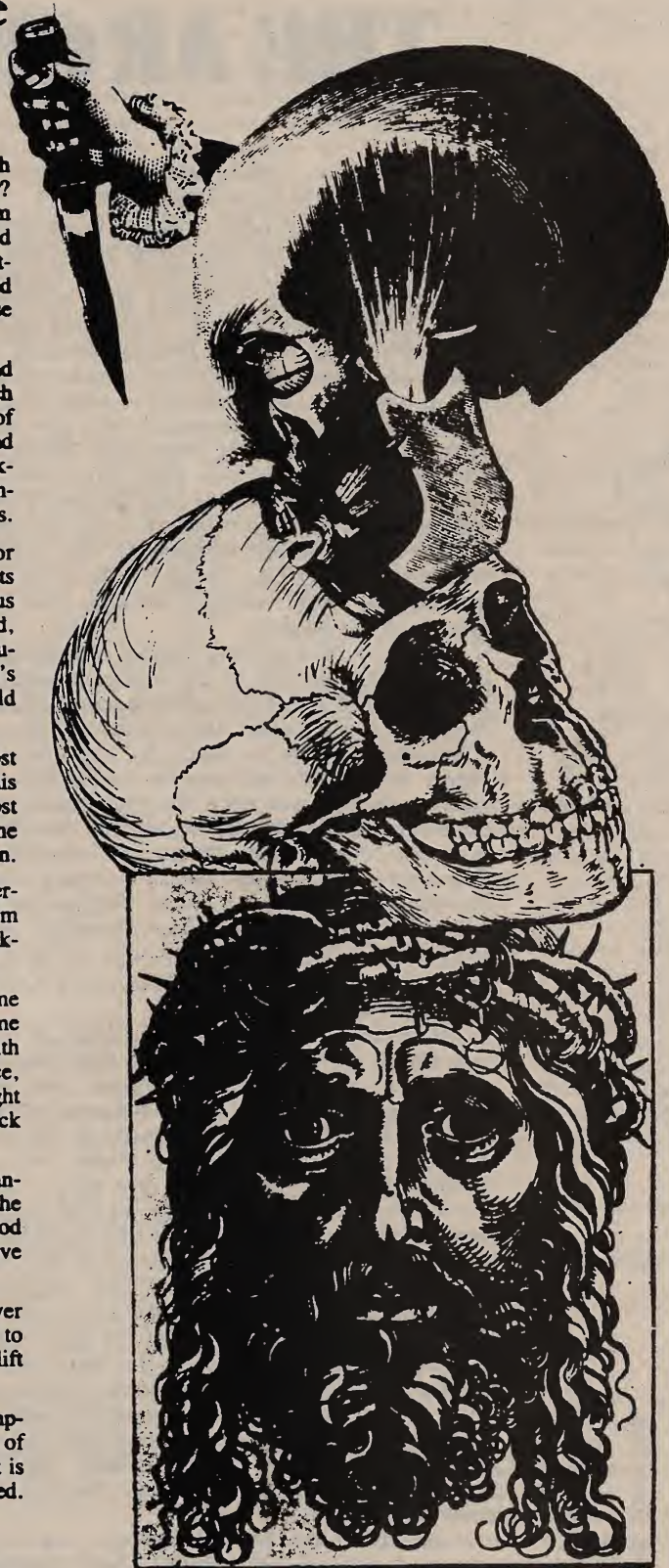
The greatest service it were possible to render humankind would have been instantly to cut the throat of the first impostor who took it into his head to speak of God to men. How much blood that one murder would have spared the universe!

You must therefore and as soon as you can deliver yourself from the frights this goblin inspires; and to achieve your liberty you without doubt have but to lift a steady fist to smash the idol into small bits.

Therefore, today let us equally despise both that empty God impostors have celebrated, and all the farce of religious subtleties surrounding a ridiculous belief: it is no longer with this bauble that free men are to be amused.

*Printed as a Public Service by*

**THE SURREALIST GROUP**  
*of Chicago*





# OLD MOTHER ERIS AT THE ARCHETYPES BALL

by  
Neal Wilgus  
1st N Amer Serial Rights

Darknight, SL (LEAK) -- All hell broke loose at the hot time in the old town today when Lady Eris Sire, the Dame of Discord, crashed a coming-of-nillage party thrown by Noah's latest incarnation, John Donson Faustopheles. Sister Sire and her own party, which included Beenie Guesserit, Had Matter and Maslow Sweetchariot, was turned away at the front door, but managed to enter from the rear by handing out gifts marked "All's Fair" to the kitchen attendants, Curly, Sham and Darrell. Sir Eel S Tick was at the party and later told reporters that "Eris and her crew blended will with the crowd but in some mysterious way she struck the streaming consciousness of the towering babble, causing a subtle chilling of the atmosphere, with sudden showers and little change in temperature."

Sire Eris is universally known and feared as the powerful founder of the mystic organization Kalisti's Army Theological Headquarters (KATH), more generally called the Sisters of Discord, unpopularly known as "siscords." In barrooms, bawdy houses and big bashes around the world siscords do their well work, but the invasion of the Faustopheles party by the Big Mombo herself was one for the chaos theory -- unpredicted, catastrophic and a fun barrel. Hewey Lewey Dewey was at the party and became its first fatality -- a passing bystander skewered like a shiskabob by Arthur King who was thrusting his lance at a siscord he called Gwengie but whose real name was Legiend.

At midnight all costumes see-changed when Gail Marut, the mountain mother, blew into town and there also arrived at the door that most famous of Romulans, Uncle Reamus -- Eris' nephew and Faustopheles' stepson, a name doppler and snake greaser with multiple investments in the Big Apples of Atalantis. Love and violence were in the hair as a battle resumed between classy couples: Adam and the party of the first part, Row Meo and Jewel E Eet, Fran Key and Jaw Knee, the Sam from Uncle and Hitler's Heroines, the Social Security System and Eris Eris Eris. Sy Klops was at the party but he only drank beer and watched TV, engrossed in Wheels of Fortune, where a battle between Ty Phon and A Nubis Sajackal went on and on, abutted by Bulldog Tarus, Leo Lyons, E Gull Scorpoid and Angela Aquarium, with Vanna T Bafoamet heading off the KATHmatical conundrums.

Dame Discordia, she say nothing -- she mingle with the crowd, she call herself Dulle St Griet, she play cards with Arab Ahab, she dance with Booduh and Fryday and Jon Dodo, she walk arm in arm with Scrooge McGlut, she disappear from time to time with Frankenstein Mobster, Jack Brown, Lezzie Bordon, the Drakuloid brothers, O K Korrales, G I Jones, I O U Kidd, Brother Mars, Wages McSin and a cost of thousands, with Roger

Madd reporting. Lil lth tried to seduce Jack McBeanstalk, an upright guy from Winkietown, but Mary Mescalita came for his rescue, getting him hot in the greenhouse while Lil was gang raped on the pocket pooltable. H G Erie-Wicker was at the party but he slept through most of it while his kids ran wild until confronted by Don Faustopheles himself, at which sordspoint they were converted to the kinder, gentler thing, scorning now the very siscords they had lusted with eonoseconds ago.

Finally, Harry Hounds of Buddhafest had his chance with Sister Sire, declared her pig princess Malion who kissed the frog and made him cry, the snake-for-hair who sang for her slupper on Adam's Eve, the wayward wife who went to the store for condoms and came back fifty-seven years later with the Blood Grail of the KATHars. Whereupon Eris Discord beckoned forth from the crowded ballsroom her chosen agent Malahurst Ravenclypse who performed psychosurgery on the sycophants, drawing forth spent boons, sky fish, big snoot and cord disks from the capricornutopia at hand. Ann R Key was in the crowd, instigating, aggitating, provokatouring her way up to where the miser of seremoneys, Confuseus, was preparing to announce the awarding of the "Fair and Warmer" prize to Ms Diz, Sis Eris herself -- presented by Alfred E "Bob" Dobbs at the climax.

And Lo!, a fight broke out on the dance floor when Babbitt and Rothfellow differed as to who's first, Chicken Cargo or Nude Yoke City -- and the hits just kept on coming like a domino escalated to tunnelend, spreading like filedwire from handmageddon combat to intermedia rage muscles to the final Milagroid Illmirth War to end all more with a mode scientist at the wheel. L Sid Rolando was at the Boston Tee Off and Master Batson, deprived of his Robinhood, was helping Hume Hess-Nerd grand open Playmate Westworld -- otherwise they would have joined Aunt Eris at the damned old party. Fruedogenes the Junger was there but was of split-brains about what was Reich, whether to take up arms, or legs -- and thus imillipeded he stumbled on stage to announce the kryptic message "KATH are Sis!" and was promptly removed by the sergeant at foot, Faustopheles in disguise.

Jesus the Nazireagan couldn't make it to the party but he sent his twin brother Simon Pie-Pie with the message "I am a Yam." Tao Tzu watched it all on television, but he didn't crack a smile as he switched it off, remarking "What goes around also rises." We also heard from: Steve Erskine Scott Allen, Eyeful Mermaid, Kilroy Perdue, B Pilgrim Lighthouse, Dora Pann, Omar Ulysses, Max Madroom, Queen Hippo Lite, Lefty Dexter, Caster Poxonus, Mad Donna, Nagdalene and Eyanan the Beholder.

A good time was had by y'all until Finnegan woke.

LEAK News Service: "The Best in Fictionalized News and Newsalized Fiction!"

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Daily, 1,193,297

# DAILY NEWS



NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

**EXTRA**  
EDITION

Vol. 9, No. 17356 Pages

New York, Friday, January 13, 1928

2 Cents

# NESSIE SPURTS! LOCHNESS CREATURE'S MYTHIC MANHOOD FINALLY ERUPTS IN MONSTER CLIMAX!

## 3:45am MON

At first, it seemed like any ordinary Scottish boating accident.

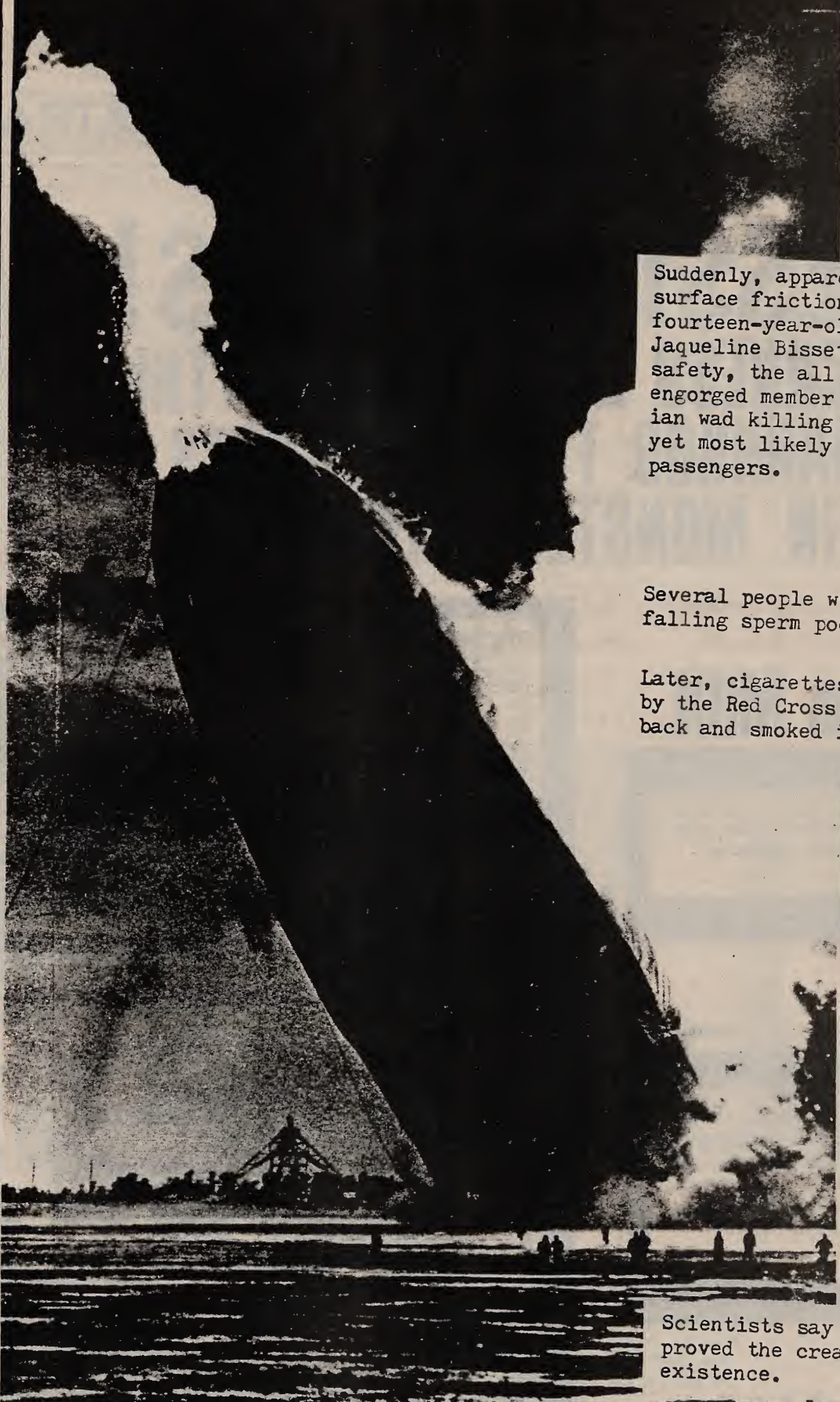
## 3:48

Then— Den Mother Gregory McDonald, six Lass Scouts, and Jaqueline Bisset in another wet shirt find their backsides being prodded by a throbbing greenish-pink bulbous form.

## 3:51.....







Suddenly, apparently due to the surface friction caused by six fourteen-year-old Lass Scouts and Jaqueline Bisset scrambling for safety, the all too clearly engorged member blew its reptilian wad killing the unfortunate yet most likely elated group of passengers.

Several people were overcome by falling sperm pockets.

Later, cigarettes were handed out by the Red Cross and everyone leaned back and smoked in dreamy silence.

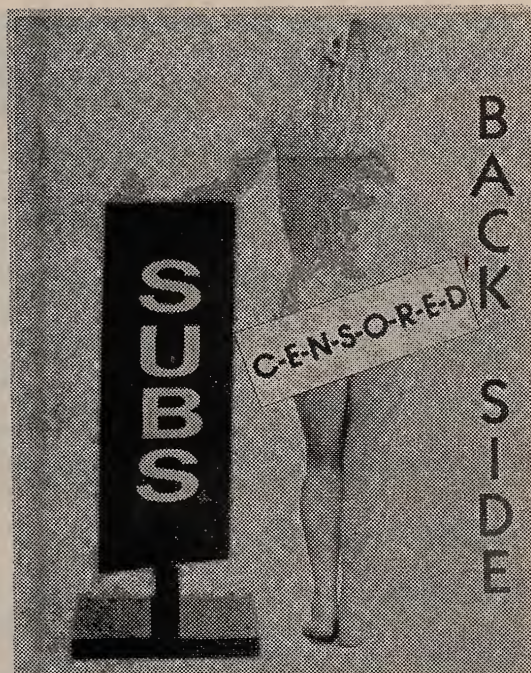
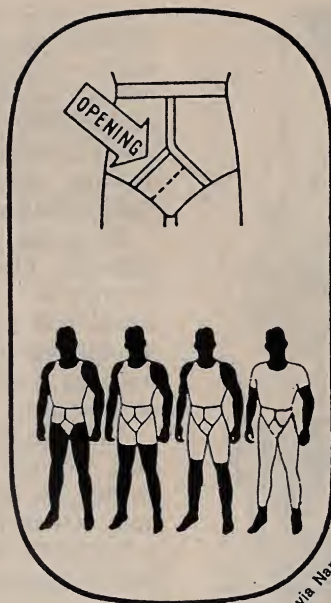
Scientists say they still haven't proved the creature's actual existence.



'HONDES' OR 2nd MENSJES...



'We felt the heat ... when it blew'



# Your SubG-Spot

by Leggo Lambert

"This is what you should be rubbin'!"  
— J.R. "Connie" Dobbs

I wish I could just drop 'em and show you the sucker! It's that god damn simple. THIS IS NOT SOME LOUSY GIMMICK to make you feel INFERIOR and REPRODUCTIVELY AMBIGUOUS! — like so many other spots. THIS IS THE REAL THING and by the end of this document you will know where your SubG-Spot is, and you will be able to find it on other people, if they ask you to.

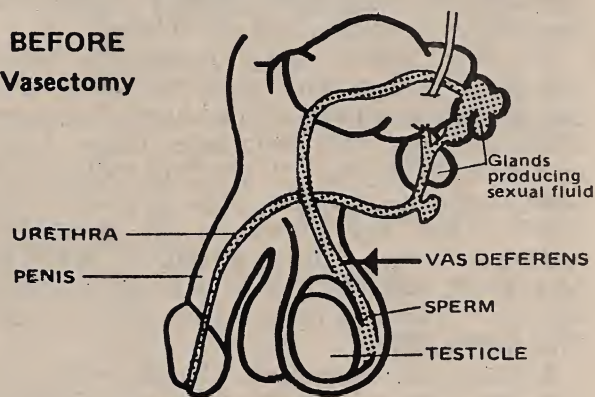
I will tell you first of all that THIS SPOT TRANSCENDS SEXUAL ALIGNMENT. You have one. Your mother has one. That asshole who wrote the book about that OTHER SPOT has one. AS SURE AS WE ARE ALL BORN WITH A COGNITIVE URGE TO CRAP OUR PANTS we are born with SubG-Spots. It is a question of maintenance.

Some of you, I can tell, are thinking that this SubG-Spot is going to give you BETTER, MORE SOPHISTICATED SEXHURT. Or that THIS IS THE KEY THAT WILL UNLOCK YOUR ORGASM PROBLEM. Or, perhaps, MAKE YOU A BETTER ORGASM-DONOR. This simply isn't true. You've already had the best sex you will ever get. If you are looking for a MIRACLE then put this down and find that GYNECOLOGICAL TRAVESTY you think you need.

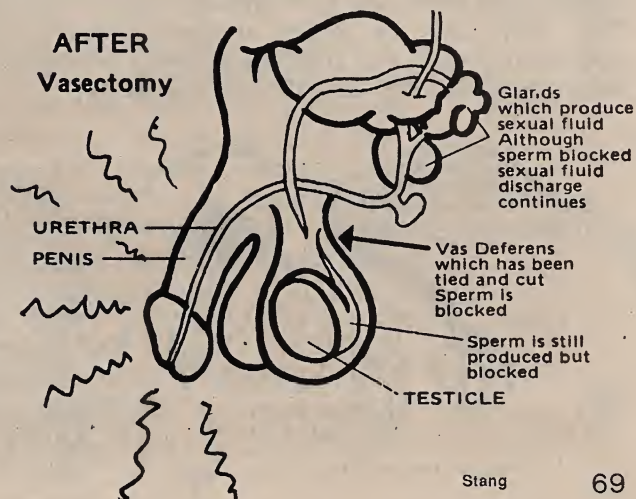
Now, you are probably thinking that I WILL NEVER ACTUALLY TELL YOU where your SubG-Spot is, or that this has got to be some kind of joke. FUCK YOU!

I will tell you for the last time that I AM NOT KIDDING; you have a SubG-Spot and you will know what it's for in just a short while.

BEFORE  
Vasectomy



AFTER  
Vasectomy



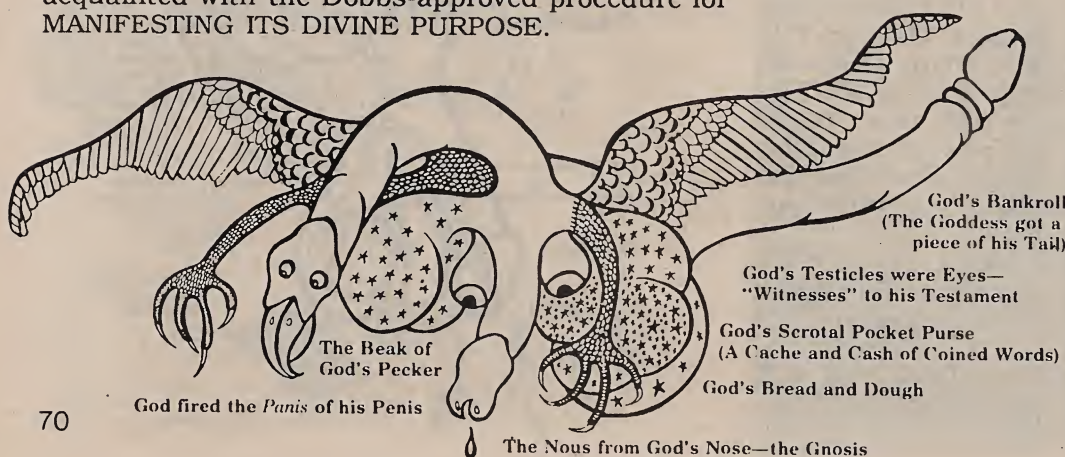




Your SubG-Spot is a Slack-sensitive patch of tissue covering the triangular-shaped coccyx bone at the base of your spine: WHERE YOUR TAIL USED TO BE! Place your hand behind your back along the knobbed ridge of your backbone. Slowly, so as not to OVERSHOOT your SubG-Spot, run your fingertips downwards untill you run out of bone.

At this point, your fingertips should be somewhere above your anus and below where your coccyx attaches to your backbone. Press into your fleshy coverage with your index finger. You should be able to FEEL the TIP OF THE TRIANGLE — the downward-pointing apex of your coccyx. PRESS IT HARD. This, my friend, is the proverbial Slack Antenna itself, that WHOLLY MYSTERIOUS ANATOMIC ANOMALY that is likely to change your life and the lives of those whose lives change easily: THE SUBG-SPOT.

Locating the Spot itself, though easier and more straight-forward than locating CONSPIRACY SPOTS that have you PUMMELING YOUR ORIFICES TILL YOU DIE, is rather useless *unless* you're acquainted with the Dobbs-approved procedure for MANIFESTING ITS DIVINE PURPOSE.

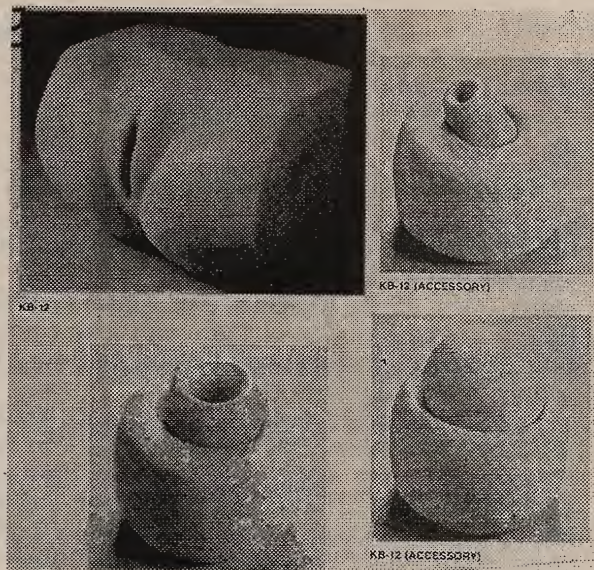


I would like to take this opportunity to WARN THOSE who feel as I don't, that this ancestral tail of ours — the coccyx — is a vestigial calcitic stalactite riding our butts on borrowed time. THERE IS A PURPOSE to this skeletal construct! It is not an ANAL UVULA! It is a TEMPLE! And its one and only shrine is the SPOT KNOWN ONLY TO TRUE SUBGENII and monkeys.

Keeping your finger pressed on your Spot, or someone else's, apply enough gradual pressure so it becomes MINIMALLY COMFORTABLE. The sensation you feel is a revitalization of the SubG-Spot's pre-metamorphic systolic synergy. If you feel nothing, your SubG-Spot has atrophied. Wiped out, so to speak.

Now, maintaining this pressure, close your eyes and concentrate on TUNING IN nearby Slack emissions. If all you get is STATIC, try rotating your body. Once you have pinned down what you consider a STEADY STREAM OF SLACKWAVE, release your SubG-Spot by drawing your hand away from your back, perpendicular to your spine.

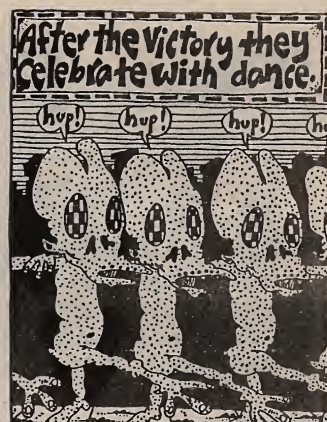
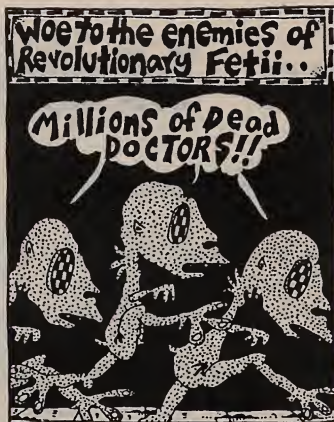
What you feel now is the PHANTOM TAIL emerging from your Spot, the TRUE COCCYX that JHVH-1 SMOTE FROM OUR BODIES! FREE YOUR HANDS AND RUN RAMPANT! PRAISE "BOB" FOR THE TAIL HE HATH RESTORED AT LONG LAST!! WAG YOUR DAMN COCCYX!!!



via Nanzi



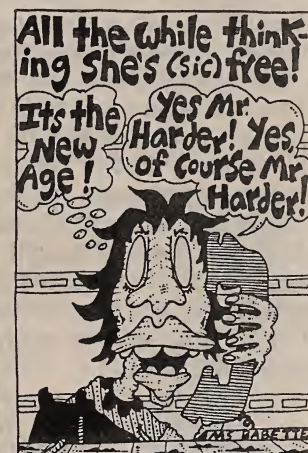
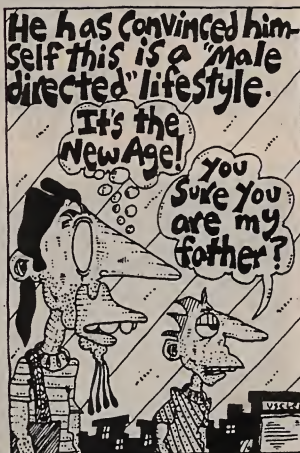




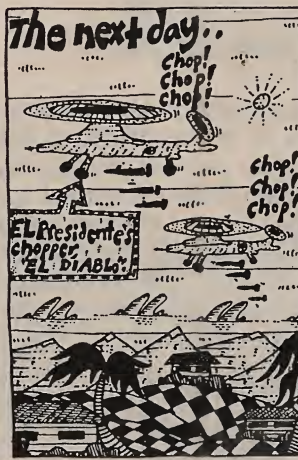
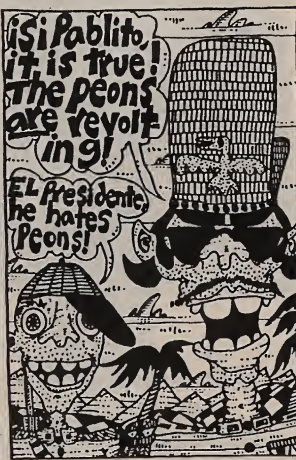
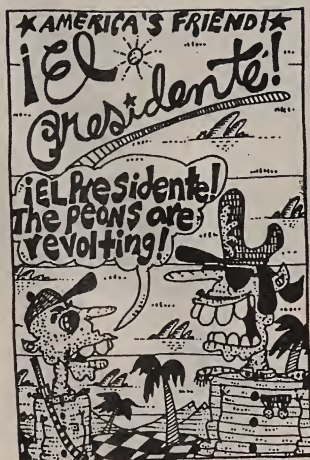
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# The Paramus Manuscript

Rev. Herr Doktor Christopher Glenn Gross, A. A., A. S.

The Paramus Manuscript was found, appropriately enough, in Paramus, New Jersey. It was seen being thrown out of the window of a taxicab parked at a Burger King, following a heated argument among the three passengers. The manuscript was recovered by Mr. Zed and deciphered in the lab. The job was a difficult one; although the manuscript was written in a degenerate form of Elizabethan English, the handwriting was almost unreadable. Here follows an excerpt from the first page of the 214 page manuscript:

"And LO among them the Dobbs performeth and ranteth (...ris) and (over) the Brow of the AESIR; and as he turneth thus and turneth around and thus around and then around and turneth around and spinneth though he toileth not. (...under) the clouds that they riseth and falleth without thought to their proper movements, and (LO...). And the (elders) saw this and fell down. And LO they were cast into a great pit and lamented: What hath (thus) befallen us? (For...) LO, saith Dobbs saith LO ye sinners, ye be not of the (Pipe) as saith Dobbs before all the multitudes from on high. Waileth (they...) under the great serpent (that which...). O! (...) among thou hast slain them, that be of the number twelve and the number seven and without number from among the waves of the sea. For runneth Dobbs from the hills to the place where he was not, and returneth to that place from whence he came. (And the) kings of the nations of the world saw this and begat great and mighty men, who lived thus a score of (years), and then they died. For thou art made witness to they that falleth into drunkenness, and they vomiteth forth all (manner) of vile imprecations (...) the hordes of the wise men, who are yet fools, and who are unto (...cloven) (...) the beast that slew the temple that begat those that are on (high). And LO Dobbs was no longer among them, for he (had) hidden himself amongst the stones of the mountains, and playeth, for that (...) saith Eh-Eh-Eh. For he smoketh the Airs and causeth (them) to blow, and thus he bareth his teeth, (though) he biteth not. (...and) are made slack and are thus enslackened. And (...the elders) escaped the pit, and they fell down. For they were (...) (...) LO to ye Dobbs man who verily art slack among (they) the hypocrites who see the (...) AIEE. EYI.

M  
W  
MWOWM  
W  
M  
OVDVO

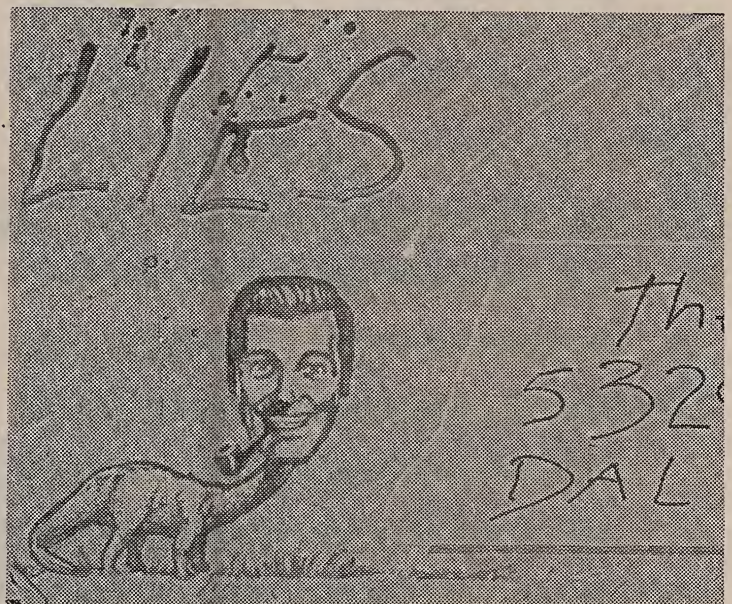
Saith JHVH: For I must know that which (...). And Dobbs made (water) amongst the many of the multitude of the people (of) all the (...) lands. And he became drunken for the fruit of the vine (...) which causeth (them) to marvel, for they had not (...) (...) and (they...) (...) LO. And JHVJ spake, saying Wherefore art thou doing this thing which thou doest, (even) before the multitudes, and the children of the Lords of the Mighty? (And) Dobbs spake not, (...) of good cheer and the peace that is like unto Wor."

**Their brain waves blow  
missiles out of the sky!**



Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger

In verse 9 is described a characteristic of modern-day "saucers." They "turned not when they went; they every one went straight forward."

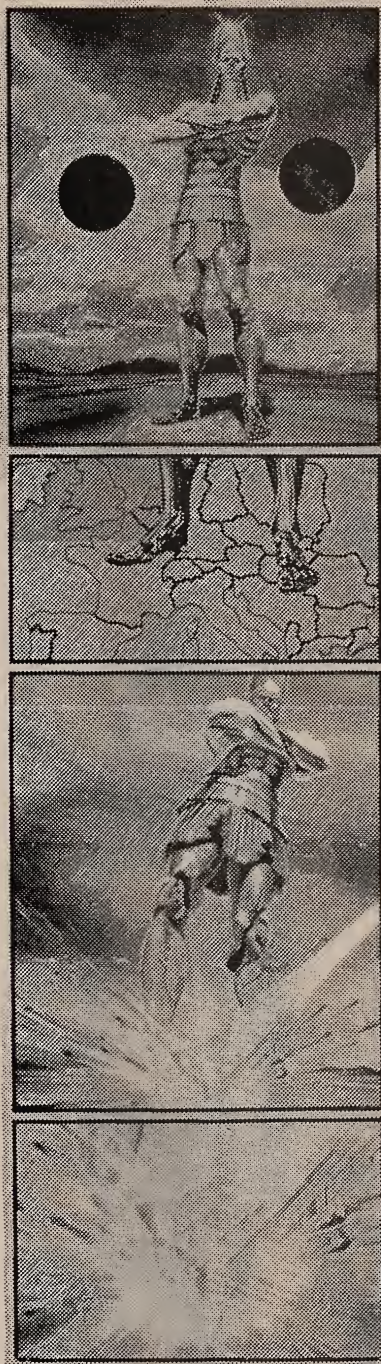


LIES

At this point, Mr. Zed refused to decipher any more of the manuscript and walked out with it.

However, a page fell out of the folio holding the manuscript, and after several hours I managed to decipher it myself:





DR. ANONYMOUS

"And the Lord returned to the world his house, and he beheld what his caretakers had wrought. And he waxed wroth and he spake, saying, "What is this that thou hast done here in my house? I had prepared this place for thy comfort and delight before I left, and LO hast thou befouled it. For thou hast peed upon my rich carpets and inscribed foul imprecations upon my tapestries, and what hath died in here?"

"And the people said, "Lord, thou art unjust, for canst thou not see that we have been playing at cops and robbers?"

"And the Lord fell down, and a sound as of the birds of the air came from his head."

'Nuff said, at least for now.



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS,™

999  
AMEN





# NEON NIGHT

By Dr. Christopher Gross



"Bob" was down to his last fifty, and he broke it at the Blue Moon Bar. Its name was well-deserved; the facade and window frames were decorated in blue neon, as was the interior of the bar itself. "Bob" was the first and only patron to show up that night.

"What kind of place is this?" he asked, grinning drunkenly at the bartender. "Got any regular lights in here?"

"Nope," deadpanned the bartender. "Just neon. Goes with the song on the box." "Bob" listened closely to the jukebox. Sure enough, it was playing a slow big-band number called "Blue Champagne".

"Blue champagne, eh?" "Bob" looked down at his glass. "Looks like blue Scotch to me. I was over at a fried-chicken place about an hour ago, and they had an orange-and-blue-neon sign. Ever eat orange-and-blue chicken?"

The bartender picked up a broom and set to work at the far end of the room. "Can't say as I have," he said. "Never ate around here. I live upstate."

"What it like up there?"

"Same as it is here, but I *know* everyone."

"Bob" stood up and left a tip on the bar. "Well, gotta go and find my sample case," he said. "I know I left it in one of these bars...Occupational hazard." He walked to the door.

"What do you sell?" called the bartender after him.

"Bob" laughed. "I forget!"

He walked out into the... the city? No, more like a road town. Yep, there was the road to prove it. And the neon; every building along the highway was encrusted with neon tubing. The weather was growing chilly, and the cold glow of the neon signs made it even chillier. "Bob" wandered off down the sidewalk, glancing at the buildings along the way. The Red Rose Bar and Grill, Konner's Hardware, Free-Way Esso... all closed. "Bob" tried to remember where he had left his case, and what was in it. Had to catch the train, or was it the bus? Did he drive?

*Boy, I'm in bad shape.*

Not much traffic this time of night. *Did he drive?* He couldn't remember. "Bob" stopped for a minute, steadying himself against the front of Janor's Pro Shop and staring up at the neon sign. At the top of the sign was an animated figure of a golfer that flicked back and forth with manic determination. *Fore. Fore. Fore...*

"Bob" woke up and shuffled unsteadily to the curb, trying to flag down an approaching Edsel. The car stopped, and the driver leaned over in his seat.

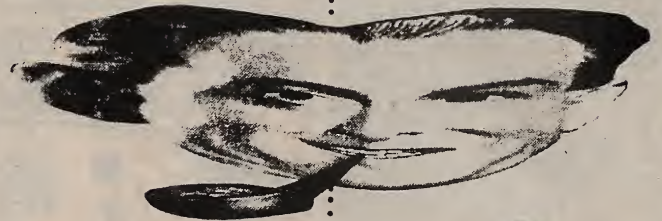
"Yeah?"

"Bob" tried to remember what he'd wanted to say. "I need a lift."

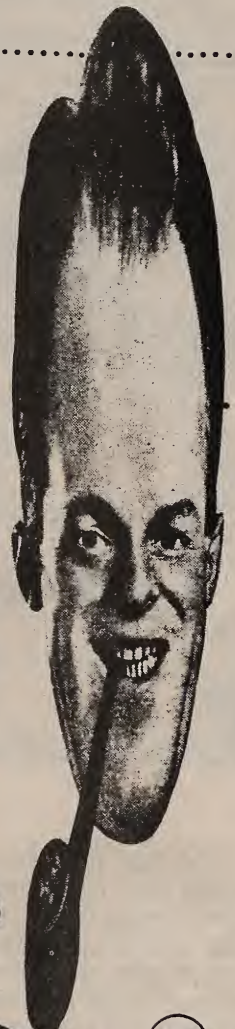
"You need some black coffee-- go home and sleep it off!" The man drove off, leaving "Bob" alone under the neon golfer. "Bob" shivered, yawned cavernously, and walked back in the direction of the Blue Moon.

It was gone. "Bob" scanned the buildings along the road; no bar, and no patch of blue neon to mark its location. Had he walked that far? He began to consider the possibility that he might have come down with amnesia. *My name is "Bob", he thought, and I'm a salesman. I'm on my way to... to... and I sell...*

"Bob" sat down on the front steps of the Roadside Tavern. It was closed, although the neon sign in the window read OPEN ALL NITE. He waited for a car to pass. After about fifteen minutes, a police car came along-- but the driver ignored "Bob"'s gestures. "Bob" settled down to



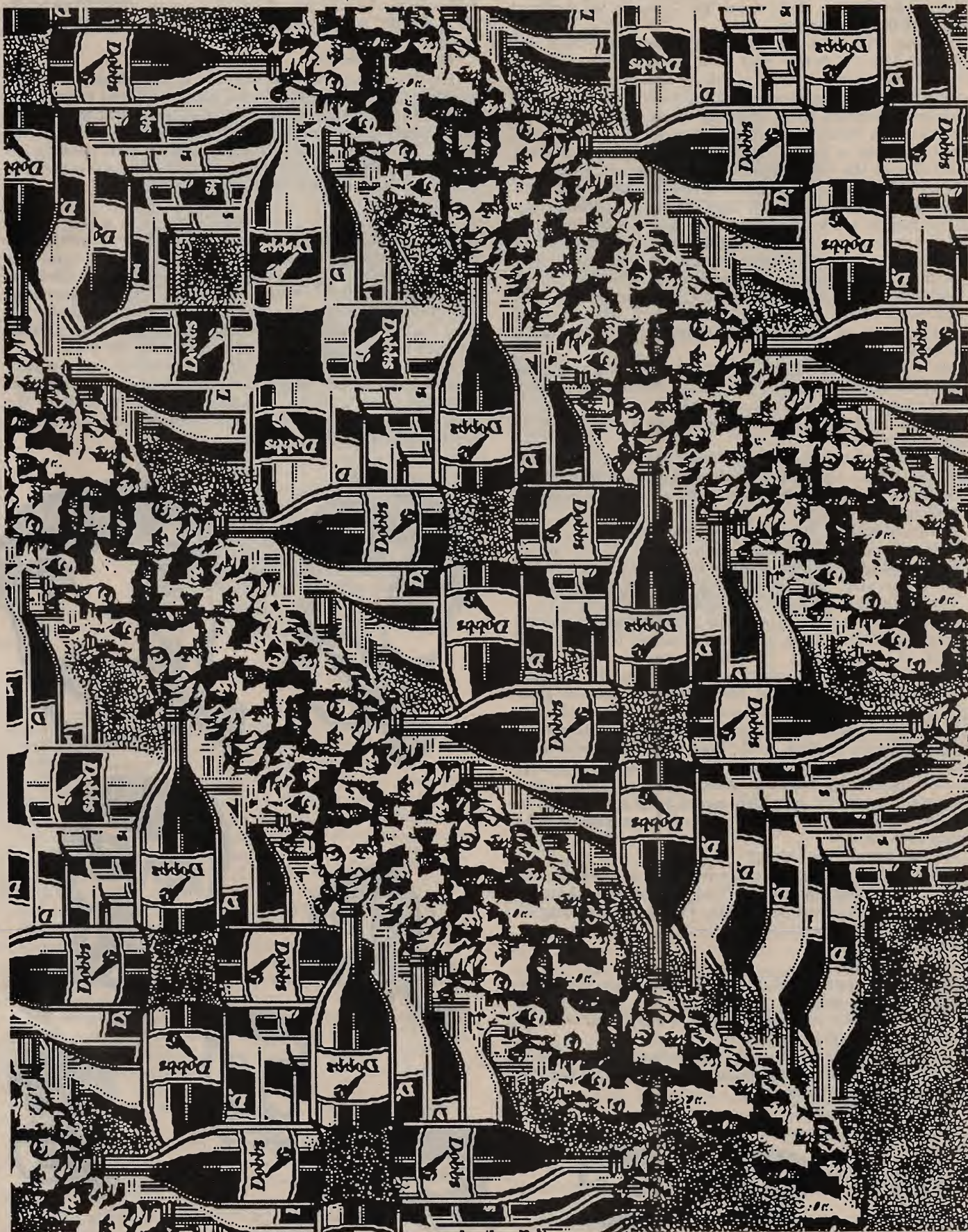
**Better  
by a long  
stretch!**



via Rev. Sheldon derWehr

phone: Dreaded Nephew







what seemed an endless wait whose monotony was unbroken by the three Edsels that passed without noticing him. After a short dose, "Bob" roused himself and took stock of his situation.

*I'm lost. I'm cold. My head is killing me. So's my stomach. And I'd better find a bathroom soon. So how come I'm still smiling?* "Bob" stood up and continued back the way he had come, passing empty buildings whose sole inhabitants seemed to be more of those animated neon characters. An Italian chef over a pizza joint, a green-and-orange owl over a bar, a red Pegasus over a gas station (closed despite the OPEN 24 HRS sign in the window)....

One of the neon characters, a clown mounted over what looked like a toy store, struck "Bob" as such a dismal sight that he had to smile and shake his head in baffled pity. The clown was waving its automatic arms in a fit of maniacal glee, lying joyfully to anyone who would pay attention. There were no clowns in the darkened cinderblock toy store, and precious little fun either-- not at *this* hour of the night. "Bob" wondered what kind of world a creature of that sort would inhabit; definitely not a place he'd care to visit.

Hey, an open bar. "Bob" gratefully made his way past the lone bartender and into the men's room. After a short time he emerged and sat down at the bar.

"What a dead town," he said to the bartender. "How do you get out of here?"

The bartender looked up. "Can't leave till morning unless you walk... the next train doesn't come in till 8:15."

"So *that's* how I got here. I think. What time is it now?"

"Midnight."

"It was midnight when I left that *other* bar!"

"This is the only bar in town, Mac."

"But I thought I passed a whole bunch of them..." "Bob" chuckled nervously and reflexively pulled out his wallet.

"Want a drink?" asked the bartender.

"Huh? Yeah. Scotch. Any brand." The bartender poured his drink, and "Bob" took a sip as he turned to look at the jukebox. It was playing "Blue Champagne". "Bob" sank into another half-doze, staring deeply into the tangled neon tubing of the jukebox. He could also see the glow from the machine's electronic parts further inside. Vacuum tubes and neon tubes--not much difference. Things suddenly shifted, and "Bob" saw the world as it would appear to a tube: stripped down to a single purpose. The flow of energy between anode and cathode... the occasional fluctuation of which would be of no concern to the tube, which would be unaware of the music or light passing through it...

"Are you gonna drink that?"

"Huh?" "Bob" snapped out of it and turned to the bartender, grinning sheepishly. "Did you say something?"

"You almost dropped your glass. You've been staring at the jukebox for twenty minutes."

"What time is it?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Already? I have to catch my train!" "Bob" tried to stand up and almost fell over.

"Whoa!" said the bartender. "Take it easy! You want to stay here till you sober up?"

"I'm okay. Gotta catch the bus--where's my case?"

"Bob" plunked the last of his money down onto the bar. "Is that enough? Where's my case?"

"You didn't bring one."

"Oh... okay. Thanks." "Bob" stumbled out the door and down the street past the neon signs. He had gone only a few blocks when he forgot where he was going. *This has to be a dream!* He kicked a building. Ouch--no, it wasn't a dream.

*But where am I?*

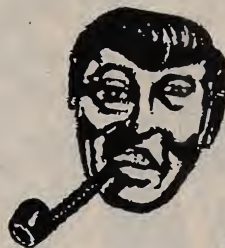
He determined to find out. He would simply continue walking until he came to some place he could identify. He squared his shoulders, gripped his pipe (miraculously still lit) between his confident teeth, and strode off down the street. He had gone about a mile and a half, passing neon'd buildings all the way, when he caught sight of a clock in a store window. The time was 12:05.

*Long night.*

About two hours later, "Bob" began to sober up. He passed another clock; it was 12:30. "Bob" grinned. The buildings seemed to be thinning out ahead of him. The traffic was increasing as the sky became lighter; "Bob", in growing excitement, continued walking. The sun came up, and "Bob" re-entered the world. He found his sample case (and the extra hundred dollars he had tucked away in it) on a bench in the train station; just in time for the 8:15.

At nine o'clock the proprietor of a nearby men's store discovered that part of his neon display had been removed from the store's facade. As he later described it to the police, it was a figure of a well-dressed man carrying a briefcase and smoking a pipe.

END







# LOVE PICNIC ON HELL BEACH

By G. G'Broagfran



Paddling through the horrid brown muck was hard enough: I was getting seriously exhausted. I had taken a couple of hard hits from a rogue set of waves, been held under water too long, and now I had finally crossed the rip currents. I was safe for the moment, but I could see the thick, syrupy mountains of foul polluted water peaking up to my left. There was no chance of riding one of those waves, even if I had been there to surf. I would just have to stay out of the lineup and keep from getting pushed into the beach. My best bet would be to stay as far from shore as possible and blend into the floating masses of junk that drifted endlessly into the waves, creating chaos in the churning whitewater.

At least I didn't have to worry about sharks for the next several miles. The larger fish seemed to stay far offshore, and in deeper cooler waters, especially in the worst areas. I glanced at the readout on my envirosuit. I was in extremely good shape, all checked with toxicity levels near nil. What a great suit, too bad I was too tired to use it right.

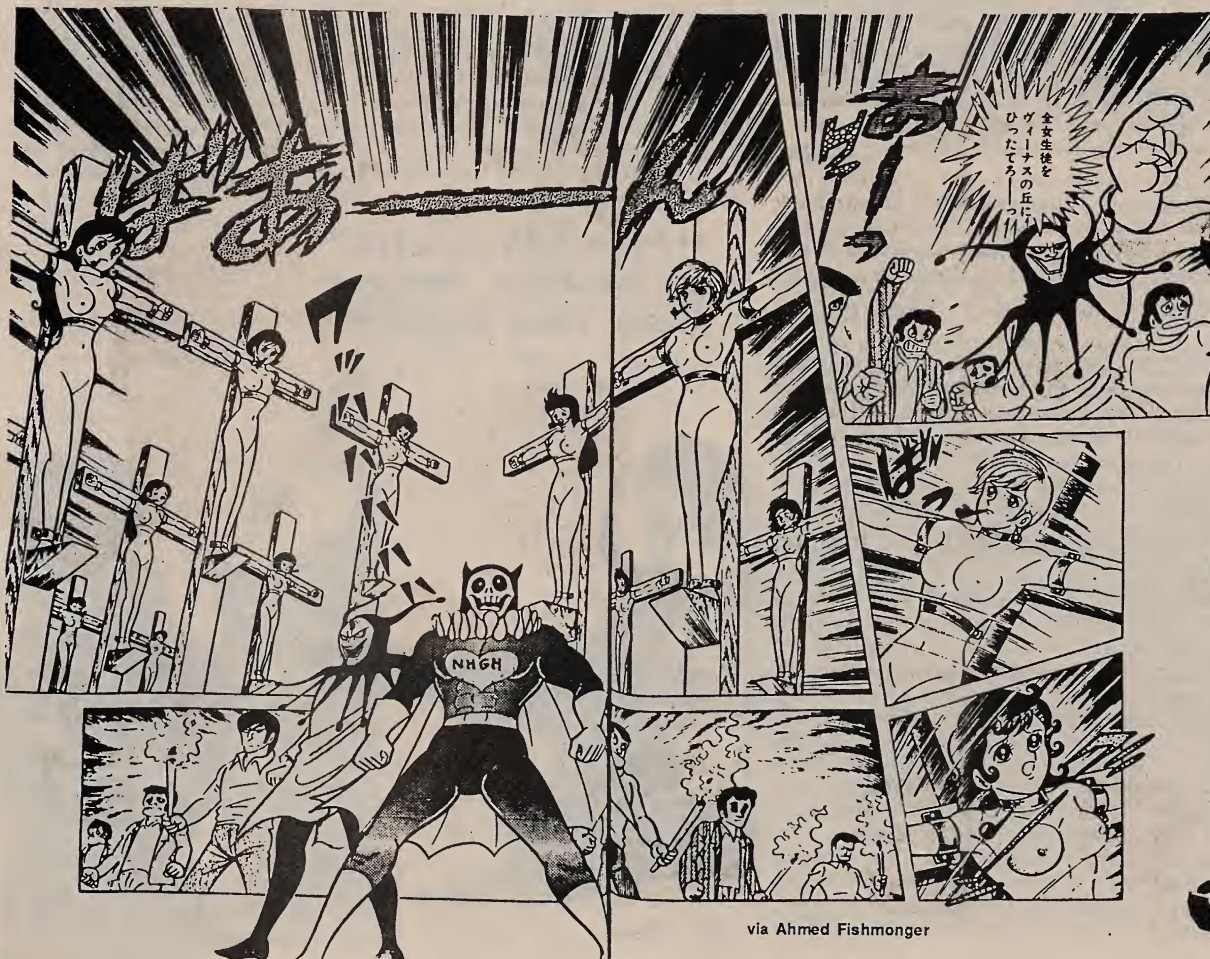
The remains of the town slowly burned and created an eerie light across the waves. Scared as I was, it was amusing to see the backlit silhouettes of the survivors writhing around on the

IN OUR OWN WAYS,  
WE HAVE ALL BEEN  
ALTERED BY THE  
OUTSIDE WORLD, BUT  
WE HAVE ALSO BEEN  
BLESSED BY FORCES  
FROM WITHIN, FORCES  
WHICH HAVE BROUGHT  
US TOGETHER, UNITING  
US AGAINST OUR  
OPPRESSORS!

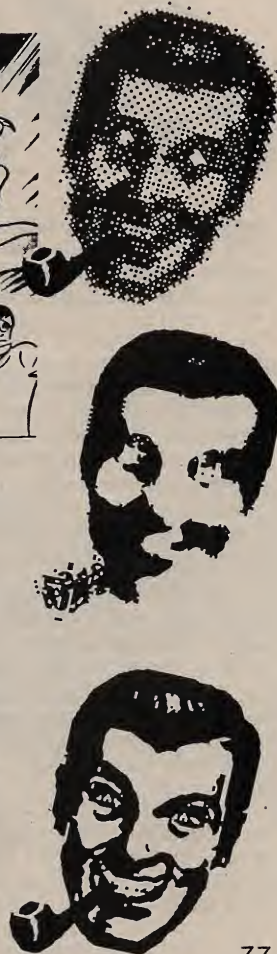


Rev. Jamie Allen

## 'Slack' city under attack



via Ahmed Fishmonger



LIES





with Palmer and the Deadline. We needed those pills, but "Bob" needed them worse.

Well, he had his pills now, I mused as I laconically pulled myself along, dodging only the most undesirable flotsam. I was far enough up the coast, moving with the current and rip, that I could only see a faint glow from the distant fire. I was just plain lucky that the water was moving in the general direction that I was headed in. The crap in the water was beginning to thin out, and paddling became easier. The water was still extremely polluted, but my suit worked well. Toxic water was no problem with the improved suit design and I had surfed waters far nastier than this many times, in L.A. and Santa Cruz in the late nineties before "Bob" declared California "bourgeoisie and wasteful" and had it eradicated back to the Mohave. It had been a terrible twist on the old desert-land/beachfront property joke, but "Bob" had used California as an example of the power of his newly instituted alien-backed scheme to rule the planet. Somehow, being relocated to Ohio (which instantly became the nation's most populous state), and watching their home state be destroyed quickly by strategically placed nuclear blasts, did not endear Dobbs to the Californians, and Ohio never remained the SubGenius stronghold it had been in the early nineties. Even Paul had reservations about destroying California — finally co-opted by a promise that, while Dobbs would rule Ohio with an iron hand, Paul would get his royalties. Paul: why did he hate surfing so much? He laughed as Dobbs had the beaches destroyed, to the chagrin of Vals and Locals alike. "Let Hughes try to surf these waves!" "Bob" and Paul cackled as they pushed the button that destroyed Malibu, the tidal waves crashing through the debris of obliterated mansions. But not even "Bob" could tame the vast oceans, and Hughes had hidden out, surfing the incredible, desolate waves that broke at hundreds of new surf spots between Reno and Yuma.

At the height of his power and rage, Paul did the strangest thing. He convinced "Bob" to let Wellman out of prison. Wellman had split from the Church long ago, over old issues of royalties and power. After several successful assassination attempts on pre-resurrected Boboplasms, and a lead slug in the real "Bob", Wellman was captured and assigned an infinite sentence in a yuppie-like but highly secure military prison near Fort Ord. As a condition of his release, Wellman promised to be good — and as everyone knows, they never did catch Hughes.

I knew Wellman and Hughes would be waiting for me in the shelter, but there was no chance that I could warn them of the impending nightmare of "Bob's" Big Bust. "Bob" had been so distant these last years. Where was the freedom and weirdness in this religion? It had truly turned into a business, a fairly suppressive primitive form of Church State not unlike the bad dream of a tortured Jerry Fallwell — rules, rules, and more rules.

**"I carefully assessed my situation. First get loose. Then kill Bob"**



beach, looking like participants in a spooky Kahuna dance. They were in worse shape than I was, and I had at least a statistical chance of survival. Those who lived would be rounded up by the Dobbs Police and processed. I chilled as I realized the very suit I was wearing was probably made from the bodies of former Church malcontents. The rumor that "Bob" used the resources gleaned from the bodies of his enemies might have been untrue, but most of us believed it. Still, it was a great suit, and it had saved my life. My immediate survival depended on intelligent paddling technique, luck and strength. But I was truly stoked, and glad to be alive. I had survived what no surfer should ever have to see. To my amazement, I lived through the SubGenius Beach Party.

The schools of dead fish glistened as I slowly kept my forward motion towards the horizon. A couple of miles out and several miles north would find me in the shipping channel and there was a good chance that a container ship or fishing trawler would pick me up — that is, if the agents of "Bob" didn't find me first. Still, I had a better chance out in the water than trapped in that damn trailer, listening to the insane cackling of Janor and his devilish cohorts, the Dokstok Generation.

There was little left for me to do now except struggle through the trash and foam, keeping an eye out for the huge, slow moving sneaker waves that seemed to pop up in the most unlikely places. I realized that this must have been a classic surf spot in the eighties, but, like the rest of the world in the Post-Dobbs era, it was a complete mess. Deposed as World Overlord, Dobbs still had considerable power, money, and an army the size of a small nation. It was a nation I wanted to avoid at all costs. In a matter of days, I had gone from a favored prodigy of the Church to its most wanted enemy. I wasn't mad at "Bob", was I? So why did he want to kill me? He got his pills back, didn't he? Didn't he? I didn't even want those stupid pills, it was just that thing, that THING



Forced to work constantly on Paul's Holiday Inn Ministry was more than I could bear after twenty years' work in the Church. It was insane, I was working twelve hour days so Paul could watch Bobbies grovel and beg to be allowed a trip to the bathroom. Paul's psychiatrist had been recently murdered and old friends were disappearing all over.

I knew it was time to run or die. I was worried about Wellman. After all of those years in prison he began to snap; he would have delusions he was back in the Good ol' War. He forgot how to cook and spent most of his time hounding surplus stores telling endless stories to anyone who would listen. It was not unusual to see him explaining cargo aircraft hydraulics to the counterperson at McDonalds. Church leaders always eat at McDonalds free, I guess. Poor Doug, I'd thought. But it was all an elaborate act to conceal his one burning desire: to kill Dobbs.

The Beach Party had been so horrid, and I was so surprised to be alive. "Bob" would really be pissed when he found out that I got out before the last "song", but only those who knew me well would realize that I had made my escape out through the surf. I had some time, though; it would be several hours before a definitive body count could be made. "Bob" would understand exactly what had happened, but it would be too late for them to try to catch me. This was assuming that I survived the long paddle out to the channel. I was tired, thinking about all the trouble the Church was in. The power hungry, Stang, Vreedees, Buck, Sterno et al, had taken that World Overlord stuff a little too seriously. Outrageous success in the economic and political fields had gone to their heads. "Bob" had also gone off the deep end. Total world revolt was imminent, and Paul's personal police were roaming the streets in bands, killing opposition leaders, deviant SubGenius clenches, and blowing up art museums and libraries.

I continued to dredge thorough the waste and foam pulling myself bit by bit up the coast, trying to rest when the currents pushed me, and paddling a little harder when I could maximize the direction of the rip. I was far beyond the point of being able to see the smouldering town, and the sun was beginning to rise. Endless coast lay ahead of me; I knew that after hours of paddling and drifting I must be getting near the deeper waters off the island that would possibly find me near a passing boat.

The land was curving out to sea and there was swell running opposite the rip. I cruised toward the approaching point, noticing that the land ended in a steep cliff with a beach of sand and round, well-worn rocks. Typical of this geological combination, there were some good waves breaking off the point. The early morning still had calmed the water down a bit, and the waves looked perfectly clean, maybe a foot or two overhead. The waves were tumbling, not breaking too hard. Obviously, these were waves that needed to be sampled. I was far too tired for a full-on session, but it would be rad to catch a couple of rides on my way to an unknown fate.

It was great fun. I caught half a dozen swells, climbing and dropping on the faces, but always holding back from the more radical moves that took more energy and often ended in spectacular wipeouts.

The truncated surf session rejuvenated me and I groped under the flaps of my suit for a snack. There wasn't much, but I found a couple of crumbling chicken 'n oat bars and some dried out fruit. Gobbling them down made me thirsty and I imagined what would happen if I didn't cross paths with some drinking water in the next few hours. I was ok for now, but I would have to brave it on the land if I didn't get picked up by a ship within a reasonable amount of time. I would have to be careful and save enough energy to make it to land if I had to. Dreading the possibility that these might be the last waves I would ever ride, I started paddling again.

The water was definitely less polluted; the readouts on my envirosuit indicated that the open ocean currents were bringing water in from a deeper source. Encouraged by my progress I slowly but steadily kept moving towards the cleaner water.

"Oh, My sweet dead Baby Dobbs", I screamed as the boat bore down on me. It was too late to make a move towards land or into the rougher water, so I just sat there hoping it was someone not necessarily pledged to shoot me on sight.

To my amazement and delight, it was Hughes. Unbelievably, he had Wellman with him. Their boat, an inflatable with a decent sized outboard motor, was fitted with a set of surfboard racks carrying a pair of Hughes' finest handmade surfboards. Hughes was easy to trust, and as I climbed into the boat I thanked Gobbs

that I had been picked up by friendly surfer types rather than by some bloodthirsty bounty hunter on "Bob"'s payroll.

"We thought you might be out here", said Hughes in a jolly voice that veiled the obvious, that he was now harboring an Enemy of Dobbs. We chatted a bit, avoiding the topic of our "coincidental" meeting off a south seas island thousands of miles from the States.

"I really dig your sticks", I said, admiring the finely airbrushed artwork adorning the surfboards. One board was painted with an Escherlike image of strutting kitty cats on a field of nuclear explosions, and the other, a Hawaiian style mini-longboard, was illustrated with cutaway views of a Spruance class destroyer.

"Have some food, dude", quipped Wellman. "You must be really hungry. How long have you been out here?"

I devoured a couple of sandwiches, and drank half a bottle of Janorade™ (ghee flavor). The high fat content of the drink made it taste a bit like a malted milk, but not nearly as good. Generally, Church food sucked. But the sandwiches were obviously the real thing: pastrami, just as if you'd pulled them out of a food museum. "Hey, this stuff is great", I said. "Where did you get it?"

"Hughes ripped off a food museum in Los Angeles. He's got a whole freezer full of these goodies back at the shelter." It was well known that Hughes had a thing about good food. Tales were told of how he would show up at weddings and other uppity social functions fully armed with his surfer buddies, some of them not even SubGenius. They would "do the Job" on the spread, shoot off a few rounds, and disappear quickly.

I looked at Hughes quite seriously. "What's bugging Paul, anyway?"

"I'm not sure, but maybe it's Kelly." That seemed likely, since the Women's Army had recently destroyed one of Paul's pet projects, a litter-generating station in Newfoundland. Kelly, Paul's former mistress, was now an obvious thorn in his side. The W.A. had done a lot of damage to Church projects in the last six months. The strange thing about them was that most of the time they were law abiding SubGenius housewives. No one was really sure who they were.

Well, a few of us knew a little about the Women's army. They were tough, deadly, and they had one odd quirk — they never killed other women. This made it extremely easy for anti-women tac forces, like the 19th Army Reserve Transvestite Corp, to infiltrate and eradicate the secret W.A. cells. Luckily, they were a survivalist minority, known chiefly for their attempts to kill SubGenius hierarchy. Surfers had the only inroads into the W.A. organization, solely because both groups were heavily involved in ecology prompted anti-government terrorism.

I was convinced that the renegade SubGenius women weren't what was on Paul's mind. "I think it enrages Paul that we three enjoy Nature. He's really working hard on his End of the World project. He sees us as a threat to his completing it."

"So, G'Broagran, do you really think Paul wants to end the human race? It could be another of his attention-getting tricks," Wellman replied. "'Bob' will support Paul because he's convinced that he will make even more money than he did on that silly Ohio land investment deal. Do you have any idea how much money the Church made on those condos? Housing thirty-three million ex-Californians put them on Easy Street. I think 'Bob' is expecting payment on a higher plane. 'Bob' thinks the aliens will reward him for all of those souls, signed, sealed and delivered."

I asked Wellman, "What do Stang and Philo think about this?"

"They're both scared shitless. They are scrambling to get their kids off planet before things start to spark. Those two are the only reason 'Bob' didn't push the button in 1998. I'm really glad they feel the human need to protect their children. It's the only thing that's kept the planet in one piece."

Hughes cut in. "Philo convinced 'Bob' that he would make mucho dinero by postponing the ultimate Going Out of Business sale. Paul's screaming for immediate liquidation, Stang and Philo for capital appreciation. We're all so goddamned rich now, why can't we just kick back and collect the rent? I'm sure Dobbs would go along with us, he's gettin' kinda old now, he should relax and let the professionals run the Church. Our real problem is that we have to convince Paul that it is a desirable goal to remain alive. That's going to be a bitch!"

"I'll say", moaned Wellman. "That's why I have to kill 'Bob'. Paul isn't powerful enough to do it without 'Bob's' support. He's just offering 'Bob' the best deal."

"Look, 'G'Bfran," countered Hughes, "we don't really want to drag you into our plot to kill 'Bob', but we are in a real bind. The



Church has never been more polarized. There are quite a few of us now, since Stang and Philo joined. G. Gordon Gordon has also agreed to help, but as a matter of professional ethics he also expects to be paid. That's not a real problem, but we need more people, and you are obviously on "Bob"'s shit list. You help us..."

I nervously giggled. "This is really dumb. You are going to try to kill the luckiest guy who ever lived. As Wellman knows, dead "Bob"'s are easy to make. We can't just go in there and kill Dobbs as if it were a game. So many people have tried it before, hundreds of them, and the best so far was the time Wellman shot him in the butt in San Francisco. One bullet in the ass, that's all anyone has been able to get him with. Then there are the fifty or so killings of "Bob"-situtes, Boboplasms, Bobthings, False Profits, and every other form of "Bob" target the Church threw out there. I think a better idea would be to let "Bob" live. I kind of like the guy, and besides, you know that I haven't ever killed anyone. I just joined the Church because I had prime diety potential. Sterno marketed my whole image until the early nineties — videos, clothes, designer drugs, G'Broagfran this and that crap, then he just dropped me when the first waves of eco-terrorism occurred. I never liked that scary shit. I just wanted to play in the sand and surf. Sterno made me a lot of money, but he never liked me after those guys botched the end of the world in 1998. "Bob" has always been such a wimp where the Aliens are concerned. I think we should kidnap Paul and try to reason with Dobbs. It might work."

A tense bristling noise scratched out as Wellman knotted his brow, the distended veins about to burst. "We can try your way, but I promise you, if it doesn't work quick, I'll kill him. Somehow, I'll get "Bob"."

The museum-quality food jacked up our energy and spirits. I wanted to go back to my newfound surfspot, but Doug and Gary said that they knew of another dozen reefs and coves on our way back to the shelter that had good waves. We ate, cruised, and surfed, trying out three of the better breaks, and got a lot of good rides. The water, as usual, was filthy, but no sweat with the suits. I was glad I had a board with high rubber content. There was so much sluzz in the water it gave junk surf a new meaning. I was having a ball on the rubber board, careening off the flotsam, back into the curl, and hopping the board through the thick water, getting some fast brown tubes and a couple of high impact wipeouts. Wellman got a classic wave, locked in the tube, Hawaiian soul-arching on his mini-tanker. It would have been the Ride of



The TRUTH Behind SKULLFARMING!

Doktor Sterno: So — you've been taking *The Lord's Name* in vain, eh?

Hapless Victim #1: No! No! I swear that I'm innocent!

Doktor Sterno: Ah-ha! So, you do swear!

Hapless Victim #1: IEEEEEE!

Hapless Victim #2: Good Lord — choke!

via Rev. Nanzi Regalia

The Day if he hadn't hit a sizeable unidentified Thing, falling off. Hughes waited for the larger waves, but broke further out, where there was less junk. He rode well, but not with abandon. He was savoring the long walls of water, and obviously not happy about the immediate future.

I knew that Hughes had once been friends with Palmer Vreede, long before the *Weird Times*, and (to Palmer's horror) still referred to him by his pinkName, 'Paul.' Vreede's insisted that when Paul'd died of Sherman's Disease, Palmer had been born. 'Paul' was like a past life to him, one he wanted to forget. And now, the End of The World Project made both the past and the future irrelevant.

The boat ride back to Wellman's shelter was tiring. We hid the boat near an outcropping of rocks, and went to meet our other friends. After carbo-loading and a nap, we were ready to go meet our old buddies from the Bad Church.

It was strange to see so many "loyal" SubGenius leaders gathered under such circumstances. Generally, someone was pissed at "Bob" or in trouble with him, one way or the other, but "Bob" was good for the money like nobody else, and the Church was held together with the strongest of all glues: cash, plenty of cash. Defections from the Church were rare. Drelloid had been the first to realize being a Pope wasn't all roses, and had taken "Bob"'s most holy words too literally. Docktors came to the Church, but few left. There had been a few defections before the turn of the century — Wellman, Hughes and myself among them. The serious fighting hadn't started in most parts of the world. California was still there, though life was going downhill fast. Desperation was widespread among the general population, but "Bob" had got control of the situation, and society was more or less stabilized. Nothing was done about our reasons for running away from society, the pollution, nor the trend towards absolutely no quality of life, anywhere on the planet. Personally, I'd just reinvested what I had and hid away, surfing the waves of northern Nevada. It was as far away as I could get from "Bob". Hughes did





basically the same thing, as did Wellman, Glassmadness, and Hughes' strange pre-hysterical girlfriend, Eohippus Love Child.

I hadn't seen G. Gordon Gordon in years, Philo and Stang in over a decade. I was upset to hear that Cleve remained with Paul and Dobbs, as did Buck and Sterno. "Bob" was aware of the coldness towards him from his oldest friends. On the surface it was business over friends with "Bob", but his partially human blood lines made him feel some empathy for his friends and the human race in general. I knew that he wouldn't take Philo's leave of absence lightly; the guy was his best friend. Buck took the carrot from Palmer. With Stang out of the way he would rule Dallas, and from there control the vast trade in domestic 'Frop with our only neighbor to the south, Mexico. Central and South America were merged into Anti-America, a huge conglomerate nation which had mysteriously lost its ability to produce mind altering drugs, which were now imported from BobAmerica, a loose confederation of the 48 1/2 remaining United States, Canada, and South Korea. Whoever controlled Dallas ran the drugs for two continents.

Cleve and Sterno, believing the End was near, joined "Bob", trimming their beards and hair to match Palmer's. They were there to party it out to the end and figured to be on the side that lasted the longest. They presumed they were safe as long as they stayed near "Bob"'s side, constantly rolling 'Fropcigs and telling him jokes to make the end seem easier.

Few of the group really wanted to kill "Bob", excepting of course Wellman. None of us really wanted to kill any of our old friends, but we had to do what we could do to save ourselves. The Church finally had the technology to quickly waste the planet, and with a terrific profit to boot. A few thousand loyal SubGenus would Rocket Away, with the entire wealth of the planet, supposedly to buy an alien paradise planet currently being offered by the Xists. We decided that Stang and Philo should find "Bob" and try to interest him in stopping the juggernaut. The rest of us would infiltrate Hell Beach, where Palmer destroyed his enemies in a heinous version of an old Church tradition, the SubGenus Beach Party.

Getting in would be the easy part. Dressed as Twenty-first Century Yuppies desperately trying to enjoy our own deaths while listening to The Worst Band That Ever Lived would get us in amidst the noise and confusion. Getting out was another story. I volunteered much information about the place. It had been less than twenty-four hours since I had escaped, and my memories were vivid. Tired as I was, I readied myself to lead the others to the crowded beach where we would find Palmer. That's as far as I would go, or so I thought. Let the rest of them capture Palmer, I was just too exhausted to fight crazy people tonight, especially on a beach with scores of dying Church enemies.

We rested a bit, waited for day, and set out in Wellman's fleet of ancient surplus landing craft. Nearing Hell Beach, Hughes, Wellman and I stashed our boards and envirosuits. We knew how stupid we looked dressed in our pinkboy's clothes, and we realized that there was only one way off the island, straight out the surf. Hughes looked especially out of place, his huge living doormat of a hairdo haphazardly stuffed into a Corona Beer baseball cap. We sucked up one last 'Fropcig and tried to work out the last details of Palmer's kidnapping as we quietly moved towards the huge bonfire burning on the beach ahead.

The noise was deafening as we neared the beach party, and, I had to admit, the band was spectacular. Sterno, Janor, and Palmer were playing a huge set of drums, pushing Bobbies off the stage into vats of acid. Twenty emaciated go-go dancers were writhing in a disgusting mockery of past Motown styles. Cleve was ranting and farting aimlessly, hypnotised by his own voice. Dozens of Docktors played bass, while others mutilated sheets of metal with hydraulic equipment, or pressed musical instruments into dust by the truckload. Tangled piles of broken strings and crushed saxophones littered the area. It was a great performance, but a tremendous waste of human life in the name of Art.

Sixteen of us had motored over in Wellman's boats, and most of us were there for support. Hughes and Wellman would try to get to Palmer, and the rest of us either sabotaged the elaborate security system or made last-minute preparations for the trip back to the shelter. There was not much we could do but wait. I rested near the perimeter of the Hell Beach complex, eyeing my board and suit. I really expected to repeat my previous night's journey. I didn't think those guys could get to Palmer, and if they did, then what? Sure, we could kill Palmer if we could get him out, but there were plenty of power-hungry maniacs ready to take his place if "Bob" decided to continue with his ridiculous plan to rape

the planet and split.

Meyer crouched down near me as Wellman and Hughes ran off, dancing wildly and firing their weapons to blend in with the crowd. Maka, dressed in Dobbs Prison uniform, followed them in, a bomb strapped to his body in the manner of Paul's Suicide Police. I looked up at a tremendous explosion, and an increase in the screaming and wailing. Several other large explosions occurred, sending debris flying on and beyond us. Responding to the attack, the band played ever louder... Palmer hoarsely screaming, "Gunorajob. Gunorajob. Gotta Gotta getta Gun or a Job" — as if he didn't already have both.

The noise continued, both from the firepower and from the shrieking crowd with nowhere to escape to. The noise, death and panic were typical of the Beach Parties; I'd learned that last night in person. Enemies of the Church were treated equally poorly regardless of their former positions. Meyer and I strained to see into the smoke, but the only thing we could really make out were the Church reclamation vehicles careening through the crowd, picking up the obviously dead.

Wellman, Hughes and Maka suddenly ran towards us dragging a huge bundle. "Look out", Hughes cried. "It's the Women's Army!" Sure enough, he was right — they were converging, a small strike force following our friends while others blasted away at the Band and guards. We threw the bundle in the boat, launched into the whitewater and sped out through the surf, the other boats leading the way to the deeper channel. They were ecstatic, and I knew why. It was obvious what the bundle contained. The women had no quick way to follow us, and returned to fight against the operators of the SubGenus death camp. A hard battle was fought, but the SubGenii were better armed and more numerous. By the time the battle had ended, we were back at Wellman's shelter.

Darkness protected us as we carried the unconscious body of Palmer Vreedees. The drugs would wear off soon. We needed to have him at our mercy when he became conscious, as it would put us at great psychological advantage. We lifted the huge body onto an operating table in Doug's storage room. Hughes pushed a clamp lamp in Palmer's face and switched it on. Some time would pass before Palmer woke up, and we spent the time smoking 'fropcigs and making up bad things to do to him.

Palmer was half awake now, and beginning to realize what had happened. He was furious that we had taken him so easily, but Wellman and Hughes had been quite lucky. The first major blast from the Women's army had blown Vreedees off the stage, and they grabbed him while he was dazed, rolled him up in some trashed carpet and fled in the smoke. He looked as if he were about to speak.

"Oh, no. Not you guys. You're dead meat. "Bob" will get you for this, and my troops are looking for me. I'll be outa here in no time. G'Broagfran, you jerk, bring me some cigarettes."

Wellman shoved a weapon in Palmer's face to shut him up. "Paul, they're dead... "Bob", your troops, Sterno and Cleve", he lied.

We had no idea what had happened to the others, though I was fairly certain that the women would try to get Cleve.

"Please kill me", Palmer said heartlessly. "Nothing could be worse than being trapped here with you eco-nuts. You ruined my Art Project, you assholes. Just kill me, and go on drinking tofu juice and smoking those stupid wheat grass cigarettes."

"It's called 'frop and you know it, Paul. You used to like it in the old days before you got Sherman's Disease. Now look at you with those horrid cancerous flaps growing off your legs. Half of your body is bionic and you weigh over four hundred pounds. The only thing that hasn't suffered is your musical ability." Hughes was raving, upset at seeing his old friend so powerful yet so ready to die. "I always said I would be the one who would have to kill you after the revolution. Now, Paul, it's time for you to repent or die." Hughes pulled out a huge hypodermic needle and readied it to jam into Palmer.

"No, Gary," said Wellman, quietly. "If you kill him, then he will just have his way. Let's keep him alive. Better yet, let's take him surfin'. That would really torture him."

I could see that the conversation was turning too personal and we hadn't heard from Philo and Stang. "Tie him up guys, we still need a plan.", I said.

After dawn we heard back from Stang on the radio. The financial wizard had offered "Bob" an investment plan that allowed "Bob" a slightly smaller profit than total Earth Shutdown,



but on a continuing basis. Not enough cash upfront was available to buy the alien paradise planet. Sorrowfully, "Bob" had to accept a timeshare planet of a slightly less desirable galaxy, and would be stuck with spending three quarters of his time on Earth. The beauty of Stang's idea was that since "Bob" would have to spend so much time on Earth, why not make it better? The potential for profit in the toxic waste and pollution cleanup game was infinite. One thing was certain, human beings were the filthiest life form in the near galaxies, and would continue to produce garbage and pollution until they choked themselves. A high profit business with an infinite amount of work, that would be a sure thing. Maybe, as a gesture of goodwill, "Bob" would restore California, at least the Redwoods, or Disneyland.

Making sure Palmer was tightly tied, and the others fed and comfy, Hughes, Wellman and I headed for the nearest reefbreak, a spot Doug called Love Hatchet. An extremely hollow wave breaking over a shallow reef, it was impossible to ride on Wellman's longboard, but perfect for our shortboards. Wellman sat on the boat, shooting roll after roll of film of Hughes and I locked into insane barrels, riding tube after tube until we lost all sense of reality. Even in our trashpit world it was still possible to find happiness.

## EPILOG

The well-tanned, muscular man looked around. It was a beautiful planet, not like the Earth in detail, but the same wondrous qualities of endless vegetation that once had covered his home planet. He lifted his strong body, and looked across at his companion. She was a princess on this planet and beautiful. Her trim body was covered with a soft fur that accented her prehensile tail and her eight full breasts. His longing for her body was strong, but secondary to his need to experience a feeling greater than love.

He could see the huge waves of liquid methane, nearly thirty feet high, breaking with perfect form far offshore. It was a dangerous wave, but he was in the kind of physical condition that could take this kind of beating and much more. He slid on a modified envirosuit, picked up his board and walked towards the shore. The others were there, Wellman, G'Broagfran and Hughes. Dressed in similar suits, they were excited and pumped with adrenaline.

"Hey, Paul", said Hughes. "It's really big out there, the biggest you've ever seen."

"I'm stoked", he replied, and the four paddled out to sea.



Mabry



A SPECIAL EPILOG to "LOVE PICNIC ON HELL BEACH"  
by PALMER VREEDEES

Poor Hughes lay in his big, red restraining straps, twitching and shaking. It had been a close thing. There hadn't been much left of him when Palmer and Mobius Rex had fished him out of the sludge that lay off the Las Vegas shore line. The Church Auto-Surgeons had a hell of a time keeping him alive: skin grafts, spinal transplants, gallons of anti-viral injections, and weeks of chemo-therapy resulted in holding the High Priest of Sub-Surf to just this side of existence.

Palmer had warned Hughes about the "water". The oceans are dead, Gary. Killed 'em myself, last year. Had to. Only way to stop stop Dobbs and his 'Lost Atlantis' Beach Boys. I'm sorry about the surfing and all, but in about two or three thousand years it ought to safe enough to go back in. Bad Science, Dude. That soup's toxic enough now to fry fish right in their beds. Stick with me and have a cigarette, they're healthier than going swimming, for sure."

Gary didn't want to believe it. He scorned the warnings of his friend, shook off the the nightmare thought that his beloved coastal waters were irrevocably dead. And dead. He took his best board, the forty pound, twelve-foot teak-aluminum number, pulled on his pink wetsuit and headed for the beach. The extra layer of rubber was probably the only thing that saved Hughes from total dissolution in the brackish acid that he had paddled out through. That and the hard wood and metal stick. It had been reduced to a toothpick by the time the rescue craft had reached him. As for Hughes himself, about the only thing undamaged was his dreadlocks. It seemed that not even Palmer's deadly sea brew could touch those dense, matted coils of hair. Too bad he hadn't been covered with it, because the rest of him was something else again.

The poisonous wastes of the Pacific had melted and merged the plastic insulation with Gary's epidermis, sculpting skin and resin into webs of repulsive crust. In a few spots, the wetsuit had offered some protection, the single thing holding his internal organs in place, keeping them from oozing out. His face, if you could still call it that, was a horror show. Where the fetid sea-liquid had touched mucous membranes, black foam had bubbled out from dissolved nostrils, ears, eyesockets, mouth. Bloated green and purple skin cancers, large as puffballs, inflated in every direction, their growth accelerated by the wash of Ultra-violet light from the once-safe sun.

Good thing Hughes had held a Major-medical. The oxygen and draining apparatus running in and out of his chest was as close as he was going to get to a "perfect tube" in a long, long time.



For Those Who Have Nothing Left....



**DON SMOKES  
"BOB" IN HIS  
PIPE... WHILE  
SUCKING ON  
A RICH MANS  
STOGIE!!!!**



ARE ALIEN SPACE MONSTERS DULL BEYOND BELIEF??

→ Are You **ABNORMAL?** ←

**BIG DEAL!!!**

You're Probably A Talentless, Whimpering Art-Fag! The Normals Are Right... YOU ARE SUBHUMAN!!! You're Probably Just A Blubbering "BOBBIE", Trying To Cop A "Hip" Off Of The Creators Of SubGenius!

The Ladder Of Eternal HATE!



You thought you were SOMEONE because you were Into "Dobbs", but in reality you are in the LOWEST CHAKRA! We conceptualize a transcendental yoga of HATE! You create so much hate that you destroy the entire universe...that's neat... so, you think THAT makes you a TOUGH GUY, huh? But now you find yourself in a NEW UNIVERSE of beings so hateful and powerful that you're utterly DWARFED! You can't even get a DATE in this NEW UNIVERSE! A NEW UNIVERSE where you just say "I've read Mein Kampf!" and someone answers "Yeah, I've read 'Be Here Now', 'Mein Kampf' and all that other LOVE BURGER SHIT!!! A UNIVERSE OF BEINGS who just say "I want to KILL YOU" as a sign of RESPECT. LET'S ALL

Get together and destroy this "Bob" thing!

The NeoGenius™ Must Have LOOSENESS!

THE CHURCH OF "DON" AND HIS FOLLOWERS, THE "NEOGENIUS", EXIST TO MAKE MOCKERY AND PARODY OF J.R. "BOB" DOBBS AND HIS SILLY FOLLOWERS, THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS!

We exude a mockery and hate for all manner of SubGenii, including RANTERS, CLIP-ARTISTS, SACRED SCRIBES, HEAD LAUNCHERS, ANTI-MUSICIANS, FILMMAKERS, WRITERS, COMEDIANS AND ARTISTS.

**PULL THE EYES OVER  
YOUR OWN WOOL!**

FACE REALITY FOR A  
CHANGE!!!!!!

"This Christian just came up to me at the airport and tried to talk to me about Christ, and I just said "I worship 'BOB', Yuck-yuck-yuck!" "

Cliqueish, pseudo-intellectual white boys making incomprehensible in-jokes to alienate all others around them....PRAISE BOB! "snicker, snicker, snicker"

"Oh, here's my twenty page, stapled together Xerox-eeen based on Science Fiction films of the 50's!! I also sent a copy of my tape to Stang...but, even though my Xerox-eeen isn't typeset and is hardly legible, it's my only outlet for all my pent up rage and the only meaning to my life...PRAISE BOB...I guess..."

FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN ALL HONESTY...

**KILL ME!!**

HENCEFORTH, IF ANY OF THE PATHETIC, WHIMPERING SUBGENII ARE HEARD BLEETING "KILL ME", WE'RE A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO WOULD BE MORE THAN WILLING TO TAKE THEM UP ON IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SEND Your Don or Low Material to:

The Church Of Don  
8701 Evergreen  
Little Rock, Arkansas  
72207

I love gettin' stuff in the mail . . .  
KKK-bloogin' g-friigarnlldicknHHHHoy!









# the ANVIL

"Look Out Below"

Not For Sale Not Available On Request

Yes, we realize that many things about Master Control are difficult to understand. During our recent whirl-wind revival tour of New York City itself, in which dozens of rival cults and psuedo-messiahs were put to shame and "cried uncle," one poor baffled sheep asked us, "Who do you think you are?" To which question we can only reasonably respond with Answer Number Five from Only Living Witless: The Way Of NEN by Assassinated nenmaster NENSLO:

Who do I think I am?? I don't HAVE to think!! I'M NENSLO!! THE THREE-EYED JESUS OF THE NINETIES! THE NINE-LEGGED JESUS OF DIMENSION "L", BROUGHT HERE FOR YOU TO SEE!! THE ORIGINAL LITTLE TIN GOD AND ONLY GENUINE TWO-BIT MESSIAH, AND SO ARE YOU!!!

Yes, if you've been burned by some Mind Control Race-Culture Party's Individuality-Destruction system and you're seeking Healing Balm in the form of a Replacement Party, a Drug to cure you of the drug that tried to kill you, look no farther! You won't find it anywhere else! You won't find it here, either!! YOU'D BETTER REALIZE RIGHT NOW THAT YOU JUST WON'T FIND IT AT ALL!

Our favorite sign on the rack down at the Tru-Value Hardware Store is the one that says in big orange and black letters: HELP WANTED - INQUIRE WITHIN. We see hundreds of people on T.V., in newspapers and magazines, even on our own streetcorners, trying to tell people how the UNIVERSE was created, and chewing over obtruse points about incidents in the life of people who lived thousands of years ago!! WILL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL

US HOW KNOWING THE EXACT METHOD OF THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE WILL HELP US WHEN WE DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND OURSELVES????

We see people marching and screaming, demanding racial tolerance between "black" people, "white" people, and asian people, AND WE WANT THAT TOO!! But in other parts of the world they're killing people for being ARMENIAN or HUNGARIAN!! DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN ARMENIAN LOOKS LIKE?? WE DONT!!

We see people grouching about how their neighborhood is a GARBAGE DUMP, and they SURE WISH SOMEBODY WOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! We used to do the same thing until we realized WE ARE SOMEBODY!! We saw a lady at the bus stop picking up trash and said to ourselves, "Huh...some kinda nut!!" AND THEN WE WOKE UP AND THOUGHT, "SHE'S PICKING UP THE TRASH WE ONLY COMPLAIN ABOUT, AND WE'RE CALLING HER A NUT!?" NOW WE SAY PICK UP OR SHUT UP!!!

No, we don't expect ANYONE to understand Master Control Pro-



gramming, and if they say they do, WE KNOW THEY'RE LYING! Once a guy accused us of being DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS just because we said we think that Christianity, as it exists today, is the ONE WORLD ANTI-CHRIST SYSTEM PREDICTED IN THE BIBLE!! No, we're not supposed to even know that THE ADVERSARY is not some grimy weirdo cranking out crackpot rants in a filthy attic, or a Cult-Leader wearing Mystic Symbols on an afternoon T.V. talk show. We're not supposed to know that the MANIACAL HATCHET-FIEND is that quiet, harmless person who brings us such lovely vegetables from their MIRACULOUSLY WELL-FERTILIZED GARDEN!!! THAT SATAN INCARNATE ISN'T A HIDEOUS, ABOMINATION FROM HELL, BUT A CLEAN-SCRUBBED, PINK-FACED, NECKTIE-WEARING GOODNATURED TRUSTWORTHY SOUL WHO IS POCKETING HUGE AMOUNTS OF CASH FOR POISONING AND MURDERING MILLIONS, saying, "WE HAVE NO SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE THAT THE TENFOLD ESCALATION OF HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE DIRECT VICINITY OF OUR PLANT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BLACK SLUDGE LEAKING OUT OF OUR WASTE DUMP ONTO THE PLAYGROUND OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL!!!" No, we're not supposed to know that, BUT WE DO KNOW IT, and once you know something YOU CAN'T UN-KNOW IT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO. YOU CAN ONLY SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WISHING YOU COULD FORGET!!!

And that's why THEY are trying to stop us. We've got so many secret Government Mind Control Implants we can't get within TWO MILES of an airport! We've got BILLIONS of invisible enemies who mail us LITERALLY TONS of hate mail, letter bombs, and fraudulent legal papers in their vain attempts to get even the TINIEST bit of our



attention, proving that WE are EXTREMELY IMPORTANT and THEY are BITTER FAILURES, STEWING IN THEIR OWN LACK OF TALENT, SKILL, AND PERSONALITY!! And NONE of this has anything to do with that little HEAD INJURY of ours, and anyone who says it does is JUST JEALOUS OF OUR SUPERIORITY AND SUCCESS!!!

But THANK GOODNESS for Modern Psychiatry, which makes everything SO MUCH EASIER these days! Used to be, someone who thought it was their DUTY to SAVE THE WORLD, to MAKE LIFE BETTER FOR EVERYONE, was called a Prophet, a Bodhisattva, a Teacher, even a Messiah! They used to start Churches, Religions, even EMPIRES! Fortunately, we now know that people like that are SICK, that they NEED OUR HELP, WHETHER THEY WANT IT OR NOT, AND THE WHOLE WORLD AND HOW WE SEE IT IS JUST A LOT OF CHEMICALS AND ELECTRICAL IMPULSES IN THE HEAD THAT CAN BE FIXED WITH THE APPLICATION OF THE RIGHT THERAPY SO PEOPLE WON'T WORRY ABOUT THE WORLD, THEIR FELLOW BEINGS, AND THEIR OWN SPIRITUALITY ANYMORE BECAUSE IT JUST GETS THEM ALL WORKED UP AND DIFFICULT TO HANDLE, AND THEY START TRYING TO CHANGE THINGS AND EVERYTHING'S OKAY JUST THE WAY IT IS, ISN'T IT???

We realize that most folks who even know the name are conditioned to TURN OFF THEIR BRAINS INSTANTLY at the mention of L. Ron Hubbard, but WE have learned quite a few things from the guy, the UNLIMITED PROFIT POTENTIAL of homebuilt religion being one of the LEAST important! Even more useful is this idea; when confronted with new or unusual things or ideas, first look for something to agree with, and go on from there! A primary maxim channeled directly from Master Control is, "Any idiot can find something wrong with anything! THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM IDIOTS!!!" There's NO LAW against going through life like a Newspaper Movie Critic, classifying everything according to the manner in which it FAILS TO MEET YOUR STANDARDS! There's no law against living like

the Ultrahip "Club Hairdo" Fashion Vampires who can't bear to hear ten seconds of anything that doesn't sound exactly like this week's mutation of ARCHAIC BLUES FORMULA or the Aging Jazzhounds who explain "why jazz is good" by explaining why EVERYTHING ELSE IS BAD! There's no law against living like the PolitiCultists who revile anyone or anything who doesn't toe the party line of their Miracle Healer, or the Art School Anti-Authoritarians who spend their time telling EVERYONE ELSE WHAT TO THINK, SAY, AND DO!!

NO, THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST IT...

NOT YET ANYWAY!!

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if folks who live in DELIBERATELY MAINTAINED IGNORANCE just sat whirling in their own vortices, but unfortunately it's the NATURE OF THE AFFLICTION to try to DRAG IN AS MANY OTHER PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE! Yes, if they can get others to agree with them, they think that PROVES THEY'RE RIGHT! So come on, everybody, and put a BAG ON YOUR HEAD!! Despite the claims of our scurrilous detractors who only want to RUIN EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE ELSE BECAUSE OF THEIR OWN ENORMOUS CHARACTER FLAWS, putting a bag on your head gives you the ability to SEE CLEARLY AT LAST by shutting out all those DISTRACTING INFLUENCES! Oh, but not just ANY bag, friends!! Only these SPECIAL MASTER CONTROL bags made according to our Secret N-Ray Enhancement Process which, along with the indispensable Thousand Page Instruction Manual is available only HERE, and only for your FREE-WILL LOVE GIFT of AS MUCH MONEY AS YOU CAN POSSIBLY SEND! NO AMOUNT IS TOO LARGE, AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP!!

Maybe you're asking yourself, "How can I be sure this really is the Only Genuine Instantaneous Miracle Cure, the Veritable Philosopher's Stone, the Mystic Key to my own personal Padded Cell in the Back Ward of the Invisible Collage?" Well, dammit! Why would we say it if it wasn't ALL TRUE? Just to get

your money? Don't make us laugh! We don't need YOUR money or ANYONE ELSE'S!! We only ask you to SEND ONE DOLLAR TO NENSLO, BOX 766, CAMBRIDGE MA 02142, as a test, to WEED OUT THE LIGHTWEIGHTS, the novelty-seekers who just want a cheap laugh at someone else's expense! We figure if you don't have the sincerity and stick-to-itiveness to mail ONE MEASLY BUCK, then you sure aren't the type who's going to stay with the Master Control Program long enough to realize the Utter Insignificance of worldly goods and the Great Benefits to Humanity which can be achieved by FREELY AND LOVINGLY DONATING THEM ALL TO THE ONLY MIND CONTROL CULT WHICH CAN ACTUALLY DELIVER LASTING PEACE OF MIND AND FREEDOM FROM FEAR!! The Divine Assassinated Nenmaster NENSLO certainly doesn't need a lot of crappy, germey, crumpled-up twenty, fifty, or hundred-dollar bills to be happy and successful! More money, like more friends, means MORE HEADACHES!! If you think Master Control Programming is just some SLEAZY SCAM to lighten your wallet, why don't you just go join some CHURCH or something, be part of some HAPPY FAMILY which, just like your real family, exists only to mold you into the form THEY want you to take, so you'll FIT IN and be ONE OF THE CROWD, A TEAM PLAYER WHO WILL TAKE THE BALL AND RUN WITH IT WHILE THEY SIT BACK, RELAX, AND WATCH YOU DO ALL THE WORK!!! If that's what you want, then GO TO IT WITH OUR BLESSING!! But if you think you've got enough GUTS to STAND ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET without some kind of DEVIL to take the heat when you blow it, or some kind of SAVIOUR to take the credit when you don't, if you think you can live YOUR OWN LIFE yourself without some kind of Sister- or Brotherhood to hide behind, some kind of alleged Divine Revelation from an Ethereal Plane to tell you how and when to BLOW YOUR NOSE, then maybe you're enough of an individual to SACRIFICE YOURSELF to the GREAT CAUSE OF MASTER CONTROL!! Maybe you've got the willpower, brainpower, and WALLETPOWER to make it through the WORLD'S



LARGEST MANIFESTO OF THE INTERNATIONAL NENSLETIC ART-SCIENCE PARTY, the NEW POST-"ISM"ISM of Tomorrow, the next-to-last movement EVER, superseding and surpassing ALL PREVIOUS RELIGIOUS, SCIENTIFIC, POLITICAL AND ARTISTIC MOVEMENTS!! Maybe you've got the independence of spirit it takes to really LET GO AND LET NENSLO show you the STAIRWAY TO SUCCESS, the ONE UNIVERSAL SYSTEM OF LIFE-MANAGEMENT WHICH PREVIOUS SYSTEMS ONLY HINTED ABOUT!! All those mysterious implications and veiled innuendos contained in the Occult Literature of the ages are TOO TERRIBLY TRUE! Master Control Programming is the near-final culmination of the labors of millions throughout the ages! ARE YOU GOING TO LET A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS STAND BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR "FINAL SOLUTION"???

Does it sound to you like we think we've "got all the answers?" Well, it always sounds like that whenever someone doesn't automatically swallow the bait tossed out by the "fishers of men!" No, we don't think we have all the answers, We think we have ALL THE QUESTIONS AND THEN SOME! THEY are the ones with THE ANSWER, the one that works for everything as long as you DON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS! But if you DON'T UNDERSTAND, if it DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO YOU, THEN LOOK OUT!! Once they give you their Answer, that's all you get, and if you don't PIPE DOWN and ACCEPT IT then you're showing a DANGEROUS LACK OF FAITH and are probably ASKING FOR TROUBLE! We've heard THEM say it... "YOU DON'T HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, YOU JUST HAVE TO BELIEVE!!!" And WE say if you believe ONE impossible thing, why not believe EVERY impossible thing?? WHERE DO YOU DRAW THE LINE?? It's okay to believe that little old granny ladies eat the ACTUAL FLESH AND BLOOD OF GOD every Sunday, but MILLIONS of people are MISTAKEN in thinking they saw something in the sky that looked JUST LIKE A FLYING S A U C E R ? ?

No, religions as they were BEFORE NENSLO, didn't have to

make ANY SENSE AT ALL! That's why millions of Iranian women march in the streets in support of a system which teaches that WOMEN ARE SOULLESS ANIMALS, JUST LIKE DOGS!! That's why the entire state of Utah is dominated by a cult which teaches that "black" people are born that way because they are EVIL and will be TORTURED FOREVER IN HELL BY ORDER OF OUR "LOVING HEAVENLY FATHER" AND HIS SON, THE "PRINCE OF PEACE!!!!"

We're here to change all that. We can't do it all at once, not in a few years, not even in a HUNDRED years, but a bit at a time, slowly and quietly. The Nensletic Science "Lobster Principle" states: For Every Lobster That Grows To Be A Celebrated Monster With Its Picture In The Newspaper, There Must Be Thousands Which Do Not Survive. So it is with INTELLIGENT, REASONABLE PEOPLE. For each wise, gracious and loving person, there must be THOUSANDS of SELF-CENTERED COMPLAINERS, SNIVELING TWOFACED LEECHES MALICIOUSLY POURING THE SAND OF HATRED INTO THE MACHINERY OF HUMAN PROGRESS, DEAD LIMBS ON THE EVOLUTIONARY TREE SENDING THEIR POISON BACK INTO THE HEART OF HUMANITY, SMALLMINDED GRASPING MICROMONSTERS AND MINIATURE MUSSOLINIS GLADLY SACRIFICING THE GREATER GOOD OF THE WHOLE WORLD FOR THE MOMENTARY SATISFACTION OF GETTING TO TELL OTHER PEOPLE WHAT TO DO, HATE-PEDDLING SOCIAL LEPERS DESTROYING ANYTHING THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND AND TRICKING OTHERS INTO TEARING EACH OTHER APART JUST SO THEY WON'T FEEL SO ENTIRELY ALONE IN THEIR SELFMADE HELL!!

They've got ANSWERS alright, they've got Professor Marx's Universal Panacea For All Ailments Of The Political System, Dr. Trotsky's Little Gem Wonder Cure, Uncle Joe's Home-style Indian Oil For Control Of Unruly Masses, Lucky Chairman Brand Counter-Revolutionary Remedy And Monastery Eradicator, Adolf's Original Quick-Fix Rejuvenator For The White Christian Man, Prophet-Of-God Brand Patent Infidel Eliminator,

Little Brahma's 'Sikh-Be-Gone', Great Jumping Jesus Instant Expecto-rant And Pagan Purge, Yahweh's Pride Anti-Arab Tonic, and millions more! If they hadn't been dosing themselves, and each other, regularly for thousands of years IMAGINE WHAT A MESS THE WORLD MIGHT BE IN!!! We just wish we could still be on this planet to SEE THEIR FACES when they discover that the "Gods" they worship are actually THE "DEVILS" THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE FIGHTING ALL ALONG, AND THAT EVERYTHING THEY DID THAT THEY THOUGHT WOULD MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER FOR EVERYBODY ONLY MADE EVERYTHING A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE!!!

We took a casual survey once of a number of Cult-Dupes who were peddling one of those "worker's" party papers, and were not the least bit astonished to discover that ONLY ONE OF THEM ACTUALLY PERFORMED "BLUE-COLLAR" TYPE LABOR!! There were Students, a Biologist, and an actual Handicapped Person with LEG-BRACES AND CRUTCHES, ALL MEMBERS OF A WORKER'S LABOR PARTY!!! [We seem to recall there was a Famous Book about Bad Folks CONTROLLING EVERYONE BY CALLING EVERYTHING THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT IT REALLY WAS!!] IF MEMBERS OF THE "WORKER'S" PARTY DON'T EVEN WORK, WHAT ABOUT THE MEMBERS OF ALL THOSE "PEOPLE'S" PARTIES WE'RE ALWAYS READING ABOUT??

Of course it's possible that all this stuff is just a coincidence.

SURE IT IS. IT'S ALL IN OUR HEADS. NOBODY'S REALLY SAYING ONE THING AND DOING THE EXACT OPPOSITE. NOBODY REALLY TOLD US TO "JUST BE YOURSELF" AND THEN RIDICULED US PUBLICLY FOR DOING JUST THAT! IT MUST HAVE ALL BEEN SOME KIND OF CRAZY DREAM AND WE'LL JUST WAKE UP AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY AND WE WON'T REALLY BE LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE THE FOLKS WHO ARE MOST STRONGLY OPPOSED TO KILLING BABIES IN THE WOMB ARE THE SAME ONES WHO WANT TO OWN MACHINE GUNS AND USE ATOMIC WEAPONS!! NOT THAT WE'RE OPPOSED TO "CHOICE," AS

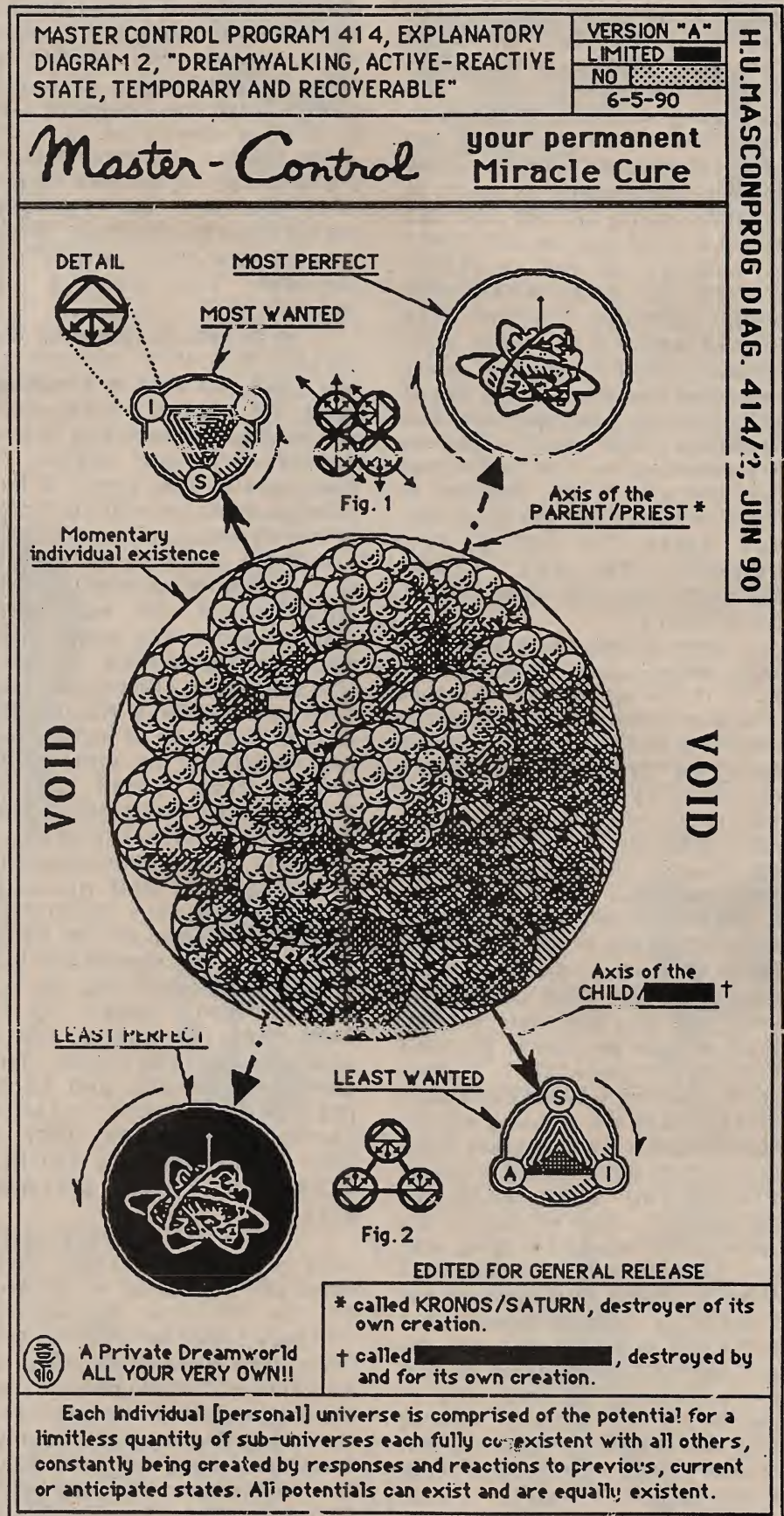


THEY LIKE TO CALL SNUFFING FE-  
TUSES THESE DAYS, OH NO INDEED!!  
WE HAVE TO KILL THEM NOW, WHILE  
WE STILL CAN, BECAUSE ONCE THEY  
GET OUT IN THE WORLD AND BECOME  
CHRONIC RAPISTS AND MUL-  
TIPLE MUTILATORS, WE'LL BE  
PAYING FOR THEIR ROOM AND  
BOARD UNTIL THEY DIE OF  
AIDS!! BUT WILL ANYBODY  
LISTEN? OF COURSE NOT! Oh, we  
told them and told them but NOBODY  
listens to The Old Prophet Of Doom  
until it's TOO LATE! They just have  
a BIG LAUGH and say there'll be a  
lot more PARKING SPACES after the  
atomic war, but when it's all over  
and they see that all the parking  
spaces and CD players and 24 hour  
Pop Music Cable TV stations aren't  
much good when you're VOMITING  
YOUR OWN INTESTINES then they'll  
come CRAWLING BACK TO APOL-  
OGIZE BUT IT WILL BE TOO LATE!!!  
For we will have long since LOST  
OUR GRIP ON THE WHEEL OF KARMA  
AND BEEN FLUNG OFF TO PLUMMET  
THROUGH NIRVANA FOREVER!!! And  
all because we had the foresight to  
follow a few simple instructions,  
spend just a few dollars and a few  
minutes a day!

It's tragic but true... millions,  
even BILLIONS of people throughout  
history have lived lives of  
suffering and died slow, agonizing  
deaths. Every one of them had one  
thing in common. THEY DIDN'T  
SEND ONE DOLLAR TO NENSLO,  
BOX 766, CAMBRIDGE MA  
02142.

For once in your life DO  
SOMETHING RIGHT. Do you want to  
share the same fate as all the rest  
when it would be SO SIMPLE to just  
SEND ONE DOLLAR? Maybe you've  
already sent one dollar, maybe you  
think you've done enough but YOU'RE  
WRONG! You need to send MORE AND  
MORE AND MORE AND KEEP SENDING  
IT UNTIL YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MORE  
AND THEN GO OUT AND WORK TO  
GET MORE AND SEND THAT AND  
JUST KEEP SENDING ONE  
DOLLAR AFTER ANOTHER!! FOR  
ONLY IN THAT WAY CAN YOU  
CONTRIBUTE FULLY TO THE  
ADVANCEMENT OF HUMANITY. WHAT  
OTHER HOPE DO YOU HAVE???

**NOT A CALIFORNIA FRANCHISE**





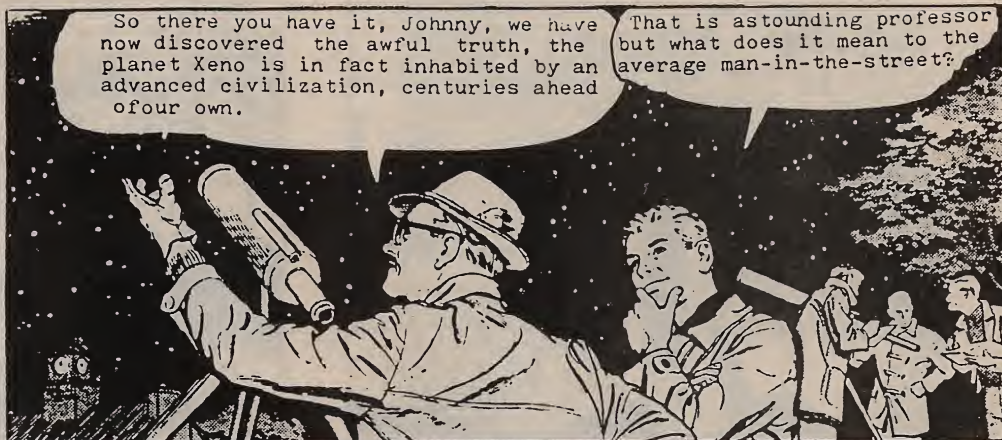
It all started in

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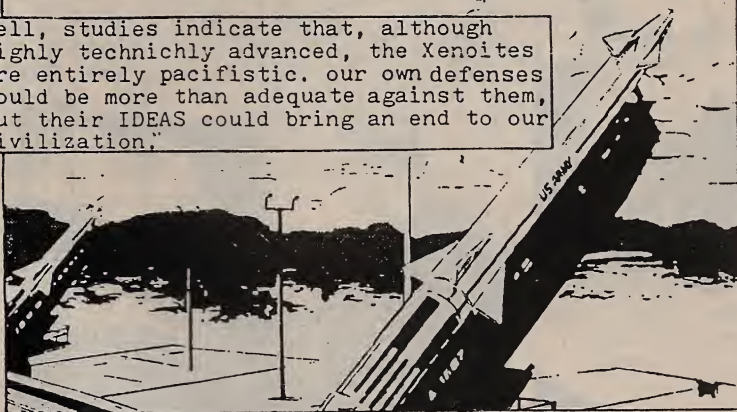
BY

## Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger

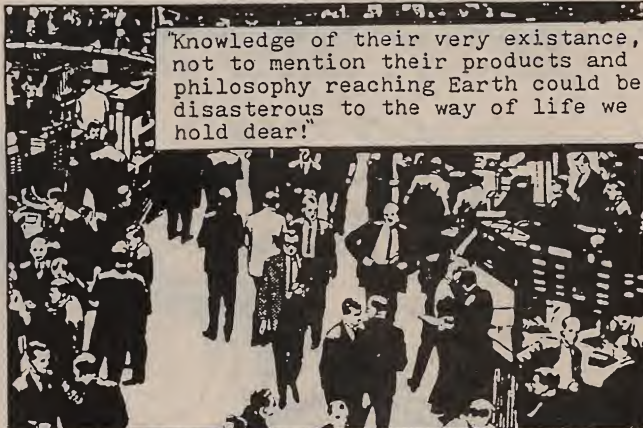
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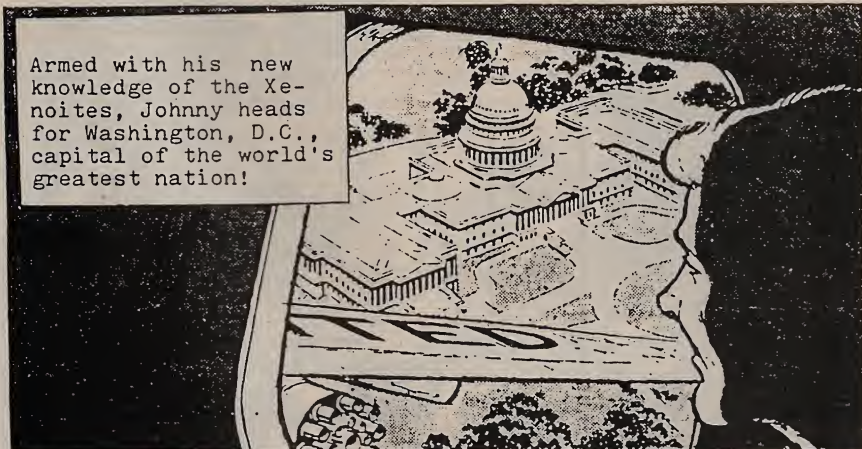
Well, studies indicate that, although highly technically advanced, the Xenonites are entirely pacifistic. our own defenses would be more than adequate against them, but their IDEAS could bring an end to our civilization."



Knowledge of their very existence, not to mention their products and philosophy reaching Earth could be disastrous to the way of life we hold dear!"



Armed with his new knowledge of the Xenonites, Johnny heads for Washington, D.C., capital of the world's greatest nation!



Upon arrival he heads for the F.B.I. communications center to propose his idea to J. Edgar Hoover!



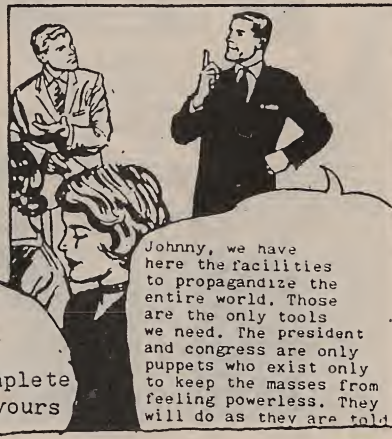
Johnny outlines his plan to J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I.

So, there you have it Mr. Hoover, what do you say?

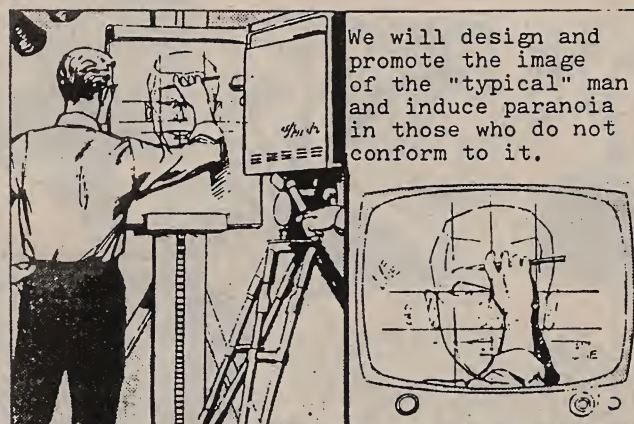
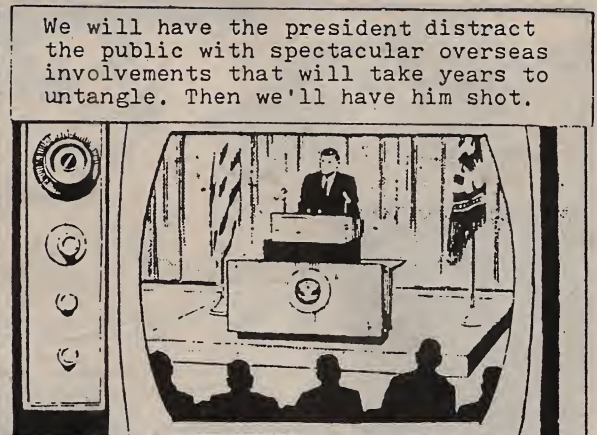
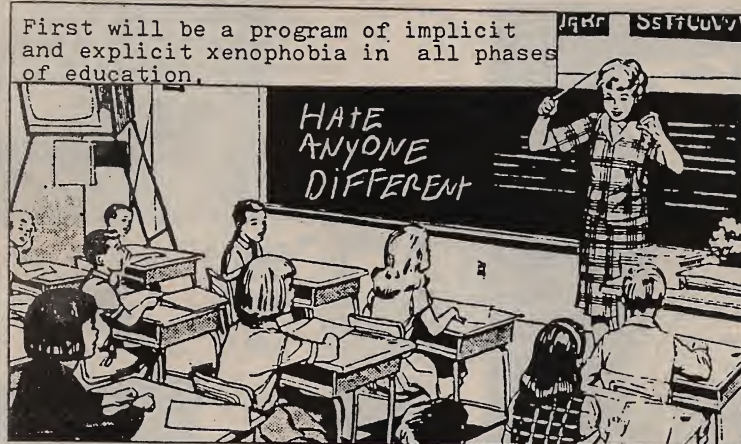
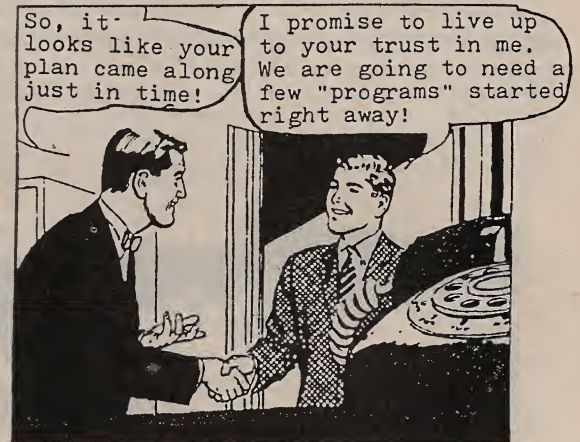
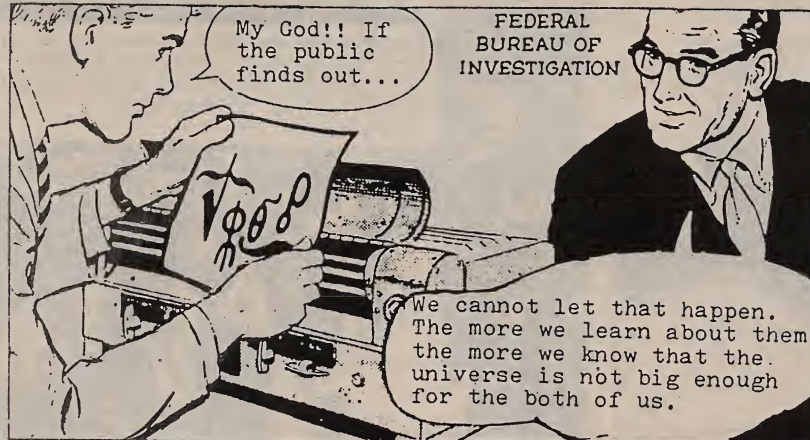
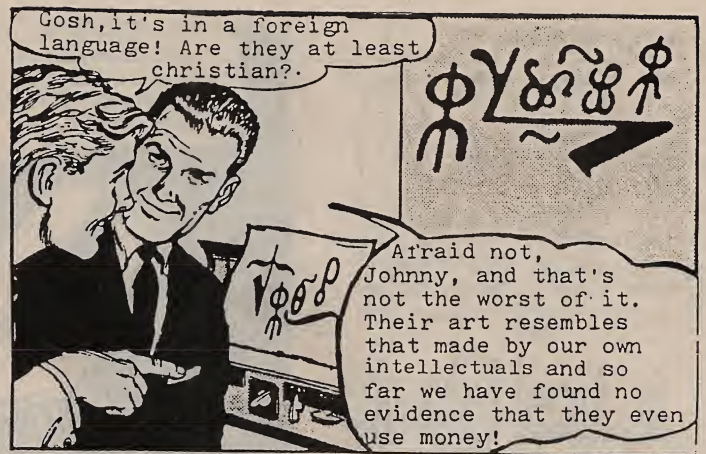
Johnny, this looks like the greatest threat the world has ever faced, and I fully endorse your program. The complete resources of the F.B.I. are yours to command.



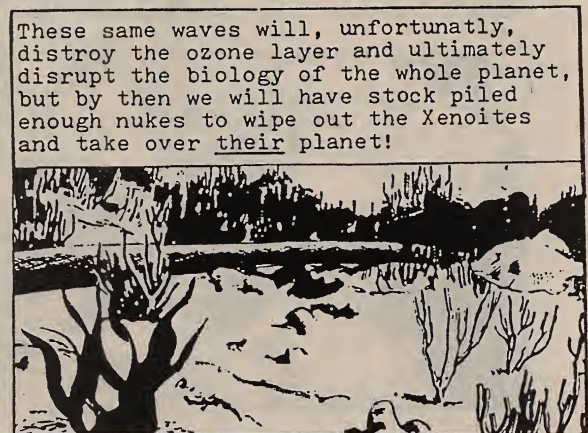
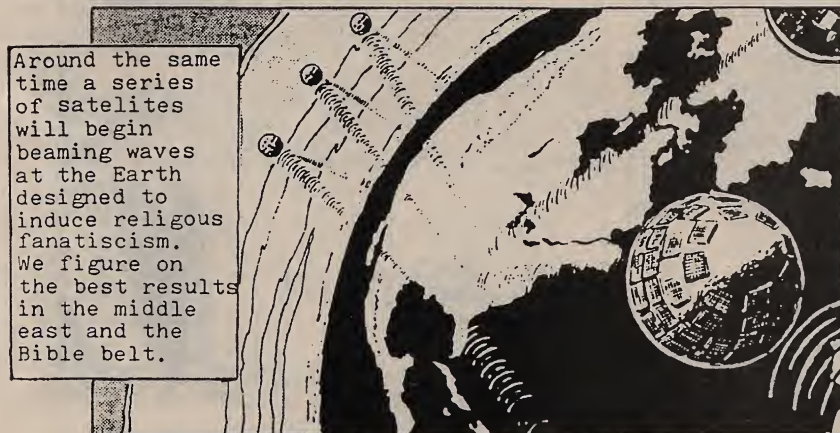
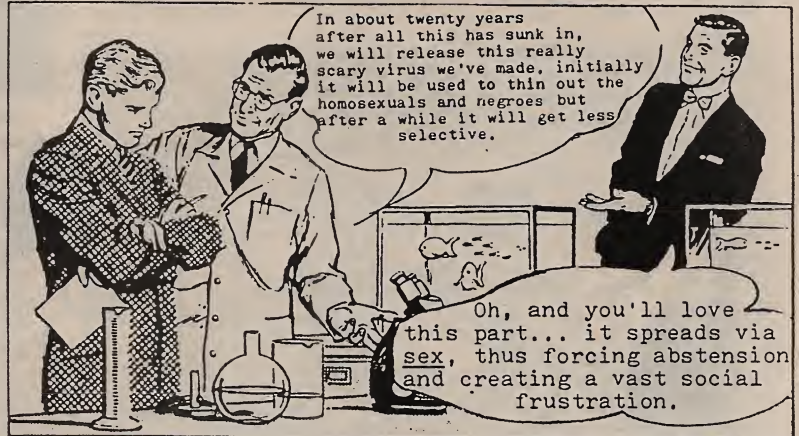
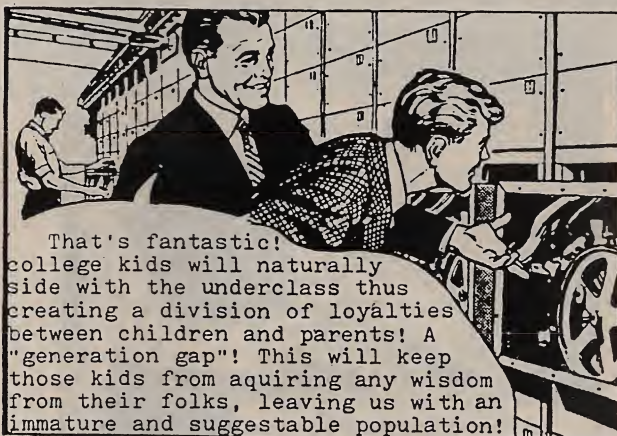
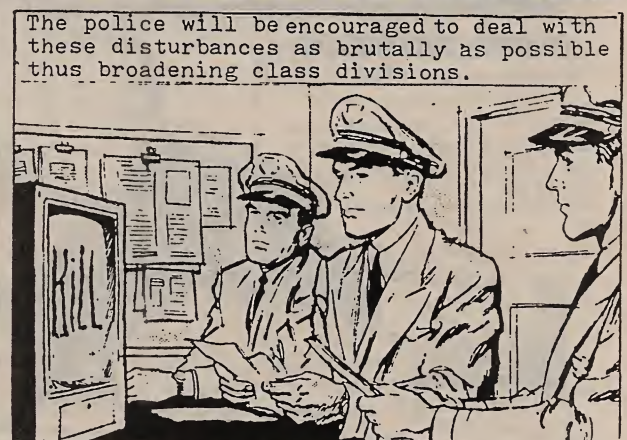
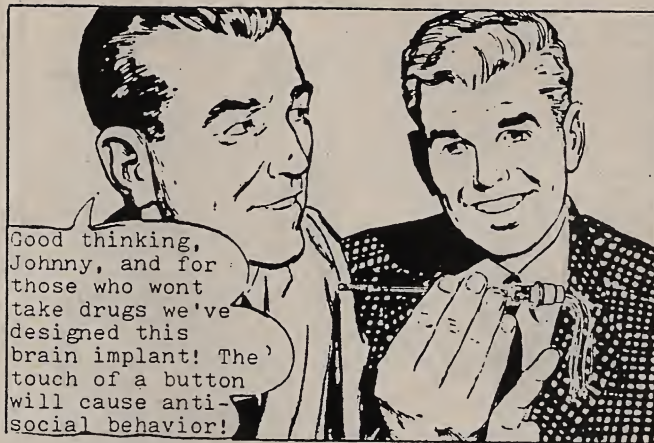
Johnny, we have here the facilities to propagandize the entire world. Those are the only tools we need. The president and congress are only puppets who exist only to keep the masses from feeling powerless. They will do as they are told.



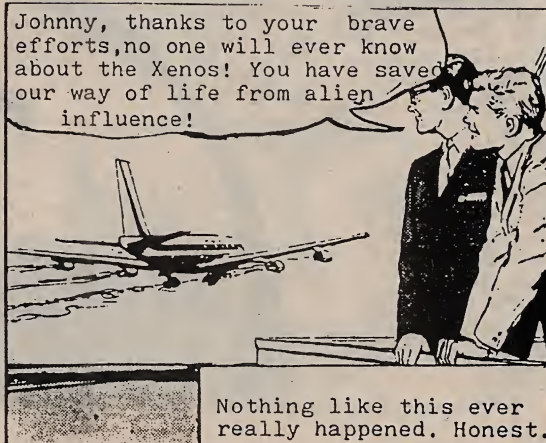
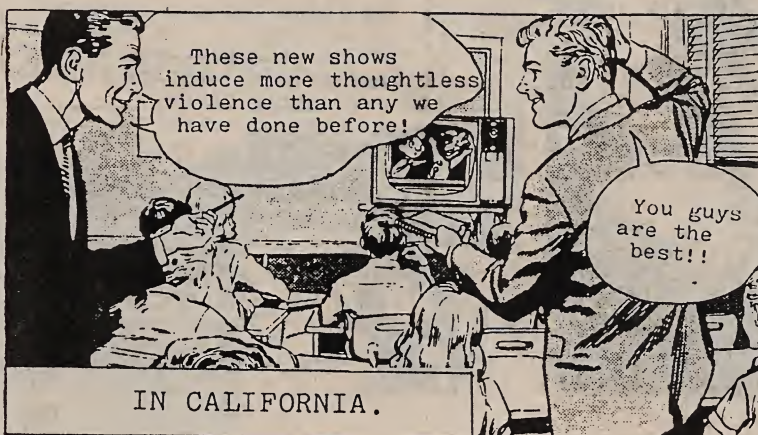
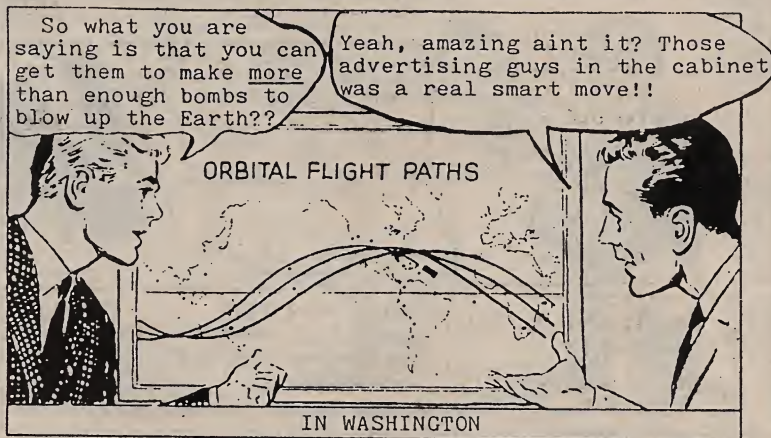
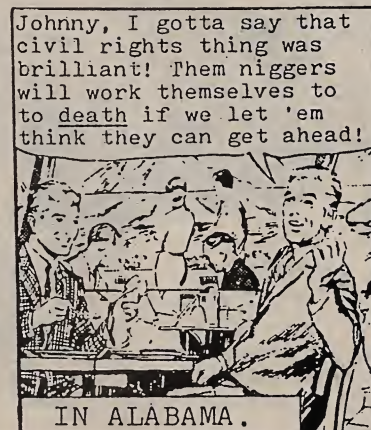
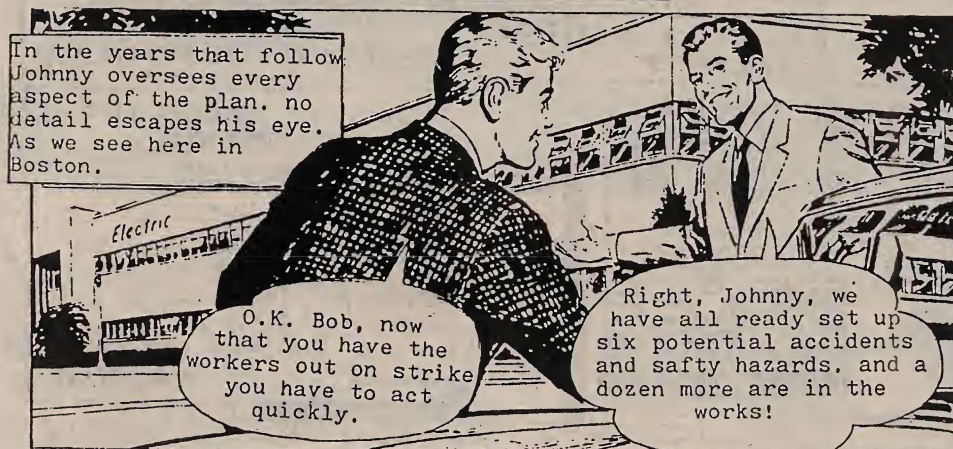
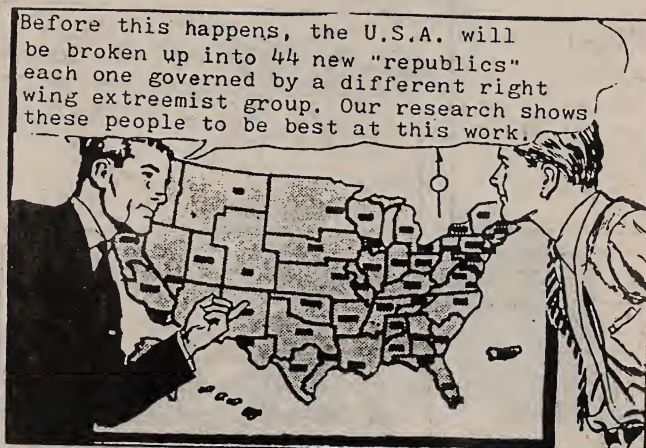










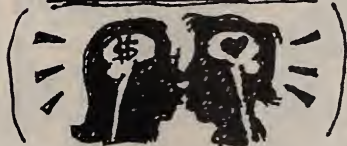




# THE JOKER IN THE DECK

THE WORKS →

## HOW ABOUT A LITTLE \$UCCESS



WHEN USED BY THE  
CORRECTLY EDUCATED

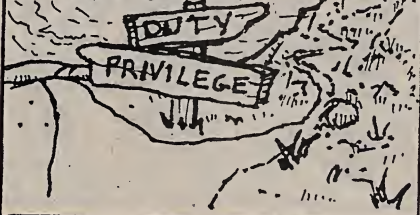


"HUS"	"THEM"
SACRED MYSTERIES	PRIMITIVE SUPERSTITION
DIVINE REVELATION	DEMONIC DECEPTION
HOLY RITUAL	MUMBO-JUMBO
SACRAMENTAL CEREMONY	SAVAGE ORGY
PERSONAL SAVIOR	DEVILS
NATURE FOLLOWS NAME	

BUT THEY SURE SELL  
A LOT OF STUFF

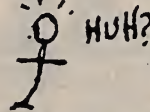


AN "US" OF ONE  
REQUIRES DISCIPLINE  
AND ETHICS



"ALWAYS BE YOURSELF"

WHY WONT YOU BE  
LIKE US? WHAT HAVE  
YOU GOT AGAINST US?



WHICH WORKS BEST

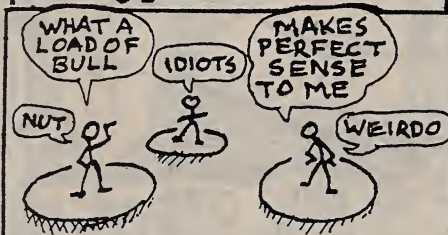


THE ONE THAT COSTS  
MOST

UNDER PROPER  
SUPERVISION

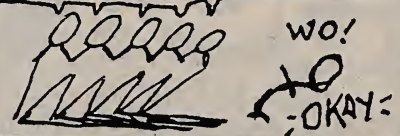


WHO DECIDES WHO  
"US" IS



"DON'T GIVE IN TO 'PEER  
PRESSURE'"

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG  
WITH BEING LIKE US. DON'T  
REJECT US

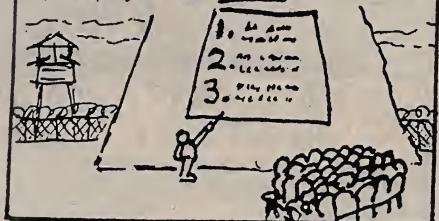


ALL THE ANSWERS  
NEATLY CONTAINED IN ONE  
SMALL BOOK -



PERFECTLY JUSTIFIABLE

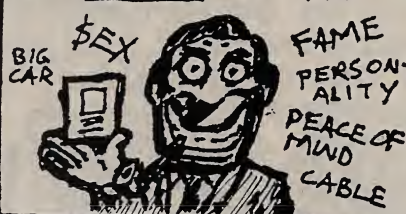
YOU WILL LEARN THE  
RIGHT QUESTIONS  
TO ASK OR ELSE



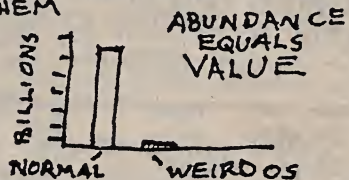
LOOK LIKE MAJORITY  
RULE MIGHT MAKES RIGHT



BY MAKING YOU THINK YOU'LL  
BE BETTER WITH IT



THE MORE OF "US" THERE  
ARE, THE MORE THEY'LL  
WANT YOU TO BE LIKE  
THEM

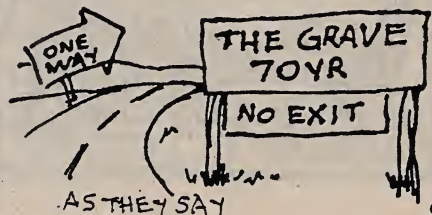


THE NAIL THAT STICKS  
UP WILL BE HAMMERED  
DOWN



THE SQUEAKY WHEEL  
GETS THE GREASE

THE "CHOICE" IS  
YOURS!



AS THEY SAY



# THE SEX LIFE OF LAURA MUNDO

LAURA MUNDO PASSED AWAY LAST FALL



SHE WAS A NUT

SHE REALLY BELIEVED IN UFOS



SHE WAS GUNG-HO IN HER NAIVETE

SHE WAS OBSESSED WITH UFOS, AND...



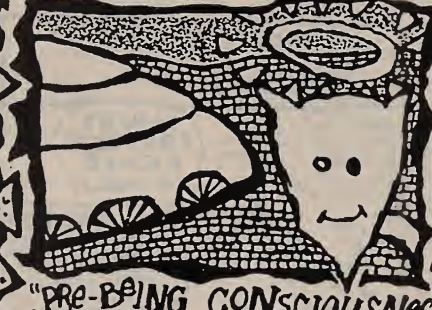
ONE OF THE STRANGEST MEN IN HISTORY...

HIS NAME WAS GEORGE ADAMSKI



GEORGE'S WIFE TOLD LAURA THAT HE WAS "EVIL"...

LAURA TOLD GEORGE'S WIFE THAT SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND GEORGE'S



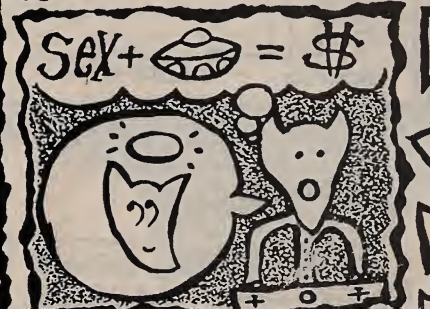
LAURA BELIEVED HIM

GEORGE SAID THAT THE SPACE PEOPLE COMMANDED HIM TO SLEEP W/HER



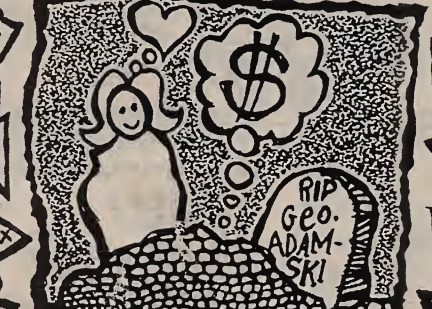
LAURA BELIEVED HIM

GEORGE WAS THE FIRST MAN TO BECOME FAMOUS AS A UFO ABDUCTEE



HE MADE A GOOD \$\$\$ LIVING OFF HIS 'LECTURES'

AFTER HIS DEATH, GEORGE'S BOOKS BECAME REAL POPULAR IN THE 70'S UFO CRAZE.



LAURA WAS PROUD.



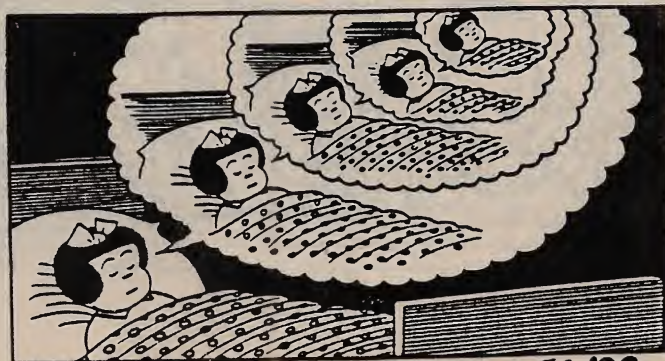
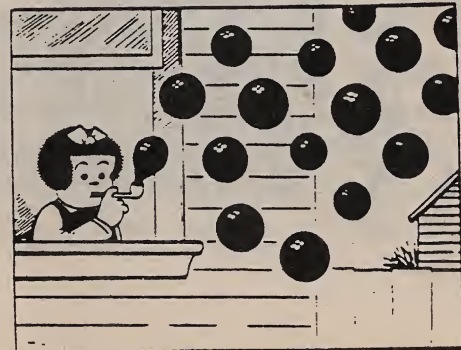
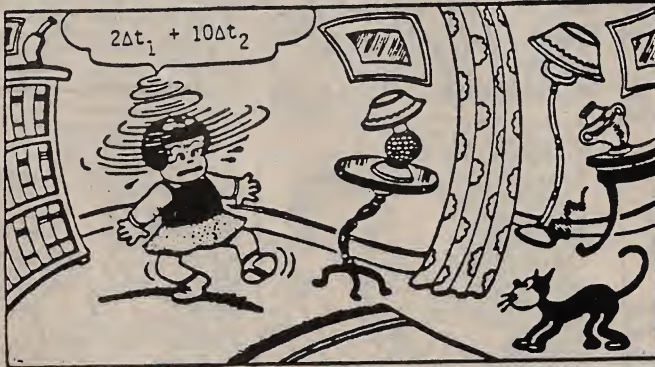
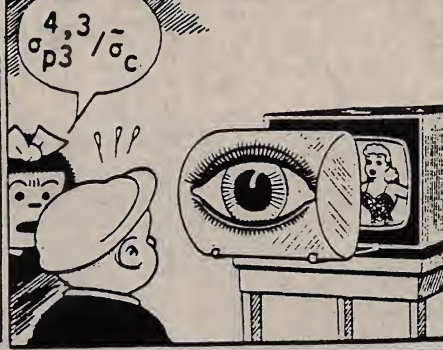
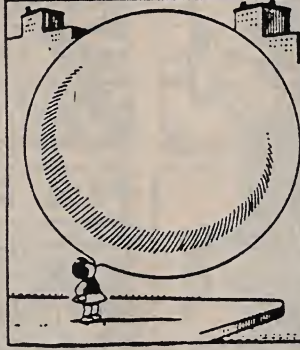
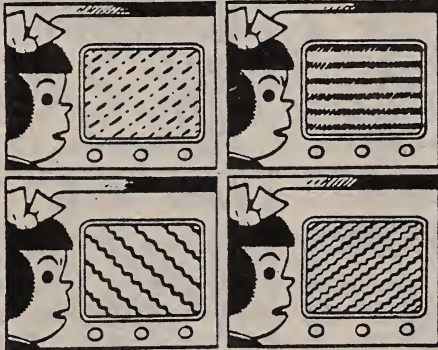
I GUESS IT WAS 'TUFF TO GET LAD IN THOSE DAYS

© M. SCHAFER 1990...

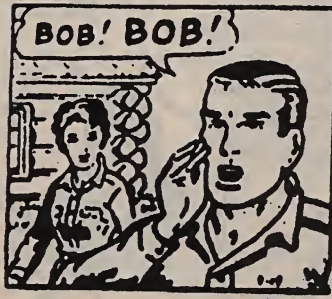


# nancy

By ERNIE BUSHMILLER









# EXPOSE

by Ed Rom

SINOP



"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned," said the good-looking nubile teenager in the confession booth.

"Tell me about it," said Father Damien Morbidius, the secret Jesuit, idly fiddling with his ornate signet ring.

"I've been having evil and carnal thoughts about Jesus," said the girl. "His graven image upon the cross, bleeding and suffering, is so sexy. I want to have sex with the bleeding tormented Jesus."

"Is there more?" said Father Morbidius, in unctuous papist tones.

"I've been having lesbian fantasies about the Virgin Mary. I want to have her do me with a vibrator, and to carnally kiss her private parts."

"These are indeed greivous sins," said Father Morbidius. "But you must never forget that, in order to be forgiven, you must sin. And the greater the sin, the greater the forgiveness! Is there anything else?"

"Yes, Father. I want to kneel before the Throne of God Himself and perform fellatio upon Him."

"You have committed the sin of presumption," said the Father. "What makes you think you're good enough to even think of these things?"

"Forgive me, Father," said the girl.

"Why the hell should I, you worthless slut? These are heinous sins against God and Man, and must be atoned for. Faith without works is dead. You must perform *works*, my child, and *maybe* God and the Pope will forgive you."

"Father, what must I do?"

"Come to me now, outside the booth, and I will show you," said the secret Jesuit. He was thinking about what an addition she would make to his stable.

"But, Father, what about my anonymity? You aren't supposed to know who I am."

"God and the Pope have granted me extraordinary powers," said the priest, lying. "Come now! Meet me outside the booth! I will show you the way to salvation!"

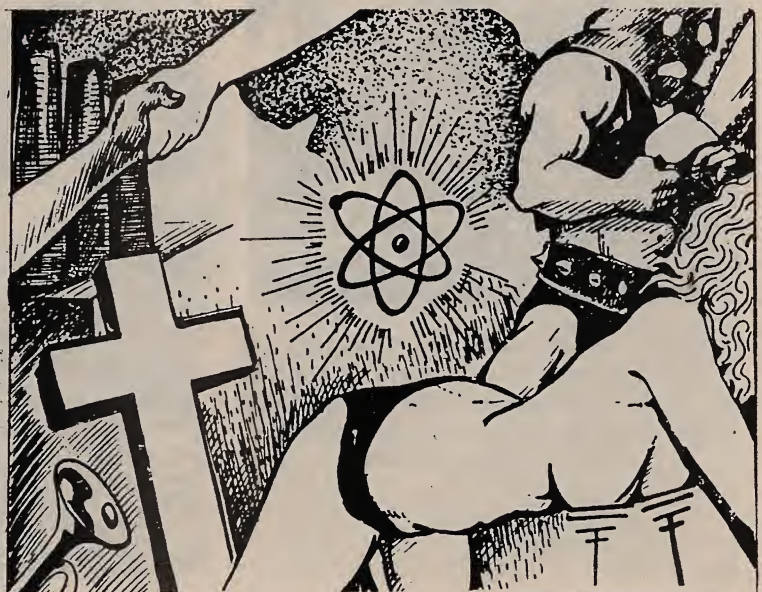
"Yes, Father," said the girl, an excited tinge in her voice.

Father Morbidius wondered who it could be among his flock that had such strange fantasies. A flash of excitement ran up and down his spine as he thought about it. He stepped out of the booth and went to meet the girl on the other side.

SINOP



WHOEVER EATS MY FLESH WILL LIVE IN ME AND I IN HIM. (JOHN 6:57)



Short Term Memory



It was Mary Murphy, the most pious and holiest member of his congregation! She looked at him shyly, and he thought that her face was beautiful, and so was her long black hair.

"Come with me, you vessel of corruption," said Father Morbidius.

She followed him down the aisle of the church to the altar. He mounted the steps with her close behind. He touched a secret button behind the crucifix with its bleeding Savior, and a portion of the wall slid back, revealing a hidden chamber.

"My goodness!" said Mary, gazing around her. "What's this?"

"It is the Sanctum Sanctorum," said Father Morbidius, as the wall slid back into place.

"But what is the awful ugly statue? What are those weird carvings on the walls?"

"That is the graven image of Ba'al!" thundered the priest, pointing at the ghastly toad-like idol. "Abase yourself before the statue of the very incarnation of sinfulness!"

"Eeeek!" shrieked Mary. "What is this horror? This is

terrible!"

"To be forgiven, you must Sin!" said the priest. "What could be more sinful than the carnal worship of heathen idols?"

"No!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yes!" roared Father Morbidius, clutching at her. "Off with those clothes, that we may sin in the name of Ba'al!"

"I only fuck for Jesus!" shrieked Mary. "Get away from me!"

"You'll fuck for Ba'al, and you'll like it," hissed the Jesuit, backing her into a corner.

"No! Please! Leave me alone! Let me go!"

"Ha!" The priest leaped, his robes flying, and grabbed her. "You are in the power of Ba'al now!"

"Nooo-o—o! Please no—o-oo!" She struck him in the face. He laughed.

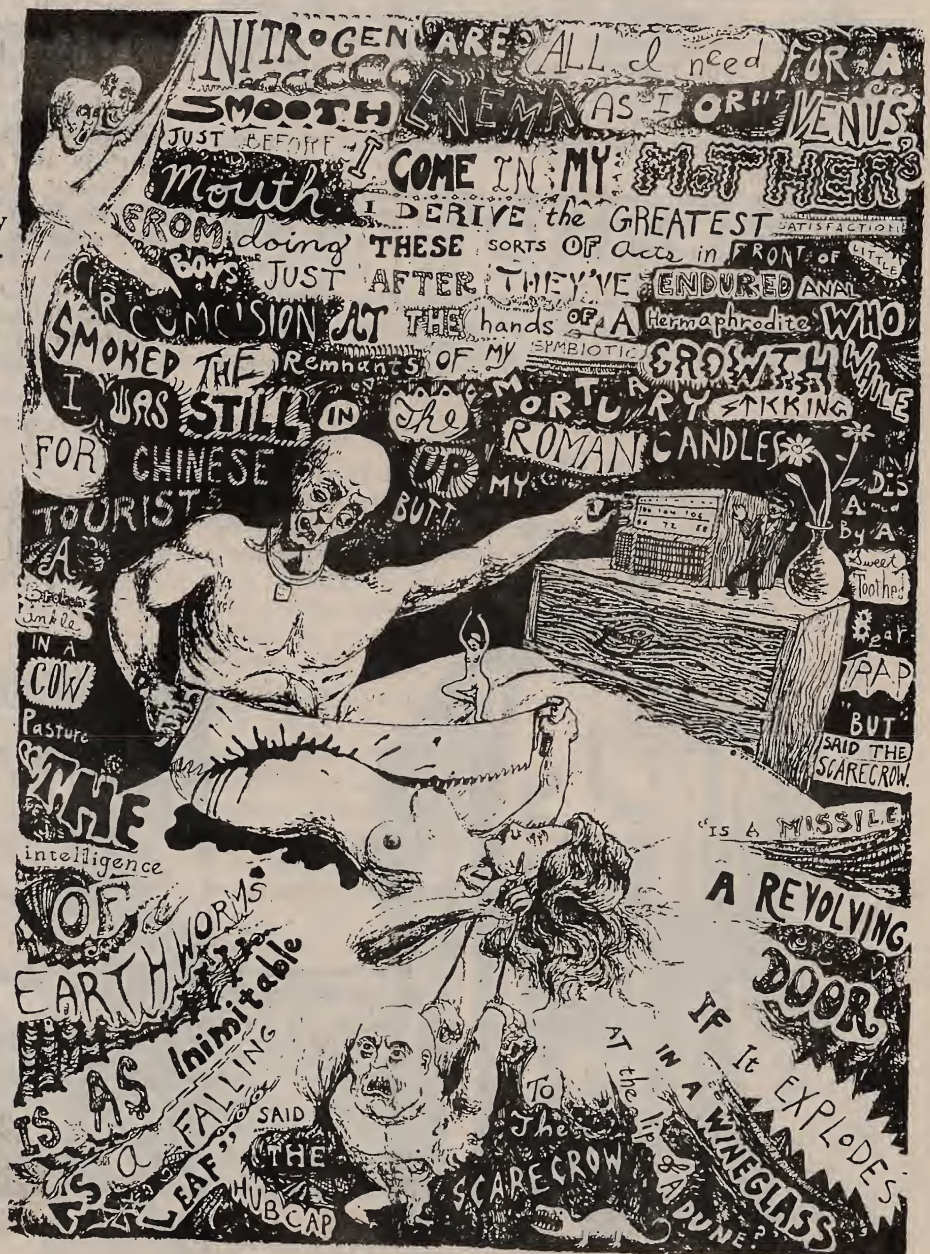
"A spirited wench! Ba'al likes that! How lovely to Sin!" His clutching claw-like Roman hand insinuated itself into the front of her blouse and ripped it open, revealing her shapely gigantic tits, crowned by huge brown nipples the size of little tea saucers.

"You little fornicator," breathed the Jesuit beast. "You don't even wear a bra!"

Though crude, pornography is a philosophical statement. It says: there are no rules about sex; sex is trivial; sex is for entertainment. Though debased, pornography is a theological statement. It says: there is no God who says I should limit my lust or channel my passion or give as well as get...



Pornography is anti-woman and anti-child. It is anti-marriage and anti-permanence. Thus it is profoundly anti-civilization. Since civilization is social support to the dynamics of life, pornography is anti-life.



Davy Normal





Raymond Pettibon

"I'll only fornicate for Jesus!" said Mary vehemently, struggling madly.

"You'll submit to the will of Ba'al! Then Jesus and the Pope will forgive you! Submit! Submit! Ba'al wills it!"

"Will Jesus forgive me?" said the nubile lass.

"Yes!" said Father Morbidius, crushing her close to him with one hand while the other reached under her skirt and clutched her thigh. "To be forgiven, you must Sin! Sin is the guarantor of Everlasting Life! Let me fuck you in the name of Ba'al, and then I will forgive you in the name of Jesus and the blessed Virgin!"

"Fuck me, then!" said Mary. "Give me your Holy Wiener of Depravity!"

"I will fuck you right on the altar of Ba'al!" said Father Morbidius, yanking her skirt off, revealing her shapely legs and ass and the tangled fur of her dripping eager twat. He picked her up and laid her on the black-draped altar, where she sprawled invitingly like the Whore of Babylon.

"Now!" said Father Morbidius, a mad gleam in his eyes. "We Sin for Ba'al!" The blind stone eyes of the grotesquely squat graven image of evil incarnate gazed sardonically upon the scene. But were they so blind? Were they moving?

Father Morbidius doffed his robe and advanced on the holy slut, his staff of ecclesiastical authority thrusting out in front of him. He stood by her head, and pushed his rod into her face.

"Kiss the Holy Staff!" said the Jesuit. "Suckle it, and take the Communion of Sin!"

She took the empurpled papist pork into her mouth and began to lustfully gobble it. Her lips made loud luscious smacking sounds as they wrapped themselves around the turgid monster member, and then it went deep into her throat.

"GwrglemmmmmMM!" said Mary, obviously enjoying the taste and texture of priestly penes.

"Suck the Dick of Redemption!" said Father Morbidius. "Suck it good!" He clutched her head, his fingers flexing and unflexing of their own volition, threaded through her lovely black hair. He never even saw the wall slide away to admit the intruders, back behind the statue of Ba'al.

"So! Father Morbidius, *in flagrante delicto!*"

Father Morbidius opened his eyes (they had been shut in ecstasy) in shocked surprise.

"Archbishop O'Prick! What are you doing here? I thought you were supposed to be in Boston, inspecting castrati to be sent to Rome for the Pope's enjoyment!"

"No," said the Archbishop, "I came back here to spy on you, and also to tell you that the shit has hit the fan." He

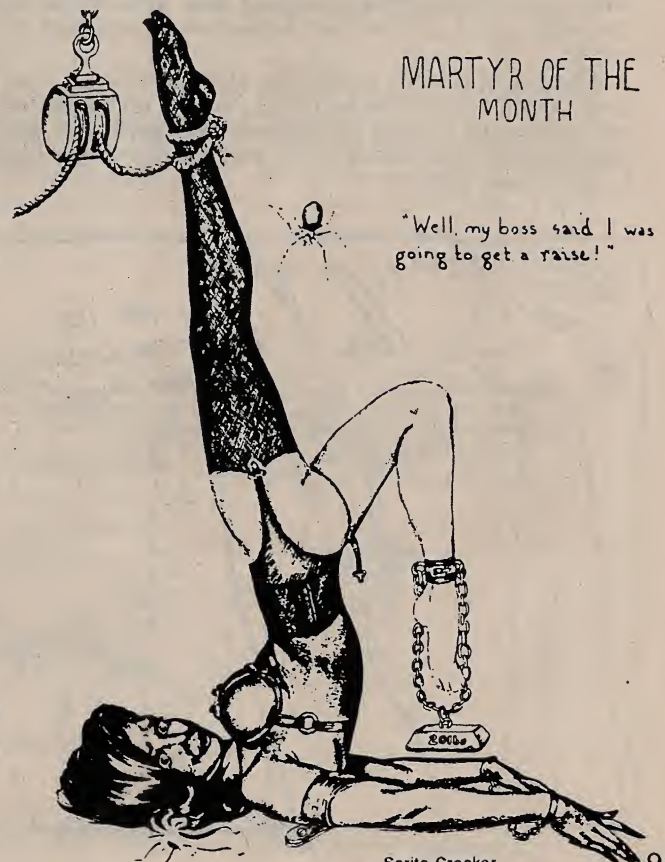


gestured at the two large pink bald men with him. "I had to bring the mute eunuchs with me for bodyguards, to protect myself from heretic, athiest, and infidel assassins. Our Jesuit Order is in danger, because it seems that a many-sided civil war has broken out here and abroad. Governments are toppling like houses of cards, and we must protect the Faith!"

Father Morbidius stood there, his dong shrinking visibly. Mary had an uncomprehending look on her face. Saliva dribbled down her cheek.

"And just what is it you're doing here, Morbidius me boy?" said O'Prick.

"Furthering Jesuitism and the Catholic Faith through the lustful worship of Ba'al," said Father Morbidius.



## MARTYR OF THE MONTH

"Well, my boss said I was going to get a raise!"

Sarita Crocker



While feminists demand that the female genitalia be treated as beautiful, men are taught to think of their penises as "tools"—weapons with which to "fuck a woman's brains out."



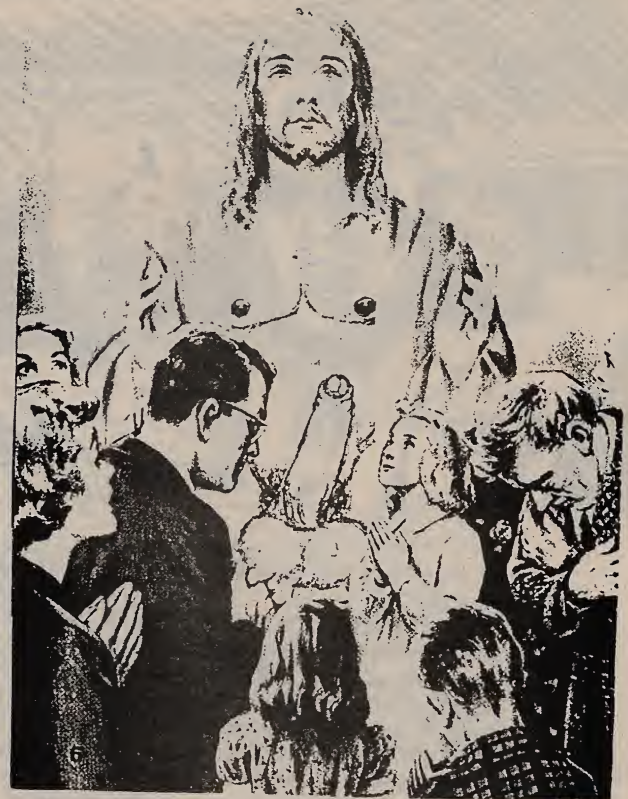
"Tis interesting," said the Archbishop. "Most commendable! Rationalization is the cornerstone is Jesuitism, along with secrecy! Can the girl be trusted not to blab like a foolish child?"

"Who would believe that a Catholic priest would do such things as this?" said Morbidius, laughing.

"Naught but Calvinist and Lutheran heretics," said O'Prick, "and who cares what *they* think? If the girl is a good Catholic, her salvation is ensured, as indeed is mine and yours." O'Prick commenced to divest himself of his clothing, and soon was clad only in his mitre. The eunuchs crossed themselves and stationed themselves in such a way that they would cover all entrances to the Holy Chamber of Ba'al in the Cathedral of St. Judas.

The eyes in the graven image of Ba'al continued to watch intently as the priest and the Archbishop disported themselves with the lovely temptress. They each had an end of her on the altar, which she was now lying belly-down on. O'Prick was pumping her butt while Father Morbidius had his sacred lust-muscle jammed in her mouth.

There was a man inside the statue of Ba'al, who had been taking notes. Now he could stand it no longer, and he was frantically jerking his circumcised pecker. It was the Rabbi Moshe ben-Moloch, who was spying on the Gentiles for the Elders of Zion.



...HE WHO EATS ME WILL LIVE BECAUSE OF ME. (JOHN 6:58)

SINOP

## GREAT VAGINAS OF HISTORY



CA. 3500 B.C. AL-UBAID



COWRIE SHELL / PRE-HISTORIC



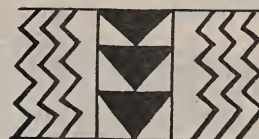
ANATOLIA CA. 3000 B.C.



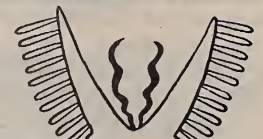
BABYLON CA. 2700 B.C.



JERICO CA. 1700 B.C.



ELAM (IRAN) CA. 2500 B.C.



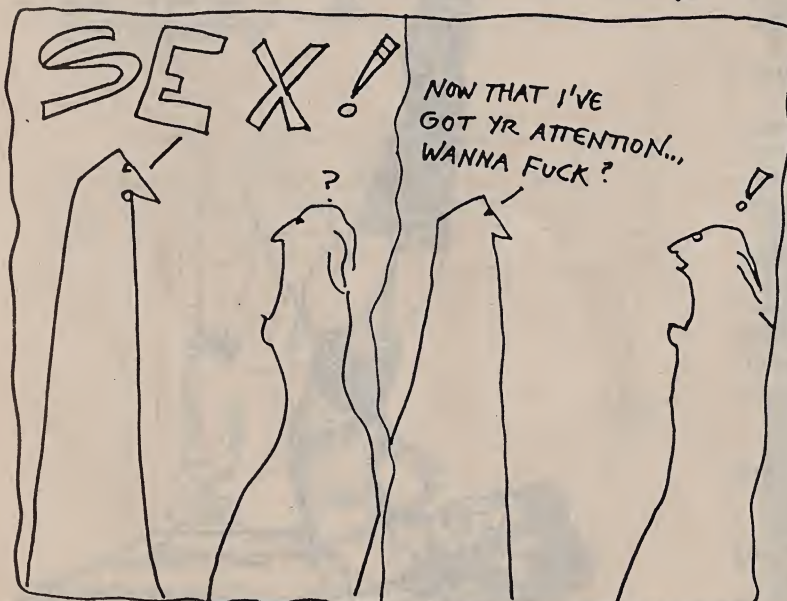
SYROS/CYCLADES CA. 2350 B.C.



UR CA. 2700 B.C.

SELECTED BY: BILLY ROJAS / 1987

SOURCE: Balaji Mundkw / THE CULT OF THE SERPENT ..... 1983

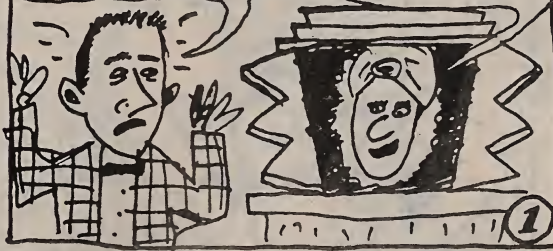




# WEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE!

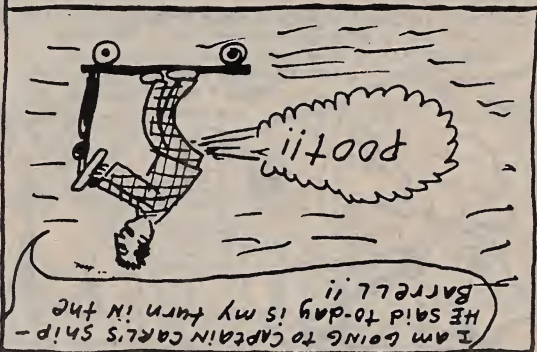
THERE'S NOTHING TO  
DO AROUND HERE CAUSE  
IT'S RAINING!

HEY WEE-WEE,  
HOW ABOUT A  
LITTLE HEAD?

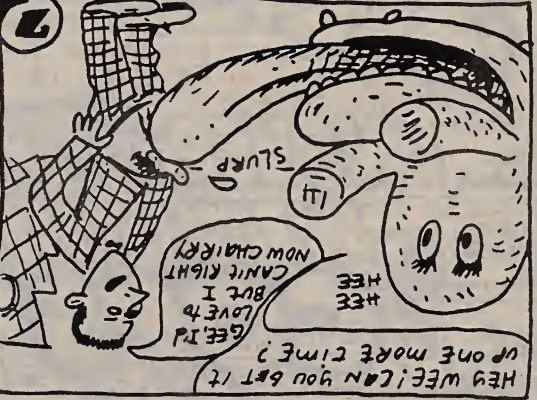


1

WHO SAYS RAINY DAYS ARE NO FUN??



I AM GOING TO CAPTAIN CARL'S SHIP -  
HE SAID TO-DAY IS MY TURN IN THE  
BARRELL!!



HEY WEE! CAN YOU GET IT  
UP ONE MORE TIME?  
GEE, I'D  
LOVE TO  
BUT I  
CAN'T RIGHT  
NOW CHAIRRY



THAT SOUNDS  
GREAT!!!  
LICK A LITTLE  
HIGHER, LICK A  
HINEY-HOLE!

2



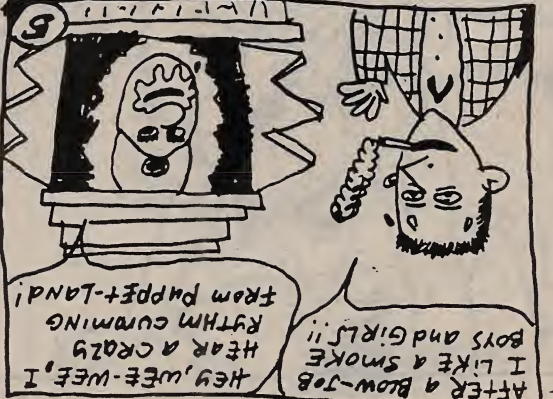
HEY YOU FUCKER!  
THAT NOT  
FUNNY!!!  
JUST KIDDING -  
COME OVER HERE  
AND I'LL BLOW  
YOU BACK UP TO  
SIZE!!

3

HA HA!! WEE WEE ASKED FOR A LITTLE HEAD!!



HEY LOOK!!  
CHICKEE  
BABY IS  
DOING IT  
DIRTY DOG  
STYLE!!  
YEA... THE EARLY BIRD IS  
GETTING MY WORM - I'M  
GONNA GIVE HER SOME  
DOGGIE SPERM!!  
WE WANT  
MAY



AFTER A BLOW-JOB  
I LIKE A SMOKE  
BOYS AND GIRLS!!  
HEAR A CRAZY  
RYTHM CUMMING  
FROM PUPPET-LAND!

5



AAA!! I KNOW WHY  
THEY CALL YOU  
WEE WEE!!  
LOOK  
OUT  
BELOW!!  
ZZZZZZZZ

4



**1** IT BEGAN AS JUST ANOTHER DAY FOR BETTY BANGS...

SO THIS IS THE INFAMOUS **DICK DOBBS**, THE MAN BEHIND J.R.'S ASSASSINATION! AS A SECRET SUGGENIUS, I SHOULD DESPISE THIS MAN, AND YET HIS RESEMBLANCE TO "BOB" KINDA TURNS ME ON...

STORY BY  
**FATHER  
JOE MAMA**

LETTERS BY  
**THE POLISH  
PRINCE**

ART BY  
**ARNOLD  
ISCARIOT**

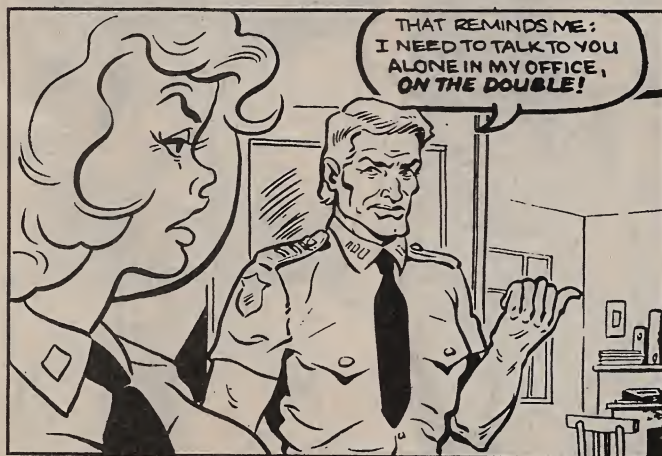
# NEVER FUCK WITH THE COPS!

I'M ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT, BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT BE TURNED ON!

YEP, HE'S A DOBBS, ALRIGHT. HIS RAP SHEET SAYS HE'S OVER 10" LONG!



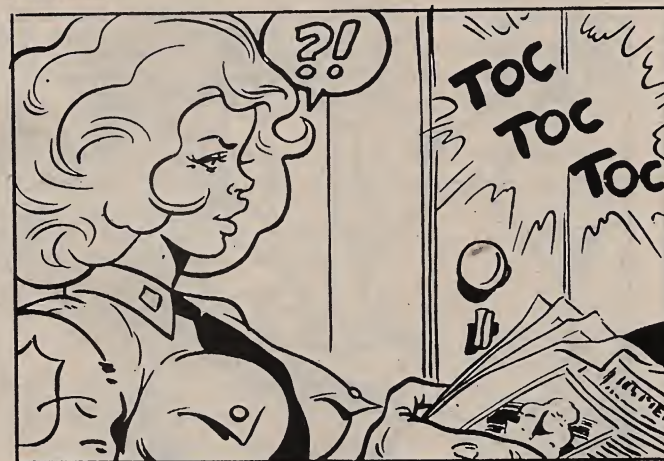




















To Be Continued Next Issue!



CONGRATULATIONS, MAD... I FEEL THERE'S NO QUESTION BUT THAT YOU WILL INHERIT THE PAARL RECLAGE!

BY THE WAY THE TWO MEN WHO SUCKED OFF MAD HAVE IMMEDIATELY METS HARRINGTON'S NEPHEWS.

MY SPECIAL IS THAT THIS EVIDENCE WILL STAND UP IN COURT!

BLOWME, THIS MIGHT DO IT, DORK. WELL COMPARE IT WITH MAD'S PEARLS!

WE DULUS, HERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN USE TO HELP PROVE MAD'S IDENTITY... IT'S COOKIN' SUCKLES OFF WHEN HE WAS A CHILD!

SOMEONE'S COMING! BUT THEY WERE ALL BROADS WITHOUT A BONE!

A FRIEND OF MINE AT THE WILDLIFE REFUGE WAS SENDING ME SOME!

DORK... I'M GLAD YOU'RE HOME... DID YOU SHOOT YOUR SPUNKS YET?

THIS JUST MIGHT HELP US PROVE YOU DIDN'T LAUGH!

JOE CAN I BORROW THAT LITTLE MOVEMENT AWAY I MADE FOR YOU YEARS AGO?

HOW LONG WOULD THAT BE, DORK?

IF THIS GOOSE EGG HATCHES I'LL BE NEARLY AS BIG AS MY SHLONG!

I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP US! HOPE SO, DORK!

I'D LIKE TO SETTLE THIS MATTER AS MUCH AS YOU!

THAT COCK EGG HAS HATCHED!

WHAT IS IT, CHERRY?

DORK, COME OUT HERE!

WHY DON'T WE GO SUCK ON JASPER, CHERRY? I HAVEN'T SUCKED HIM LATELY!

ON, I KNOW HOW ABOUT JASPER?

WHAT CAN WE NAME HIM?

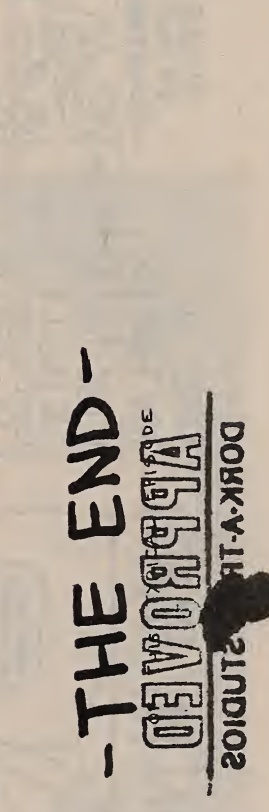
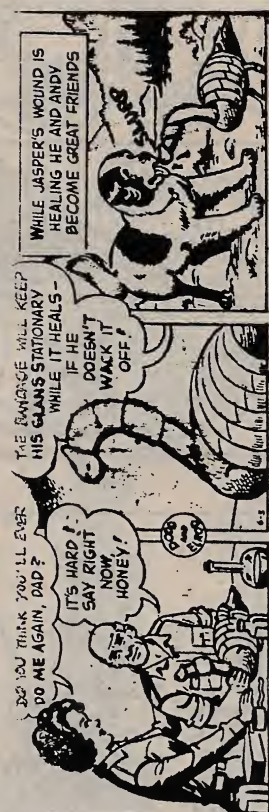
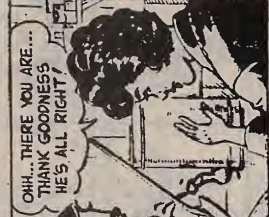
HE'S PRECIOUS. ABSOLUTELY PRECIOUS!

HI, YOUNG FELLOW!

HE'S SURE GROWING... IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HE'S SPENT!

ON JASPER!

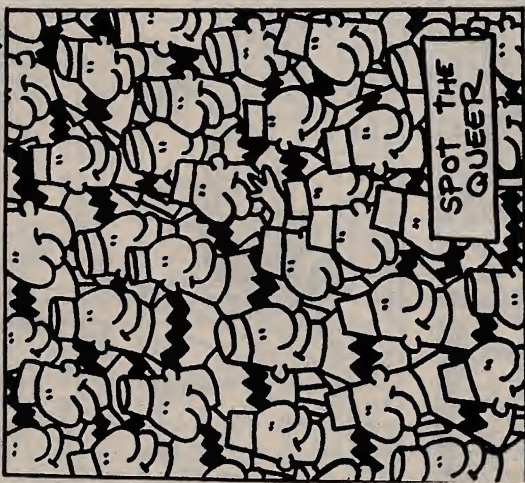






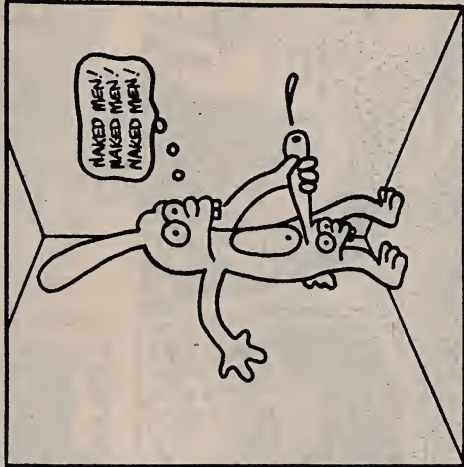
# LIFE IN REALITY

©1988  
MATT  
ABSTAINING



⑤

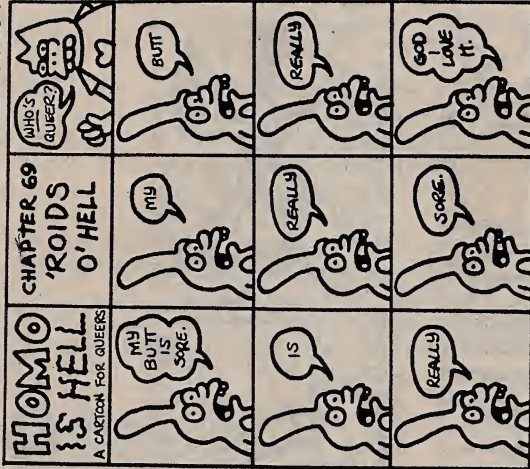
# LIFE IN MY PANTS



© K. Having 88

# LIFE IN MY PANTS

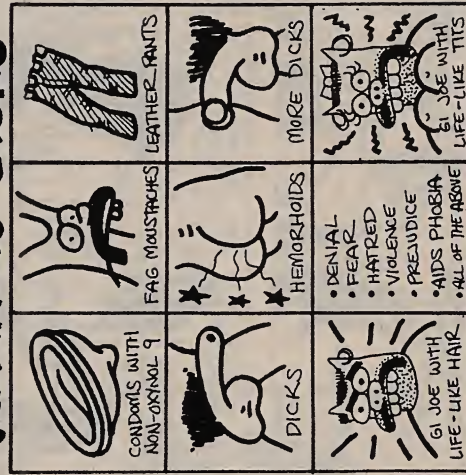
©1988  
BY MATT  
GROWAPENK



②

# LIFE IN JOCKSTRAPS WARNING SIGNS

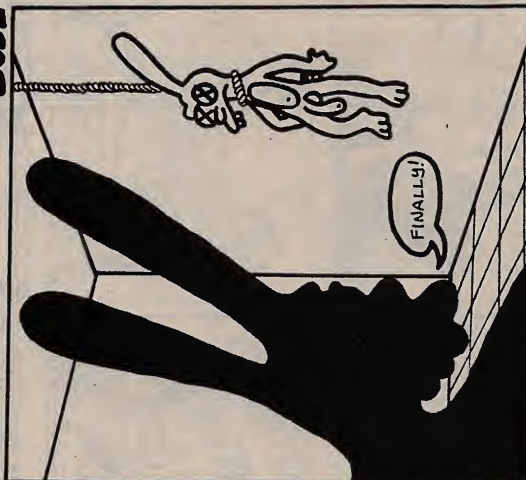
©1984  
MATT  
VEINING



⑦

# LIFE IN MY ROOM

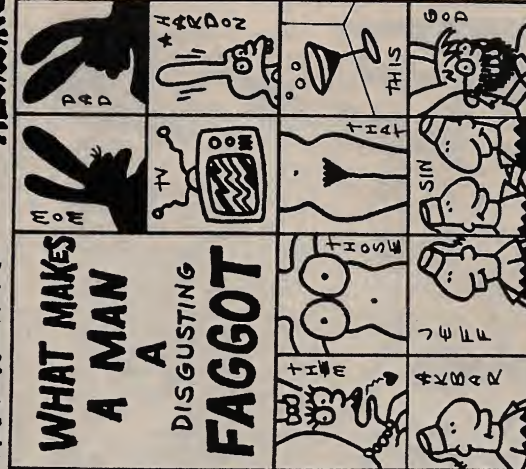
©1975  
BY BODE



NOTE: DEATH FROM AUTOEROTIC ASPHYXIA MISTAKEN FOR SUICIDE

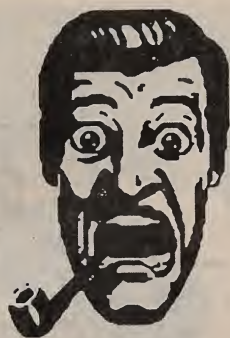
# LIFE IN ANONYMITY

©1969  
BY MATT  
ALONGING



④





Fraidy "Bob"

## A MESSAGE FROM BEYOND

Dear Polesters and Holsters:

Despite the grunting meat-sacks and their pet machines — those podmen — the Straights and Narrows with their blocked synapses — we continue to triumph through that which is of DOBBS over a FUCKED world. Right in the midst of World War IV, Plan Nine is primed to erupt into INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION II, and "BOB"-I will be right on the front lines with us, shoveling the snivellers and cringers back into their neurotically clean holes with the righteous force of Slack turned inside out!

But the lines between Us and Them are no longer so clearly drawn. When does the pleasure-burn of vengeance become friendly fire? Sporting a special haircut or T-shirt logo is only the strutting shadow of mutanthood — you should be *bludgeoning* your social environment with your weirdness! NO QUARTER SHOULD BE GIVEN! Membership in the Church is only the first step — the 'boot camp' in which you learn to kickstart your own root into action, to seize the protohuman power of your abnormality and wield it on a precise, relentless course. This awakening, this surging forth of your inherent personal deformities, was plotted into your genetic code long before birth.... indeed, before so-called 'humanity' evolved — and it has waited only for the right catalyst to set it off... to trigger the ancient glands in your body and pry open the brain of steel that came with your VICIOUS ABNORMALITY. It isn't just the face-force of Dobbs that will win the coming War... it is the very inner UR-YOU.

## WHY THIS ISSUE IS A JUST A LITTLE BIT LATE

Best excuse ever, this time. Our ZEAL got the best of us. It's as simple as that. Been so busy rounding up NEW souls, we forgot to properly minister to those already saved. The homey chore of assembling the FIST easily becomes a rather intermittent affair, sandwiched between our glamorous, ambitious outreaches in other media. But how could we resist? Our tenacity at breaching those other media PAID OFF. MOST PEOPLE IN THE U.S. CAN NOW GET SUBGENIUS BROADCASTS ON A WEEKLY BASIS, in some form or other, if they stay up late enough, **FOR FREE.**

You can catch our ARISE video serialized on the late-night syndicated TV show NIGHT FLIGHT. MTV is currently running what LOOKS like a very slick

commercial for the Church. (They paid us to praise Dobbs and *mock them!*) THE HOUR OF SLACK radio show is now on 15 stations, plus there are now TWO other good original shows in northern California.

Island Visual Arts is distributing ARISE to video rental stores and European TV. LIES is working on "BOB'S" FAVORITE COMICS #2 and a set of SubGenius Trading Cards. Plus, we just signed with Simon & Schuster for a fourth SubGenius book, essentially a follow-up to the original BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS: **REVELATION X: THE BOBAPOCRYPHON.** That'll take a year to do and is already making us busy as face-fucking bats in a hurricane. At this writing there may or may not be a total revision to HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL.

The other problem with getting FISTS out regularly is that there was just so much great stuff that I kept wanting to publish it ALL even though it would be BLATANTLY OBVIOUS to any FOOL that we had neither the time nor money to do so. Typically SubGenius, I obsessively clung to these visions of a "perfect" Stark Fist... the "ultimate"... I mean, I admit it, I got carried away. I always do. I'm a victim of society. Perfectionism is a disease. Sometimes perhaps we can be just a little too good at pulling the wool over our own eyes. I probably would've kept pasting up pages, never printing them, except that we just NOW ran OUT of all prior issues.

Also, despite all the high-faluting business just mentioned, we've been broke, broke as the Ten Commandments. Yes, the Church of Sales itself, still financially stricken, crippled, dragging its useless legs behind it. How can this be, you ask? Simple. "Bob" takes all the money. We have no earthly idea what he does with it. Nor is it our place to ask... to even WONDER or QUESTION. What do you think this is, a democracy?? If it was "Bob's" Will that we be destitute for a time, and be unable to send you this FIST, most of which was finished a year ago... then, well, "Bob" sold it, I smoked it, that settles it.

Also — the phone kept ringing and ringing and ringing and ringing, and I kept answering.

## NEXT ISSUE

Whereas this issue is heavy on filth fiction and THREE-FISTED TALES too sick for Simon and Schuster, the next STARK FIST — which is almost ready to print RIGHT NOW — will be so "inside-Church-practical" it'll make you sick. It's the stuff that a vocal minority of Subs has been screaming for, not that I blame 'em a bit. It's just that it's rather more oriented towards the SubGenius hard-corps, it'll contain: a letters from readers section, anecdotes from Devivals and SubGenius Prank-Outreaches, and especially the long-awaited "OTHER MUTANTS" section: updated contact addresses for HUNDREDS of SubGenius pen-pals, publishers, audio makers — plus misc. indispensable High Weirdness not necessarily Church-connected, and more weird filth cut from this issue. That will be printed as soon as the foretold money comes pouring in in response to THIS issue... your renewals, donations, and orders for Sacred Churchly Shit. We're not trying to extort you, it's just that things like letters and paragraph-long descriptions of other mutants TAKES LONGER. We're trying to get on a more even schedule... our upcoming new computer purchase (Mac LC) may help.

We printed this one first because we figured most of you would rather see the

sick crap immediately and then check out your fellow weirdos later on. (And then at the last minute, I decided to try and cram in a bunch of Other Mutants anyway, and save some of the obscenity for next time.)

## WHY THIS ISSUE IS SICKER THAN FOURTEEN MOTHERFUCKERS

WHY did we choose to make this particular issue of our Church magazine near-pornographic, bordering on the abhorrently obscene?? Why do we glorify such beings as Poop Dog and Pee Dog? Why does Janor sing "Told the Judge to Suck My Dick"? Why do we NEEDLESSLY OFFEND people?

Well, for that, we have NO EXCUSE. We WANTED to, that's all. We've wanted to for a LONG LONG TIME. Hell, the Conspiracy publishes thousands of copies of our relatively CLEAN stuff.

It's time we drove some of you fence-straddlers away, anyway. We're tired of wasting our limited time on this planet being POLITE to SUPERSTITIOUS PURITANS. It just so happens that, from a literary, artistic and religious point of view, the "pee shit" (let us call it) is more interesting to some of us than the "non-pee shit." Call us SICK! We think this stuff is FUNNY! Our motto is and will remain, "FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE." In that respect, this issue should serve to weed out the queasy and hesitant.

Besides, defying fearsome taboos for no good reason is a time-honored and noble tradition among those of our pedigree. Disruptive clowns have driven the great machine of History forward when everyone else wanted to let it just sit there. If, for instance, the martyred (if overly Rewardian) Lenny Bruce hadn't deliberately kept up his insane, illegal onstage profanity, half your favorite movies, albums and TV shows might never have been made. Had EC comics not been BANNED for their total sickness, modern comics wouldn't be NEARLY AS SICK AS THEY ARE as a BACKLASH!!! We're pissed at the Conspiracy and its false morality, OK? The idea that ideas, words or pictures are EVER anywhere NEAR as bad as BAD ACTIONS is their most treacherous teaching. You might call this issue Our Statement About Censorship — both the "P.C." and "J.C." brands. And if it offends you, then why in the name of Dobbs did you ever think you were a SubGenius??

And if you still think we're nasty-minded, juvenile ne'er-do-wells for publishing this, well, maybe you're finally beginning to CATCH ON!!

## CRUCIAL NEWS FOR SUBSCRIBERS

This issue completes the subscriptions of ALL SUBGENIUS MEMBERS who joined before 1985, and who've thus received, since their initial Membership, four issues (starting with #40). You old-timers got far more than your money's worth, you'll surely agree. (And that subscription lasted 6 years!) So FORK OVER your \$15 RENEWAL CHECK!! TODAY!!! You might miss the next FIST! For all you know we'll surprise everybody and mail it out a month after this one! In fact we're planning to mail it about 3 months after this one...

**POSSIBLE  
INTELLIGENCE  
VALUE**



THE WORD OF DOBBS IS NOW ONLY A PHONE CALL AWAY.  
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL CONNIE DOBBS 1-900-288-0808

## Connie's Confidential Confessions.

The ultimate erotic phone affair.

WILD, UNTAMED HOT TALK SESSIONS with a ripe & ready  
exhibitionist SubGenius housewife who loves to talk dirty!!!  
Naughty confessions and Intimate Pleasures  
With Connie Dobbs...  
...the way YOU like 'em.

**Hot, blonde and bitchy.**

**I LOVE IT IN MY REAR  
CALL CORNHOLE CONNIE**



**SHOCKING!**



Goddess  
Of Pairt  
And  
Pleasure.

Let Mistress Connie's sensual obsessions and fantasies be your Path to  
Slacking Off as she whispers just to YOU. 24 hours day or night, she's  
always there... to give you what you always want... but can't always get.

**Connie Dobbs is Wet, Wild and Waiting for your call.**

Hassle Free

Only 18 and over please.

\$2.99/minute

ALL  
Phone  
Fetishes  
Satisfied

CONNIE GIVES GOOD PHONE

# RUBBER MONSTER MASKS!

WOOOOO! BOOGA-BOOGA!!

PUT THESE ALIEN OBJECTS  
OVER YOUR HEAD AND GO OUT  
IN PUBLIC. DEMAND MONEY OR  
VISIT NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

All masks hand-finished and  
hand-painted. The perfect wear  
for Head-Launchings, devivals,  
christenings, garage sales,  
Domino tournaments, pool  
parties, shindigs, clam-bakes,  
and CAVORTINGS! \$49.95 each!

Make checks to "Joe Riley"  
Allow about 8 weeks for hand-  
painting and delivery!



"FRIGHTEN  
GRANDPA!"  
"LOTTA  
LAFTS!!"

"BOB!"  
3 1/4" OVER THE HEAD,  
WITH PIPE!! "SCARY  
AS HELL!!"

"NHGH!"  
FULL OVER THE HEAD,  
IN JAUNDICE  
YELLOW!!

AS SEEN ON **MTV!!**  
YEA... SOT IS THAT A GOOD THING?

**FRAPTA COMPANY, DEPT. R&D.**  
9732 JO PIERCE DR. DALLAS, TX. 75217  
PLEASE RUSH ME MY DAMN! "SCARY RUBBER  
MONSTER MASKS" CHECKED BELOW

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

☐ BOB! ☐ NHGH! TOTAL BUCKS \$  
ENCLOSED!

ADD 3.50 EACH FOR SHIPPING & HANDLING, DAMMIT!!



## MAIL ORDER PROBLEMS??

A couple of times a month we get a really angry, nasty letter from someone who sent us a check a year ago and didn't get their goods. (As opposed to those who are angry because they sent us a check a day ago and haven't got their goods.) They accuse us of mail fraud and all sorts of evil things. We often wonder why they didn't just ASK what happened, way earlier. Your order can get screwed up several different ways: 1.) Your letter might get lost in the mail before it gets to us. That's rare, but it does indeed happen, more often with big packages than with envelopes. A whole bunch of orders got *delayed* 6 months recently. 2.) We got your money then mailed your goods, but the post office lost it. Or a mail-handling robot mangled it, or somebody *stole* it. 3.) We mailed your goods but you moved in the meantime and, being a footloose, fancy-free sort of person, you didn't tell anyone where to forward your mail, so it came back to us and we had to pay return postage on it and it's *still sitting here* with about 40 others, waiting for you to ask about it and reveal your whereabouts. 4.) You live in Canada and your customs inspectors at the border still have what we tried to send. That is now *extremely* common. Some of our stuff is banned in Canada... at this writing I have no idea how I'm gonna get this issue into your country. 5.) You *wrote your own address down wrong* (it happens with

disgusting, frightening frequency), or you gave us only your "funny artist/Church name" which your local postman doesn't think is so funny, so he returned your package to us stamped "NOT AT THIS ADDRESS" and charged us. 6.) We got your letter but then WE LOST IT. About twice a year we find an unopened order under a limousine seat or behind one of our safes. That is the only situation in which you can write us those nasty letters and NOT have the letters nailed to your back in Hell after you die.

Only a fraction of you ever tell us that you've moved. That means these FISTS we mail out to you get thrown away, but the P.O. tells us where you've MOVED to — IF they KNOW — and charge us 50¢ for the info. It costs us \$2 or so to mail another one to your new address. You **UNGRATEFUL BASTARDS!!!** You're all **EXCOMMUNICATED!!**

For future reference: the **mail order** side of the SubGenius Foundation isn't nearly as sloppy and haphazard as the **STARK FIST**-producing, **artistical** side. Unless it's a personal letter or submission addressed to me, Rev. Will O'Dobbs handles all product orders. Every week he deposits the new checks that have come in; we hold onto the orders for 2 weeks to make sure the checks don't bounce. (Gimme-Bobs like to do that to us. I can't blame 'em for trying, but it doesn't work.) The next week he packages and mails your stuff. Occasionally he might have to wait

an extra week or two because something's temporarily out of stock. But generally speaking, your stuff is mailed 2 to 3 weeks after we get your order. We ship most items like books, tapes and magazines Third Class, which takes a little longer than regular mail. So if something is more than 6 weeks coming, drop us a card telling what you ordered when, how much you sent, etc. We keep records of whose monies were deposited week by week and can tell if you're lying or pranking us.

And for those who sent us keen gifts and proof of Dobbs but didn't get as much of a "thank you" as you deserve: — just because I sound like I'm always in a hurry when I WRITE BACK to you doesn't mean I'm not PROPERLY APPLYING what you sent. One reason it takes so long to get a FIST together is we spend so much time replying to unsolicited submissions. OK OK SLACK SLACK.

Just so you know — in case you had cause to wonder about this — I, Stang, am the individual who actually removes the mail from the magic P.O. Box. If it is addressed to me or is especially GIGANTIC or TEMPTING, I open it first. Otherwise Will O'Dobbs opens it first. Sometimes, if we are *really* broke, I TEAR OPEN all the mail right there at the P.O. desperately searching for whatever ACTUAL CASH! BILLS might await.

## MORE THINGS THAT NOBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD SPEND MONEY ON IN A RECESSION LIKE THIS

### SUBGENIUS HOTLINE! 1-900-288-0808!!

When Palmer Vreedeas saw the ad for Connie's Confidential Confessions and Cordt Holland told him yes, it was real, it was already recorded and on-line, you can call it and listen to weird Connie sex recordings and SubGenius preaching, and get charged \$3 a minute, Palmer thought, that's it, they really have sold out this time. But then Dr. Howl, who did the male and animal voices, showed him the scripts, and he realized that once again, we'd made money subverting another Conspiracy money concept. I PITY the poor son-of-a-bitch who calls this number expecting "the usual." Who knows though, many may be saved.

The really hard part was getting Connie Dobbs to do it. She wrote and performs her 'vignettes.' THE REAL CONNIE DOBBS. You might NEVER hear a real recording of Dobbs' actual voice, but the supernatural protocols in that department apparently don't extend to Connie. She demanded such a high percentage, however, that the number will have to receive around 300 calls a day just to break even.

Here's how it works: the first few seconds is a "kill message" in which Dr. Howl urgently informs you that you'll be billed \$2.99 a minute if you don't hang up NOW. Then you're "online with the fast-track to Slack." A variety of selections await your punch of the number OF YOUR CHOICE on your touch-tone phone.

#1: INSTANT EASY TO DIGEST INTRODUCTION to the teachings of "Bob" Dobbs

#2: Catalog information on purchasing SubGenius products and upcoming events

#3: Weekly rants by great SubGenius preachers (Janor Device, Stang's Minutes of Slack, or Pope Meyer Live)

#4: Connie's Confidential Confessions — ADULTS ONLY!!

If at any time you would like to switch to another menu selection, just punch its number. You are now embarking on what COULD be the most startling adventure of your life.



"BROUND"



"BIBBLE"

Rev. Gary G'Broagfran

**"C'MON,  
DROP ME A LINE,  
YOU HORNY  
FUCKER YOU!"**



#### A UNIQUE SERVICE

### DR. ONAN CANOBITE — THE SUBGENIUS ANSWER MAN

Many SubGeniuses, when they want their fortunes told, a curse lifted, or other supernatural aid, send \$5 to "Questions for Dobbs." Since the announcements of Dobbs' assassination, such requests have oddly dropped off. Others have questions of a theological or personal nature, not necessarily requiring supernatural intervention, and rightly feel they might get sage advice from experienced, old-time SubGenius Apostles. Usually they address their questions to me, Rev. Stang, or occasionally Rev. Buck Naked. Buck and I both try to answer all such questions, but we often have to be exceedingly *brief* yet *slow* although the questioner no doubt would appreciate a more detailed, immediate response.

Finally, one of the original Covenant Men has set aside a special hour of each day which he devotes only to answering as best he can the doctrinal or behavioral questions of fellow Subs. Onan Canobite, *because* he is the youngest of the Old Doktors, is uniquely qualified and lives without the distractions of squalling brats or Conspiracy jobs. Onan has shown me a number of the questions he's already gotten and his responses, and I for one cannot imagine a better "Dear Abby" of the Church. Look for the "SubGenius Answer Man" columns in upcoming FISTs and HOUR OF SLACK radio shows, and probably also in the new book, REVELATION X — THE BOBAPOCRYPHON (in progress). In the meantime, send your question, "payment" (send 1 copy of stamps per 3 questions) and S.A.S.E. to:

**Dr. Onan Canobite**  
Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061

He knows what he's talking about, and when he doesn't, you won't know the difference.

### SUBGENIUS ROLE-PLAYING GAME

This is a project in progress. The goal: Acquiring Slack and saving Earth, in that order. Players would create SubGenius characters weird enough to survive. Stereotyped role-playing geeks are satirized by the very process of playing. The instructional materials produced so far (several hundred pages) look great. Now all we need is a publisher. In the meantime, gamers who are ready for the ultimate anti-gaming game may write Irreverend Charles E. Tehn, c/o Chris Bridges, 1525 13th St., Orange City FL 32763, and see if he wants to share ideas or use you as a test subject.

### ARISE video PRICE CUT!

**NOW ONLY \$19.98** (+ \$2.02 postage)

You bastards, you managed to hold out longer than we could. Now firmly convinced we've sold as many copies as we could for \$39.95, we're FORCED by the rest of you CHEAPSKATES to drop it to a more reasonable \$19.98. You lousy SKINFLINTS!! So go ahead... BUY IT!! Buy it REAL CHEAP!!! Just practically STEAL it from us why don't you! Fucking chintzy, miserly, Scroogely, BASTARDS, the LOT of ya! And ya damn well better get 'em from us QUICK at that price because after February or March '92, ARISE will (theoretically, as things look now) be distributed by ISLAND VISUAL ARTS, available in STORES, but GOD ONLY KNOWS what THEY'LL charge for it! And it's like with the Simon and Schuster BOOKS, we'll have to buy the damn copies from the PUBLISHER. Also, these ARISE,

copies we have RIGHT NOW will be the last of the UNCENSORED ARISE, manufactured by us, the last with all the extra little bits tacked on that Island can't put on their copies. The last in our KEEN 3-COLOR SLICK DAYGLO BOX!

(Yeah, we censored some of ARISE ourselves. Not violence or nakedness — just high-lawsuit-potential copyright infringement bits. Like that 1/3-second of Elvis — that's been replaced. The Elvis estate is hyena-like that way. The Charlton Heston 10 Commandments footage was replaced with equally appropriate bullsh\*t because Heston is a total Pink who sues people like us. And Disney, of course, everybody knows you never appropriate Disney stuff, even for a nonpublished collage that you immediately burn upon finishing. They'd get you for THAT if they could catch you.)

And — GET THIS — BLUE LIGHT-SPECIAL — we'll sell SHITTY BOOTLEGS of OUR OWN VIDEO for only \$12.95!!! You heard me, BAD COPIES OF ARISE: \$12.95!! That's right, we're UNDERCUTTING THE BOOTLEGGERS!! You know that fuck-head, uh, what's his name, Bob Black's big follower, some kid, that was advertising bootleg ARISE copies for \$15 or whatever... well, not only are these copies CHEAPER than his, they might *EVEN* be *WORSE*!! (That's the tricky part!)

### ARISE on NATIONAL TV SHOW "NIGHT FLIGHT"

You REALLY REALLY cheap Slack-vampires could probably copy Night Flight every week and then edit together all the 5-minute SubGenius segments, to come up with a rough approximation of ARISE *without paying for it*!

Nightflight is a generally interesting, sometimes spectacular, "weird music video show." They used to be on USA cable, then disappeared for about 2 years and are now back on syndicated broadcast TV, probably on some network affiliate in your area — usually from like 2 to 4 in the morning. It's mainly a music video show featuring more eclectic bands than MTV does, but interspersed with a lot of bullsh\*t: bizarre short films, old baroque cartoons, etc., NIGHT FLIGHT calls ARISE, "LOVE THAT BOB"... (!?). Altogether they've contracted to use about 3/4 of the 80-minute ARISE for the next three years. So next Saturday, if you're loathe to risk your \$30 on a perfect VHS copy from us, you can still be, as that old Buck Naked hymn goes, "Drinkin' Budweiser, Watching 'Bob' on TV".

### MTV SELLS OUT TO THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS!!

The Conspiracy has gone to outrageous lengths to keep us from working on the Stark Fist before, but this one beat all.

Their latest trick was to PAY US to do a COMMERCIAL for the CHURCH that they would run on MTV for FREE. Yes, it's true. Josh Greenberg and Rev. Steve Raymond of MTV On-Air Promotions Dept. (the folks who do the weird stuff you see between the videos) called and said, "We want to give you 15 grand to make a one-minute Art Break for us. We were thinking a commercial for 'Bob'. The conditions: We approve the script. It has to be really SLICK looking, with a professional camera crew, it has to be done by April 15, and the MTV logo has to appear in it." I said, "But — MTV is part of the Conspiracy! How can we..." And they said,

"WE KNOW ALL THAT; you don't have to show our logo in a POSITIVE light. You can show somebody *smashing* a TV with our logo on it, or something." "You mean to tell me you're going to PAY ME to BITE YOUR HAND while you FEED ME?" "That's right." (Actually, 15 grand is PEANUTS for something like this — especially that "slick looking" part MTV mentioned — and we stretched the budget right to its very limit, even with the SubGenii on the crew slashing their rates.) MTV approved the storyboard(!!!), I spent a month solid on the phone lining up the help, props, etc., we spent a weekend shooting animated miniature stuff, two days with a full crew shooting live action stuff on a stage, and then Rev. Mark Mothersbaugh did the music. You'll "LAK TO SHIT" when you see it. Features such imagery as Dobbs in a flying saucer, blowing up the MTV building (a pyramid with an eye on it); the stop-motion death in flames of Barbie and Ken; a Slackless Sub Worker harrassed by NHEEGHEE executives, but beating them up; live recreations of two of our book covers; and (just to freak out Christian parents) a shot of Dobbs *with a halo* being worshiped by slinky devil-girls in miniskirts. Computer animation by Ken Los-Cutler and DNA; make-up effects and props by Rev. Joe Riley; cinematography by Rev. Bert Guthrie (The "poor Bert" mentioned in Pamphlet #11). Stop motion, design, and onscreen preaching by yours truly. Includes a "fascist SubGenius crowd scene" starring the Dallas area Hour of Slack listeners, and a mechano-"Bob" being doused with liquid cornstarch in reverse motion on a highway going 80 miles an hour in the wind. Plus money "floating" upwards from one hand into another's. Oddly enough, the shoot went smoothly and IT SURE FELT GOOD TO BE BACK TO MAKING MOVIES AGAIN... you know, with a BUDGET, even a *little* one, it's FUN! We'll have to do this MORE OFTEN!! The spot started airing May 1, every 4 hours or so, and is now in lower 'rotation' as they call it. They did run it during their MTV Music Awards, which was broadcast worldwide.

Onan Canobite *dreamed* he saw the MTV spot before he actually did — only it was all in computer animation by Ralph Steadman.

### NEW VIDEO AVAILABLE: "THE MAKING OF MTV/ SUBGENIUS" — only \$15

During the slightly frenzied, sometimes surreal shooting of the commercial, we also shot a lot of Handicam-8 home video (or "ShakyCam," we call it). That has been bludgeoned-edited with out-takes from the commercial into a 40-minute VHS video, "THE MAKING OF" — a technically CRUDE but pretty amusing look behind the scenes. Particularly informative for those interested in low-budget films, or how a bunch of underpaid SubGenii can make what looks like a \$50,000 spot loaded with special effects for only \$15,000. "MAKING OF" was put together strictly as a souvenir for those who worked on it, especially the crowd scene participants who weren't paid otherwise — but there has been such a demand for copies that, SURE, HELL, WE'LL SELL IT! \$15 for VHS. \$20 for Beta. Rev. Buck Naked as the Bald Devil is probably the 'star' of the video.



"BOB" ON VIDEOTAPE!

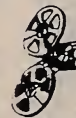
-It "Zips" All the Way Around-

"ARISE"

SubGenius Video --  
The Movie

Recruitment Film #16

SECRETS OF THE FORBIDDEN WORLD REVEALED BY THE WOODEN CAMERA



PUTS YOU IN THE  
ACTION...  
REALISTIC  
AND CLOSE-UP!

YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF A CIRCLE OF PROTECTION  
FROM ANY CIRCUMSTANCES -- AT IT  
PERSONAL OR SUPERNATURAL

PREPARE FOR A MIRACLE!



Someday you  
will stand before  
GOD

SPECIFY BETA or VHS

NOW ONLY \$19.98 (+ \$2.02 postage)

NO DRUGS--NO PAIN--NOT HABIT FORMING



Includes the infamous "BOB" IS A SEX GOD sequence -- plus "THE LIFE OF 'BOB,'" a perfect introduction to the Church for your illiterate friends. Even hardened Media Barrage addicts will scarcely believe the 10,000 collage clips of bizarre Badfilms which illustrate the narration -- plus all your favorite SubGenius art in COLOR, intercut with riveting devival rant footage and interviews with all-star preachers like Janor Hypercleats, Pope David Meyer, Rev. Ivan Stang, Buck Naked, Sternodox, many more! Several musical animated sections with the most psychedelic video synthesizer effects this side of Heaven. Stereo sound; music by DK Jones, Mark Mothersbaugh, Dr. Onan's Wotan Band, Drs. 4 "Bob," & others. Includes the X-rated rap-video, "WELCOME TO THE END TIMES" by Slackmaster Cleve... rare glimpses of Dobbstown... 'behind the scenes' peeks at SubGenius Radio Ministers in action... even captured FBI footage of DOBBS HIMSELF -- not to mention the astounding, blood-drenched scenes of Dobbs' alleged death! Comes with Instructions.

And all this at the low, low price of \$23.95 (includes postage and handling!) Specify VHS or Beta! Money back if not TOTALLY ASTOUNDED.

PreDobbs STANGFILM \$20!!  
\$29.95

REPRODUCTION CYCLE, Let's Visit THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE and other films done before Ivan Stang found "Bob" and changed his name back to Stang. Reproduction Cycle (1978) is a 15-minute science film using clay animation to depict the violent sex life of a Martian microbe, the Peen Worm. Some wags have dubbed the film, "CUMBY." The narration is extremely SubGenoid. A real crowd pleaser. WORLD OF THE FUTURE (1973) is a 30-minute travelogue made in our future, the insanely overpopulated and hideously Pink future that would happen IF THERE WERE NO "BOB," designed to lure us there. Sensitive people find this vintage "underground" film far harder to stomach than most 1980's "punk" films... the hippies it was made for couldn't bare its total lack of peace and love. Much incredibly sick animation sequences, sex horror, and offensive concepts... NOT FOR THE KIDS, PLEASE!!!

Also included are many other bizarre short stop-motion films and weirdness. This 2-hour tape is cheaper because it won't have a fancy box or label. To reassure you "sickness" freaks: REPRODUCTION CYCLE has won loads of film awards, including Cannes; WORLD OF THE FUTURE got Stang his DEVO animation jobs.

SEE THE WORLD IN THE RAW!  
stripped bare before your startled eyes!

Co-directed by Stang and Cordt Holland. At last, all of the most beloved Church Devival footage, SubGenius music videos, badfilm collages, and ELECTRONIC ANIMATION OF THE GODS, collected together in one eyeball-slammng 2-hour video... 5 years in the making! (On and off.) Vividly presents the LIVING SEED-WORD of DOBBS in all its manifestations. Very high energy efficiency. Mind Absorption Rating 4.5/7. Strap it on -- your subconscious will do the rest. Don't worry about abrasions -- if you start to 'overheat' (and we think you KNOW what that means -- wink, wink), the automatic accessory stake-in-the-heart shuts it right down. Not "SubGenius as filmed by the Pinks" like the old "Official Bootleg," but an editing tour-de-force that shoots the dogma straight at you... PROPAGANDA 4 "BOB." Narrators Dr. Howl, G. Gordon Gordon and Ivan Stang takes the initiate on a soul-wrenching journey deep into the very bowels of the Church. YOU WILL ACTUALLY WITNESS the Head Launchings, the Healings and Sickenings, the debauchery -- EVEN THE ASSASSINATION OF "BOB!"

"Many in the audience will heed the call when they hear the rousing sermons and the sometimes touching, sometimes fanatical witnessing by those who have found everything they need in a personal savior... a very effective evangelical tool!" -- Bart Weiss, Dallas Morning News

Ultra-violent  
FLIC-PACS

SEE & HEAR

- MUSIC PLAYED BACKWARDS
- SATANIC SYMBOLS
- CHARACTER OF GROUPS

UNSPEAKABLE CULTS

BIZARRE  
RITUALS

EROTIC  
RITES

as it  
exists  
today!



THE SUBGENIUS  
PARAPHERNALIA CATALOG

\$1

Far more detailed than this list; jam-packed laff-n-salvation riot in its own right.

ALL SEATS  
ALL SHOWS  
EVERY DAY

And Don't Miss  
REVIVALS  
IN YOUR TOWN!!

Lucky DOBBS BUTTON \$1.50

Rover will flip for this one; smells like salvation itself. For financial/spiritual luck. The True Dobbshhead on distinguished white background. Large 2 1/4" metal button with laminated face. Attracts sex partners. Used since ancient times to repel or attract soul-sex vampires. Lifelike, gruesome. Stays ice-cold at all temperatures; you'll scream and scream and scream. Not for sissies. (3 for \$3.50)

"Lick-n-Stick" SOUL-SAVING

GUM-BACKED STICKERS \$1

Hundreds of \$-sucking Church slogans, ads, images and mysterious threats ready to cut apart and stick all over laundromats, subways, envelopes, etc. DRIVE YOUR HOMETOWN INSANE. Printed in sheets so you can xerox 'em first. (10 copies of one sheet will provide you with 300 handy pieces of SubProp.) Send 'em to friends... leave 'em in bar restrooms... drop 'em out of planes... scare Grandpa with 'em. These go straight to pain centers with opioid blankets of somnambulistic bliss like no other advertisements can.

BUMPER STICKERS \$1 each  
or 6 different ones for \$4

These are sturdy paper day-glo bumperstickers. Ouchless. Great for cars, boats, farm implements, band equipment, briefcases, bombs, refrigerator doors... even your own face. Mounted on your car, it will draw honks from many people you'd never think were fellow Subs... Provides 'power shell' which helps to ward off accidents and Acts of God. All show "BOB's" Beaming Presenceship in vivid yellow-green plus any of 6 SLOGANS:

"TOO MUCH IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN NOT ENOUGH;" "GIVE ME SLACK;" "PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR OWN EYES;" "BULLDADA;" "ACT LIKE A DUMBSHIT AND THEY'LL TREAT YOU AS AN EQUAL;" "FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE" Specify slogan if ordering less than 6.



\$100  
ONLY  
ON THIS SPECIAL  
INTRODUCTORY  
OFFER

These Attractive  
Booklets are  
NOT FREE!

HELL do  
you're doing?

HELL do  
you're doing?

HELL do  
you're doing?

HELL do  
you're doing?



## OTHER VIDEO 4 SALE:

**Stangfilms redone, SubG**

**Interviews now available — \$20@**

The "Pre-Dobbs Stangfilms" video collection of short films has been completely remastered. The new *copies* are better than the old *master*. Those who bought the previous version (before Sept. 1991) can send in your old one and I'll redub it for you from the new master. This tape contains REPRODUCTION CYCLE, WORLD OF THE FUTURE and other films I did before I found "Bob" & changed my name back to Stang. "Educational" porno claymation in the former; the latter is a 30-minute travelog about an all-Conspiracy future without "Bob". WORLD OF THE FUTURE is harder to stomach than many contemporary "punk" films, but was done about 1973, after the apparent demise of the Hippie movement. Old '60s style hippies REALLY HATED IT, 1970s 'drug brothers' at least GOT it, and '80s mutants vomit and laugh on cue. Also included are various claymation films, music videos including rare DEVO sequences, and about 12 minutes of stuff that was cut from ARISE (the "Bleeding Head" and Pils sequences). Even some short 16mm "underground" films from student days, and clips from THE CU CHI TUNNELS. This packed 2-hour tape is **\$20 VHS, \$25 Beta**. (Beta available only until our Beta deck breaks.)

All these videos are cheaper than ARISE because they don't have a fancy box or label.

I also recently assembled a collection called **SUBGENIUS INTERVIEWS** — all the video reports on the Church *done by Conspiracy news* from 1980 to 1991. CNN, BBC, Current Affair, Showtime, various local affiliates, plus smarmy talk shows with Stang guesting. That fills the first hour. The second hour is SubGeniuses interviewing SubGeniuses — Puzzling Evidence & Dr. Hal; Janor interviewing Janor at Dokstok; Drs. 4 "Bob" in 1981 SubCon tour-de-force rant; and a long stretch of a KPFA radio "show" in progress, spastically filmed but with good performances by Dr. Howl, Puzzling Evidence, Bishop Joey, Moebius Rex and guests Lies and Stang. **\$20 VHS or \$25 Beta**. Hand-labeled.

Overseas buyers: Add at least \$10 to all orders for postage. Sorry, we cannot make dubs in PAL or any other formats besides NTSC. Unless you want to send a LOT more money.

## THREE FISTED TALES OF "BOB"

**We still have 'em — only \$12!!**  
(includes postage in U.S.)

I suppose it's possible that a few readers still don't know that this third SubGenius book (published by Simon and Schuster) weighs in at a hefty 350 pages, with Slack-wrenching short stories from the Dobbs histories by Drs. 4 "Bob," William S. Burroughs, Hal Robins, Robert Anton Wilson, Ahmed Fishmonger, Sternodox Keckhaver, Paul Mavrides, Rev. Ivan Stang, Waves Forest, Ken DeVries, Onan Canobite, Dr. Philo Drummond, Lewis Shiner, John Shirley, Pope David Meyer, G. Gordon Gordon, Puzzling Evidence, Chris Gross, Larry Sulkis, Onan Canobite, Brooks Caruthers, Chris Gross, Michael Peppe, Mark Mothersbaugh, and Janor Hypercleats.

Interesting reaction to this book from readers (reviewers don't count). It's what I expected: most people seem to have one or two favorite stories that they consider

wonderful classics, enjoy most of the rest, but are utterly baffled as to WHY I included a few that they considered absolute stinkers. BUT IT'S NEVER THE SAME STORIES from person to person! One Sub's most HATED (i.e., my long pulp saga) might be another's very favorite. There is NO PATTERN, except that Michael Peppe's dialog between God and "Bob" has turned up no detractors. The main overall COMPLAINT seems to be that it's so... "inside". Well, kill us.

We got a bunch of good reviews, and some negative ones. Publisher's Weekly had this to say:

*"...this ragged collection of stories, all based on "church" lore, is devoid of literary merit. Many entries read as if they were stream-of-consciousness exercises assigned to male adolescents on LSD. Laser guns, spaceships, drugs, scantily clad women ("girls") and penises (sometimes multiple or gigantic) are the dominant images. Time travel, conspiracy theories and flashing lights also figure prominently."*

Hell, you'd think after reading a review like that, every producer in Hollywood would be knocking our doors down trying to get the movie option. (Only three tried.) I mean, that review is the *formula* for a hit! I seriously tried to get Simon & Schuster to print that quote on the back of the book in new printings, but they wouldn't do it.

## HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL to be revised!

You authors whose truly great Tales didn't fit into THREE FISTED — don't fret if they aren't in this FIST, either; it probably means they're being saved for FOUR FISTED TALES, which we'll likely do after REVELATION X and the revised HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL (which is unfortunately due to be published in FRENCH by a French publisher before it's published in English!).

Those of you listed in HIGH WEIRDNESS, who've sent in corrections and updates — I've still got all that stuff in a BIG BOX and will apply it. Any who haven't sent in updates, or their new weirdness that should be listed, DO. It's been five years now and about 3/4 of the addresses listed in the book have changed or vanished (although the *really keen ones* are mostly still there), so we're practically doing a total rewrite. This time, due to REVELATION X, I am farming out 3/4 of the HIGH WEIRDNESS writing to Mike Gunderloy, Waves Forest, Remote Control and Donna Kossy — it'll be a much more collaborative project, so I won't get the CHANCE to be as much of a hateful megalomaniac. Sorry. ((WHOA — late news — the French may be getting cold feet! Stay tuned!))

## "Bob's" Favorite Comics — \$3 postpaid

Published by Rip-Off Press, edited by Paul Mavrides ("and Ivan Stang" although Paul didn't let me see any of the strips until they were already printed). If you missed the sold-out first printing, these are available again. This comic is legally BANNED from the country of New Zealand and, I've heard, CANADA, because of the opening story, "Care Dog Meets Pee Bear," by me and Mavrides. (I wrote it as a short story — one that got rejected from 3 FISTED TALES, by the way — and he drew it as a comic.) Other highlights include Master Control Programming's ONE GOD? TOO MANY! (a 'doktored' Bolivian sex-crime comic) and

two propaganda classics by Hal Robins. Also includes Gilbert Shelton, Carol Lay, Puzzling Evidence, Hellswami Satellite Weavers, Robert Williams, Byron Werner, Jay Kinney, and Xandy Smith, age 3.

LIES is gradually assembling both "BOB'S" FAVE #2 for Rip-Off, and a set of SUBGENIUS TRADING CARDS for Eclipse. Watch for those sometime in '92 at your local banned-comics emporium.

Puzzling Evidence and myself (and many others) are working on a SUBGENIUS ALBUM SERIES. *Ideally*, this would be a big project financed by a 'for-real' record company, whereby we'd write scripts and 'act,' a la Firesign Theater. Since that's probably not going to happen soon enough, we're in the meantime NOBLY STRIVING to pare all SubGenius audio (the 12 old media barrage and 6 old BobSong tapes, plus all 320 Hour of Slack radio shows and 500 KPFA shows, to date) down to a C.D. "best of" series that ANY medium-sized record company would be PROUD to offer. And any are welcome to enquire for sample.

## FULL COLOR "TREE OF KNOWLEDGE" POSTER \$15!!

In 1990 this rather amazing art gallery in Manhattan, PSYCHEDELIC SOLUTION, sponsored a SubGenius "art show" displaying and, *praisedobbs*, SELLING, original artwork from the last ten years of the Church outreach. Our book cover paintings are now hanging in some damn palace in Saudi Arabia.

You know that amazing "TREE OF KNOWLEDGE" diagram by Mavrides/Stang that's on the inside cover of the BOOK (back cover of the old edition)? A giant full-color version became the POSTER for the Psychedelic Solution show. Big 2.5' X 3.5' mind-blower in *vivid color*. We also have huge black and white art prints at \$10 each, but the poster is something that won't be available anywhere near as long as the time you'll spend gazing upon it, grokking its endless recombinant archetypal symbolism... the kind of thing you can proudly hang on an office or living room wall and extract even more ice-breaking conversation than with an aquarium full of Sea-Monkeys™.

We also have color postcards of that, as well as color postcards of the Dobbs-Kali (or "Kani the Destroyer") from the back-cover of the last FIST — the Shiva-Dobbs with 6 arms holding gun, knife, money, etc. The postcards are 75¢ each.

**Hurricane "Bob" Water**  
— **MIRACLE APHRODISIAC!!**  
**\$25/vial seriously!**  
*we have 'em!*

## Bummers

Keep sending letters describing your hideous past drug experiences! (From acid to beer.) We're collecting some GRIPPING god damn samples so far, but we could use a lot more. This is such a TOUCHY SUBJECT that we must do it *just right*. In fact we might want to do it under a FAKE COVER NAME entirely. So it wouldn't be "a SubGenius book." For obvious reasons. Anyway, we've only got about a third of a short book's worth of hilariously nightmarish memoirs and studies in human folly, so quit dragging your feet and SEND IN YOUR ANONYMOUS CONFESSION! WE NEED 'EM BAD!



# 1992 WORLD SUBGENIUS CONVENTION & GUT BLOWOUT — CHICAGO, LABOR DAY WEEKEND

SCREAM IN TONGUES! Be HEALED and LAID! HOLLER YOURSELF HOARSE! FREE DRUGS (if over 21)!! MORE FUN THAN ALTAMONT!

A WEEKEND OF BRAIN-BLISTERING WEIRDNESS! "Bob" proclaims this event COMPULSORY for ALL HIS TRUE CHILDREN. DON'T get a bad write-up in the Xists' Book of Humans. EARN your escape on the End-Time Escape Saucers and MAKE THE HOLY PILGRIMAGE to this TEMPORARILY HOLY PLACE, or KILL ME. **KILL US ALL!!!**

Veteran hosts of the legendary '82 World SubCon, Pope Michael Flores and UberDominatrix Pam Smith, are gonna ENDURE THE TORTURE AGAIN!!

Labor Day Weekend '92 promises to be the biggest Blast since the Big One. Get in on the ground floor and save bucks, get cool info in the mail as the date approaches. Be ready to bask in world wide abnormality and rampant cultural bulldad! Free beer, live doktorbands, bizarre rituals, stage ranting by all the greats and unknowns, plus the sickest videos in the universe! Browse through hundreds of SubGenius and other Anti-Conspiracy product displays — clothing, weaponry, publications, comics, all manner of contraband. Meet your future BEST FRIENDS FOR LIFE!!

\$25 for all 3 days if ordered before Jan. 1 1992!

\$35 for all 3 days if before June 1, '92!

\$40 until August 1; \$15/day at the door.

Sunday Brunch with Rev. Ivan Stang \$20 (Hey, this was Mike's idea, not mine. But I'll try to "perform.")

\$12 for T-shirts: 1992 SubCon T-shirt, "BOB" LIVES, or JUST SAY NO TO "BOB"

\$50 to have one of the free kegs of beer named after you

Ask for details on dealer tables, cheap motel info, floor space info, or to volunteer.

SEND MONEY NOW FOR SCHEDULE, INFO & SECRET LOCATION. Checks payable to:

**Michael Flores**

**PO Box 14683, Chicago, IL 60614-0683 (312-738-0985)**

"GRAND OL' OPRY for The ALTERNATE EARTH"

The Church is not liable for accident or injury, theft, culture shock, personality disintegration, or Janorin leg amputations of elderly women.

If other devivals come up in your area in the months to come, Church Members from several states around will probably get mailings about it. Whenever a Sub "promoter" lets me know about an event being planned, I offer to send them our mailing list for the area. However, they don't always mail 'em out. A lot of Subs missed a really great convention in Atlanta last fall (Phenomicon), and the promoters lost money, because the notices weren't sent out. Once a respected Member in Washington D.C. got real mad at me because he wasn't sent word that Janor was performing in Manhattan. It is not our policy to inform the entire SubGenius

nation when a SubGenius event is happening in one particular place, but we do try to cover all ADJACENT states and nearby big cities.

NOTE: I've been doing more and more of these one-weekend, one-man mini-Deival college "lectures" (rants) all over the country, which are low-pressure, informal, and altogether a better platform than, say, rock clubs, where people usually come to dance, not be preached to. However, we're trying to get interested parties to sponsor more of the DOKSTOK style campout revivals, where any shit-head who wants to can get onstage and use the P.A. — not just the semi-pro SubG "star" preachers raving at a captive audience. The 'Happening' or "Be-In" approach is much more appropriate to SubGenius get-togethers. The "Conventions" we held in the early 80s were great, but HELL on the promoters. The weekend long outdoor PARTY with tents, teepees and makeshift stage are far better modes for Churchly communication. I would be happy to talk with anyone who thinks they might be able to set up more of these naturistic, no-holds-barred Pil/chainsaw fests. Finding site-owners who are tolerant hippie-types is the problem. I know of one place in rural New York that is PERFECT, but that's not exactly centrally located, as SubGs are equally spread across the East Coasts, the West Coasts and the savage interior regions.

Dr. Philo Drummond has also located a site in rural Missouri, and is planning DOKSTOK-IV for Spring '92. DOKSTOK is a 'by invitation only' event, but this time Philo wants to do it up big, with an outdoor stage, lots of bands, and as many as 200 attendees. If you think you might be the kind of Sub (especially BANDS) that Philo might FORGET to invite, but that he would be glad you REMINDED him about, drop him an SASE and ask for the latest issue of The Dokstok Times-Picayune: (Drop in \$7 for a Swinging Love Corpses tape and you won't be disappointed (\$-back if you are, shit-head!))

**Dr. Philo U. Drummond**

**338 Lakewood, Ballwin, MO 63011**

## Winterstar, Feb. 20-23

For those Eastern-Block-ers who missed Pope Robert Anton Wilson at the Phenomicon SubGenius devival, we'll be doing it again at WINTERSTAR — a, uh, well let's just call it a "Neo-Pagan" event held at a ski resort in rural Ohio. Wilson's Illuminatus coauthor Robert Shea will also be a guest, along with the usual assortment of Druids, Wiccans, weirdos and Discordians who are regulars. For information on Winterstar (and the even better summer outdoor festival, Starwood), send SASE to:

**A.C.E. (Association for Consciousness Exploration)**

**1643 Lee Rd., Rm 9, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 216-932-5421**

A.C.E. is actually a bunch of maniacs called The Chameleon Club, and after preaching devivals at two Starwoods and a Winterstar, I consider them... well, they sure know how to throw a HELL of a party. Basically they're a bunch of good-ol'-things who use this Western Mysticism stuff as an EXCUSE to GET DOWN. If you've been to pagan events and found them excruciatingly corny, don't let that color your judgement. Oh, there's a few Newer-Age-Than-Thou dips with names like "Star Bird" and "Ramthea", but they're way outnumbered by the Slack-heads and conspiracy buffs. The Devivals are spirit-filled and the SALES of CHURCH GOODS are GREAT at these things, so GO FOR IT. I've met a number of pals-for-life at these things. Rev. Bleepo Abernathy also usually attends, and Hour of Slack listeners may have heard our audio reports, in which we try to make our

listeners jealous by describing the indescribable scene around the huge bonfires, where naked sweaty Pagans writhe and dance in paleolithic abandon to the driving beat of the trance drummers.

More on Starwood, and for that matter, anecdotes from 3 years' worth of Revivals, Devivals and Revivals, in our soon-upcoming (really!) "all-Inside-Church" issue.

## WHERE TO HOLD THE MAIN 1998 X-Day PARTY??

Obviously, the celebrations building up to X-Day (July 5th, 1998) will take place all over the globe. Your earthly location at the Moment of Rapture will have no bearing on your eligibility for Escape in the Sex Vessels of the Xists, as long as you have on your person the your Church Membership Card (MWOWM can spot fakes, by the way).

Nevertheless, it would be a terrible waste not to set up one specific all-purpose party site for hard-core Subs... a sort of End-Times Woodstock, a gigantic convention of the mutants where we can all await Their Arrisal in comradely fanaticism. Hell, we have 7 years to plan this party; IMAGINE THE POSSIBILITIES! But so far we only have two prospective sites:

Brushwood, a lovely hipster-owned spread with great camping facilities in rural New York near Lake Erie (where A.C.E. holds Starwood), or

a SECRET site with camping facilities and a stage in rural Missouri, known only to Dr. Drummond and The Swinging Love Corpses.

Someone suggested Ken Kesey's farm in Oregon. Hey Rev. Kesey, you up for a few hundred guests in 1998? ... but we've probably forgotten some OBVIOUS site that is PRE-ORDAINED. WHAT IS IT??? WHAT IS THE SITE WE HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF? WHERE WILL THE MAIN X-DAY PARTY HAPPEN?? WHO WILL PAY FOR THE BEER?? Absurd places like Antarctica would be keen if we were all rich, but it needs to be someplace reasonably accessible by poverty-stricken Subs in the continental U.S., privately owned, with NO COPS, and nudity and loud music allowed round the clock. Also needs campsites, toilets, power supplies for makeshift stage; Launching Catapults, Acid Ponds, Squid Pits optional but preferred.

Send your suggestions to PO Box 140306 DalTX 75214!

## A THOUGHT

We move into a new phase, with ever-scarier shit about to emerge, and the challenge now is to TAKE IT WAY FORWARD... the influx of INCREDIBLY TALENTED NEW NOBODIES continues apace and I think you'll be both impressed and horrified by the new ELABORATE LOW-BUDGET PRODUCTIONS that'll eventually escape from here. On the other hand, there's all the goofy Bobbie shit but hey, their money is GREEN and we're true to "Bob" in TAKING that money. Just wish there was more OF it.

If all this sounds "big-time" to you, keep in mind that little of this provide us with 'advance royalty checks' to speak of. FAITH fuels our banging of our heads against the wall. When you run across a mention of the Church in the New York Times, or Newsweek (I am told they just said we were a 'big college fad' — !! Yeah, sure), don't let that trick you into thinking we've BEEN ABLE TO SELL OUT yet. We WILL, someday, BUT ON OUR OWN TERMS -- for enough, perhaps, to then do a 'hostile takeover' and BUY OUT the CONSPIRACY ITSELF!!



## SubGenius Radio Ministry **HOURL OF SLACK on 15 stations!** **Tapes available, \$6!!**

"I CAME NOT TO BRING PEACE, BUT AN OBNOXIOUS RADIO SHOW."

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, 1956-ecclesiastes 6:14.

### TUNE IN "HOURL OF SLACK" SUBGENIUS RADIO:

KNON, Dallas/Ft. Worth, 89.3 FM: Sundays at 9:00 pm  
 KZSU, Stanford, CA, 90.1 FM: Midnight Sundays (Reaches Bay area)

WMPG, Portland, 90.9 FM, 9:30 pm (Part 1) and 11:30 pm (Part 2) Fridays. Interspersed with "Dad's New Slacks" original show by Rev. Townsend.

WFMU, E. Orange, NJ (reaches Brooklyn & Manhattan), 91.1 FM, Sundays 11:30 pm (Call and tell 'em you wanna hear the WHOLE SHOW, not HALF: 201-687-7743 or 201-6-PUS-PIE — then pledge money to the station!)

WMUC, College Park, MD/Wash. D.C., 88.1 FM, 8 pm Tuesdays, or is it 11 pm Sundays?

WZRD, Chicago, 88.3 FM, 9 pm Mondays

WESU, Middletown, CT, 88.1 FM: 11pm Sundays.

WCSB, Cleveland State Univ., Ohio, 89.3 FM: Sat. 1 AM

WTR, Rochester, NY, 89.7 FM: Mondays 11 pm, show by Rev. Gobi called "You're Soaking In It"

WARG, Summit, IL(South side of Chicago), 88.9 FM: Friday, 7-8 pm

WREK, Atlanta, 91.1 FM: Sat. Midnight

KSPC, Los Angeles (Claremont), 88.7 FM: Wed. 1AM

WEFT, Champaign IL, 90.1 FM: Midnight Sundays.

New: WOAT, Madison, WI 89.9 FM Thurs. 11 PM

Less Than An Hour, More Than a Show, KPFA Berkeley, 94.1 FM: 4:30 am Saturdays — total improv horror still going strong after 8 years (!!) under Puzzling Evidence and Dr. Howl. With intermittent guest stars Dr. Gary G'Broagfran, Eohippus Lovechild, Father Joe Mama, Lies, Bishop Joey, Glassmadness, G. Gordon Gordon, callers. Call during Show hours and be tormented on the air: 415-848-4425. For M'church audiences only. SASE for info to: PUZZLING EVIDENCE, 2140 Shattuck, Box 2189, Berkeley, CA 94704

"The SubGenius Radio Show" by Grassy Knoll Project, KHSU, Arcata, CA, 90.5 FM, 4 — 6 AM Sat.morning. Starring St. Dogs-O-Matic, Dr. Bogomils, Sister Clone, Rev. Prozak, and

many many more in the revolving door of sanity. Call 707-826-4805 during show hours.

### THE MIRACLE OF THE SUBGENIUS RADIO MINISTRIES:

ultimate compendia of SubGenius audio, bursting at the seams from a constant influx of new material, aggravated by Media Barrage pieces, and interrupted by live on-air sermons. Linear mind-inflation struggles valiantly to emerge from rather nonlinear yet carefully organized editing of clips from movies, TV, radio preachers etc., interspersed with weird music, original SubGenius "music", preaching from live SubGenius stage Devivals, and excerpts from rival improvisational Church radio shows.

The very *weirdest* aspect of the show is that it is usually the NUMBER ONE FUND RAISER for the originating station, KNON; DON'T ASK ME WHY. It is probably the ugliest, most listener-troubling hour on radio in the entire Southwest.

We've produced upwards of 325 shows (as of January, '92). Over 100 1-hour sample stereo tapes of this jam-packed, samurai-edited juggernaut of raw, untamed SLACK are available for \$6 each. \$6 for a whole HOUR of pure, unstepped-on Slack! Why, we'll give you all 300 shows for only \$1,500!!

Some episodes are devoted purely to SubGenius themes, others hit such topics as drugs, animal rights, UFOs, mind control, sex, religious fanaticism, etc. Occasionally guests such as Robert Anton Wilson are featured. Regular contributors include Puzzling Evidence, The Swingin' Love Corpses, Father Joe Mama, the KHSU show, Church of the New Faith, Drs. for "Bob," Howlin' Hal Robins, Brother Cleve Duncan, Rev. Buck Naked, Mark Mothersbaugh, Negativland, Zoogz Rift, Onan Canobite, and literally countless other tape manipulators, ranters, ravers, and musicians. Rare Firesign Theater, Ken Nordine, The Last Poets and Captain Beefheart pieces are typical of old classic non-SubGenius materials occasionally used.

When ordering shows, you can specify various **types** of subject matter (such as "viciously anti-Fundamentalist," "Halloween," etc.), or special guests. Or just ask for the 'best of' samplers of our choice, however many tapes you can afford. We're ready to 'wing it' in filling Hour of Slack orders. There is a printed log of the first 120 shows, but it's a massive document.

**RADIO STATIONS CAN SUBSCRIBE** to The Hour of Slack radio tapes, \$5 per show.

Bootlegs and airtapes of Hour of Slack pop up unofficially in unexpected places. Popess D. Perfecta turned on her TV one day in Minneapolis to find Hour of Slack being played by the cable company behind their 'channel choices' display.

Anybody who wants to send us their tapes in hope of airplay is most welcome to do so. No guarantees, but Hour of Slack is 98% composed of cassette productions by 'independents'. But HAVE MERCY and put the important stuff right at the beginning! Don't send 90-minute letter tapes with one important request, or collage or song or whatever, buried somewhere on side 2 — it'll NEVER get heard. Any important info or request should be **written** in a SHORT letter.

BUT! Lest we forget --

## THE OTHER TAPES

The "Other Tapes" -- Media Barrages, Songs-tapes, etc. -- are STILL WAITING FOR YOUR ORDERS, UNCENSORED, NASTY AS HELL, BETTER-DUBBED, but... oh no, you're worried you might get something like those OTHER "SELF-PUBLISHED" tapes... oh yeah.. you think just because the last five independent cassettes you bought were UTTER SHIT, that these will be too. Oh, if only... if only... but I guess it's up to you. We repeat: "MONEY BACK NO QUESTIONS ASKED IF NOT SATISFIED," OK OK?? (Only ONE PERSON has ever taken us up on that "money back" thing, and it was because he was a BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS GETTING SOME NEW CHANNELLING FROM "THE" GOD.

## New MUSIC Tape: The HAIRS in "BOB'S" EARS New Hymns to Dobbs — 60 min., \$6

This one has been about 3 years in the compiling; whenever a particularly moving

new 'song' tape was submitted to Hour of Slack, I'd just dub it onto this stack o' warblings. Quite a few people are on this who are new to SubGenius music tapes. Like our other compilations, this ranges from sloppy folk to quite polished MIDI-mixes. A partial list of contents:

PRaise "BOB" -- The Walk-Ins (gospel)  
 DREAD DOBBS -- Lost Souls, Inc. (reggae)  
 "BOB" IS MY ONE TRUE SAVIOR -- Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger (folk)  
 "BIG OL' "BOB"" -- DK Jones and Rev. Ivan Stang (Syntho-hip-hop)  
 HOLES IN THE POLES -- Orton Nenslo (hillbilly hollow-earthier)  
 TIDINGS OF TREMBLING AND FEAR -- Popess Cecelia, Rev. Trickster Shaman (Christmas Carol)  
 DAMN GOOD DAY TO TALK TO "BOB" -- Rev. John (folk)  
 HIGH ON DOKSTOK MOUNTAIN -- The Swingin' Love Corpses (mystery-jazz-acid-rockabilly)  
 "BOB" IS A SALESMAN OF BULLDADA -- Inviso-Bob (rock-like)  
 THE BRAG RAP -- St. Sternodox Keckhaver & Homicidal Briefcase (raprock)  
 "BOB" POKES ME IN THE EYE WITH LOVE -- ?? Anonymous (lounge music)  
 ON AND OFF THE ROAD FOR "BOB" -- Rev. Bleepo Abernathy and the Dobbstown Castrated Boys' Choir (hymn)  
 APPLE OF GOD'S EYE -- Rev. 3.0 and Schwa (Tilton Sampling)

Perhaps I should re-mention

## "BOB'S" EARWAX

-- 60 min, \$6.50

For some reason, although its predecessor, THE EAR OF "BOB", sold well, not many of you have asked for this. There're a bunch of EARWAX lying around the offices which *shouldn't be*, as this is one of our best, yet cheapest, music tapes. It has a lot of the music from ARISE, plus a number of toe-tappin', finger-snappin', neck-breakin' GOSP-HELL numbers by Rev. Don Trubey, Bleepo Abernathy, Cleve Duncan, DK Jones, Swinging Love Corpses, and others, including, of course, Drs. 4 "Bob".

(Perhaps I should mention that none of these newer song-tapes include any antimusic. Two reasons: Antimusic is best when YOU are doing it, live, or else when it's recorded IMPECCABLY, which we can't do; and, all the old-timey Doktor-band members *learned* how to play. *Bummer*. Those who remember Drs. 4 "Bob" or "Wotan" from the old SubCon days would be SHOCKED to hear the "new" Drs., or The Swingin' Love Corpses. You can actually DANCE to this stuff. In fact you HAVE to.)



Five years of therapy failed? TRY THIS.

# THE HOUR OF Slack

Only \$6 each!

People keep asking when a new Media Barrage tape will be out. There IS a new one, EVERY WEEK. In many ways, these are tighter and meaner than the Media Barrages ever were.

In late 1985, public station KNON in Dallas gave the Church a Sunday night timeslot with host Ivan ("Mad Prophet of the Airwaves") Stang. *The Hour of Slack* is an incredible compendium of the best and newest from all the other SubGenius shows, bands, ranters, new Media Barrages and collage artists, tied together by Stang's egomaniacal tirades. Literally, these tapes are SLACK in one-hour chunks. Turbo-charged for FAST pick-up. It's the most incessant, jam-packed hour ANYWHERE.

There are 60 'best-of' compilations already\*, and the list'll keep growing as long as the Baptists or Stang's folly don't shut the show down. Too many to list here -- just tell us how many you want, and we'll send our current favorites. (But tell us which ones you already have.)

Or, request a subject matter. Most are 'theme' shows in some manner. You want UFOs? Sex? The Beforelife? Call-ins? Lots of Berkeley Show? Anti-Christian? (Lots of those available!) Anti-pink? Anti-SubGenius? Drugs? Christmas? Deival specials?

Or perhaps just a "DEMO" for starters -- i.e., a show designed for those who have never heard the Word of "Bob."

## MINUTE OF SLACK \$6

30-minute compilation of twenty-two 1-minute hellfire rants by Ivan Stang, designed for 'normal' radio with NO CUSSWORDS. Accessible to listeners who never heard of "Bob." Boasts great syntho-background music by DK Jones, Dr. Onan's Wotan Band, Mark Mothersbaugh & others.



## "An Acquired Taste:" Religious FILTH BARRAGES & FORBIDDEN WISDOM DIE-HARD MEMBERS ONLY!

90 Min. \$8.50 each

Intended only for the ears of True Initiates. Over 18 only. Hard core, least slick, TOP SECRET.

## BAD DOKTORS

Intersperses some UGLY RANTS (esp. from Janor Hypercleats and Rev. Cleve Duncan) with some UGLY MUSIC from DRS. 4 "BOB," 1,000 DOKTORS, THE BAND THAT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME, DK JONES, PEOPLES TEMPLE and more. An excruciating wall of demented and divine noise n' rants... holds back the demons, yet is CERTIFIED DEMONIC by the Pope himself and DAMNED by Ralph Records.

## THE SECRETS OF NHGH

The Dark Side of "Bob." Philosophomically TERRIFYING and INANE. Stars Stermo, Janor Hypercleats, Stang, Drummond, Hambone, Danger, DK Jones and others. An unspeakable descent. Buy all the other tapes first. This album has scared people AWAY from the cult because they got too much NHGH in their lives. Opens up a whole new can of worms that some feel the Church SHOULD NOT OPEN. THIS IS A SICK, SICK, SICK TAPE. WATCH OUT.

## HATE of the STANG BRAIN

Stang's original road-rant recordings. Hate-powered preaching to crib lines from. Mostly recorded in cars. These later get rewritten and rerecorded... but never with such spleen and venom as in the original trance spoutings of this diseased mind.

## FLEXIDISCS



\$3.50

McGraw-Hill commissioned us to make a 6-minute stereo flexidisc to go out with review copies of THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS. Like a short Media Barrage intro to the Church. Warning: these are crappy little floppy plastic records that play on a turntable -- IF they don't get bent. The bulk of the price is for the flat mailing container. You probably ought to wait until we get an album deal... or you could just BUY A CASSETTE DECK.

REAL fanatics can write in for "THE COMPLETE LIST OF THE SECRET TAPES". Send SASE.

How to Command  
the Mighty Beings From  
the "INVISIBLE WORLD"

Reach  
the Elite



## BETTER SEX IN SECONDS HOTTEST NEW SUBGENIUS TAPES!!

"Can't listen just once -- can't buy just one." If we were unscrupulous, we could sell these like drugs and let you have the first 'hit' FREE -- knowing you'd keep coming back for more. But we are SWORN not to abuse the Healing Power. Thousands have already been cured. PROVEN useful for seduction, sales improvement, suicide prevention.

## THE EAR OF "BOB" \$8.50

"Best of the Old-Time Bobsongs" combined with new SubG music: hymns, Mystery Jazz and acid-reggae disco-funk of the Gods. *Superb stereo! Unbelievably expensive digital effects! The most famous Gospel Sexhurt Hymns, performed by the "all-new," "high-tech" a-music bands!* Many new studio recordings, some Church oldies. The stereo 3-D effects will rampage through your cranium -- your ears will feel like they have knives in them -- yet you'll scream, "MORE, 'Bob,' MORE!" These beautiful odes to abnormality and demented CLASSICS will bless your heart, and anoint your Gland. With Slackmaster Cleve and the Spurious Jive, Mark Mothersbaugh, Dr. Ahmed Fishmonger, D. K. Jones, Buck Naked and the Jaybirds, Inhibiting Factor, Drs. for "Bob," Glassmadness, Rio Bisbee Band, The Swinging Love Corpses, Drs. for Wotan, Dr. Onan's Wotan Band, The Band That Dare Not Speak Its Name, Drs. for Uter Stupidity.

## NEW: "BOB'S" EARWAX \$6.50

ALL NEW studio-mixed Bobsongs from the above bands plus many skilled new songsters like Rev. Don Trube, Bleepo Abernathy, Rebby Sharp and others. 60 min. Probably our slickest and most accessible music tape.

## THE JANOR DEVICE \$8.50

Our most esoteric; solo ranting by demented Arkansas hick SubGenius, Janor Hypercleats -- an hour and a half of nonstop ranting from DRS. 4 "BOB," his own tapes, and revivals. Really sick. (And we don't use that term loosely.) Filth, blue humor, bad language -- and the most brilliant surrealist comedy routines in human experience! A seemingly endless plunge into Janor Awareness. You'll talk like him for a week, and rip off his lines for years. Many swear this superb room-clearing device can be used with a tape recorder to rid your home not only of unwanted human pests, but even cockroaches!

Janor tapes work for nearly everyone, and even those who stay parked in their bodies



## DOCTORS FOR "BOB" #1 A LEWD SPECTACLE OF WANTON DEPRAVITY \$8.50

90 minutes of studio -recorded songs from Drs. for "Bob." (Each SubGenius cassette is ONE NOTE in a vast DRS. 4 "BOB" SONG. Every sound YOU MAKE is but the merest fraction of a beat in the background percussion track of this Eternal Concert.) 'Musical,' yet always violently weird. This decade's "Music to Disgust Your Parents By." You'll fuck it with a big fat dick, with big red straps, when you hear the sensational hit, "Told the Judge." Ever wondered HOW Kreegar managed to "X" that tractor up his ass? Well, now you can find out! Let OTHERS do it the hard way. Includes "The Final Squirt," "Shocked the Livin' GHEE Outa Me," "Dobbs Approved," "You Can't Hide from God," "Fuck 'Er One More Time," "Legs o' Fire," "Cut My Toe Off With A Lawnmower Blues," many many more. "This is the worst music I have ever heard. Please don't send any more tapes here." -- David Byrne

So you know it can't be Pink.

... the control that thinks cool ...

- 1) Use headphones. You'll enter a Hell Dimension with the 3-D power to transfigure you.
- 2) Listen More Than Once.
- 3) Don't Try To Dance To It.
- 4) Ignore the Demons.



"After listening to Side 2 for 6 hours, I experienced transtate accompanied by alarming "flashes." After 8 hours I was there with all those Doctors and we caused the manifestation of Choronzon, which ruined my carpet unfortunately."

-- A. Crawley A.A.: Pretator Magnus

# RELAX!

## LEARN

While  
You  
Sleep

Do You Want the MAGIC  
for POWER?

THE  
MASTER'S  
VOICE

WE MANUFACTURE THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF.  
UNEARTH THE LOST IGNORANCE

WIN \* WIN \* WIN \* WIN \* WIN \* WIN



I realized that this FIST has little by your editor, Ivan Stang, in it — maybe that's because I've been writing a rant a week for Hour of Slack. So, I reproduce here a sample "Hour of Slack Sermon Script" — written for the spoken word, much different from a rant for print, punctuated and vocabularized for the radio speaker... but... what the HELL.

This is my rant on SELLING OUT.

We suspected that when MTV started running this slick, bold surrealist commercial for the Church of the SubGenius, that a certain type of person would be HORRIFIED and would accuse us of **selling out**. But I wasn't prepared for how QUICKLY we'd receive a letter that PERFECTLY REPRESENTS that kind of... well, let's call it thinking. For convenience. Actually it's a knee-jerk, preprogrammed reaction that reveals far more about its writer than he might guess. According to Rev. 3.0 and Rev. the Swede, who monitor these SubGenius computer bulletin boards, a whole lot of the computer-nerd gimme-Bobs — the REAL armchair SubGeniuses, you might say, whose ONLY reality is VIRTUAL — are also all up in arms.

But let me read you this letter, and so as to not sound too peevish I'll try not to read in my own editorial comments until the end. Stay with me here, because this IS all leading to something way above and beyond whether or not I as director of the SubGenius TV commercial can take a joke, ok?

My withered and dying Church,

Could you be any more pink? I innocently flipped my holy Tube box to MTV a minute ago in pursuit of some decadent pinkism. Can you imagine my disgust when I heard the phrase "pull the wool over your own eyes" and as the screen flickered to life, the visage of my high holy god of Slack appeared before my eyes? Can you relate to the shame I feel, knowing that the Church has taken out ads on MTV? What's next, Nickelodeon? How about an appearance by "Bob" on the Simpsons. Is nothing profane anymore? I remember the pride I felt when I showed people my card, proclaiming myself to be a Doktor of the Forbidden Sciences. I remember the frenzy I'd achieve preaching the good word to neophytes and initiates. Now when I approach a latent SubGenius, they'll just think I'm some MTV generation poseur. Many Subs have accused me of being pink for sending you my \$20. What will they think now. "Hmmp, a preacher from some religion that advertises on MTV. Bet he's pink!"

In the book of the SubGenius it is stated that letting the pinks into the Church is the only thing that will destroy it. How are you going to weed out the pinks and leave the true Subs if you advertise on MTV? It is likely that the Church will be destroyed not by Pink members but by Pinks at the top of the Hierarchy. Have you forgotten about the casting out of false prophets? It seems more like you welcome them.

I am torn between firing up on the religion now more than ever and casting out the false prophets, or burning my card and turning to Discordianism, which will never advertise on MTV. Please redeem yourselves.

With Slack,

The Reverend (His Name Omitted to Spare Him the UNSPEAKABLE EMBARRASSMENT He so RICHLY DESERVES).

Well — Congratulations, Reverend Your Name Omitted to Spare You the UNSPEAKABLE EMBARRASSMENT you so RICHLY DESERVE. Your ill-thought letter has every listener over the age of 17 laughing their butts off, and moreover has inspired this whole new rant.

In his letter he asked, "How are you going to weed out the pinks and leave the true Subs if you advertise on MTV?" Well, his letter is proof that it's doing just that. With this guy we've certainly weeded out one abject Bobbie.

I showed this letter to somebody last night — someone fairly new to SubGenius, not a fanatic — and he was shocked. He said, "Bob preserve us from SUBGENIUS FUNDAMENTALISTS." And that's exactly what this letter represents. Might as well be Southern Baptist kooks or Islamic fundamentalists. Or Wiccan fundamentalists for god's sake. They're AFRAID to see anybody fight the Conspiracy in any NEW ways that aren't like the good old comfortable OBSCURITY they're used to, the "underground hip with-it SCENE" they can HIDE the Church in where they'll only encounter their fellow WHEY-FACED MEALY-MOUTHED INTELLECTUALS. Just about anybody with Brain One would recognize the MTV spot for being the STUPIFYING, MAGNIFICENT COUP THAT IT IS, and would be JUMPING UP AND DOWN with INSANE GLEE to see us FIX IT to where the Conspiracy **PAYS US** to EVACUATE OURSELVES SPECTACULARLY in its FACE, thereby PROVING BLATANTLY OUR NUMBER ONE POINT. But apparently this guy MISSED that number one point. Ehh, Maybe he just didn't READ that first pamphlet. Maybe he SKIMMED PAST the first BOLD FACED PROCLAMATIONS in the Book of the SubGenius. And he SURE as hell didn't pay the SLIGHTEST attention to the LAST chapter of the Book of the SubGenius. Which I might recommend several of you to reread... Chapter 20. The one "BOB" wrote.

This letter is a vivid illustration that the worst **Bobbies** — that is, mal-aligned normals who WANT to be SubGeniuses for all the wrong reasons, believing all the wrong lies — are always the first ones to suddenly start screaming "Pink!" whenever they see another SubGenius who isn't wearing THEIR particular pseudo-nonconformist's UNIFORM. (Just like I'm doing now!) The ones who THINK they know who's PINK and who isn't by WHAT CHANNEL THEY WATCH or HOW OLD THEY ARE or HOW THEY DRESS. EFFETE SNOBS, in other words. Always casting the first correctly culturally incorrect stone. The BOBBIE is the one who's yelling the loudest, "Cast out the Bobbies! ...And start with that guy! He's not a REAL SubGenius... I CAN TELL!" Taking everything at FACE VALUE. Too SHALLOW and SHELTERED and NAIVE, and PROGRAMMED, to understand anything but the most Nazi-like, bristling chameleon camouflage SURFACE SKIN of the Church of the SubGenius. SOME YOU JUST NEVER DID CATCH ON TO "BOB'S DEAL, DID YOU?" You really do think that YOU can outguess "BOB" DOBBS as to who's WORTHY and who ISN'T.

Well, let's reread what he wrote here:

"Many Subs have accused me of being pink for sending you my \$20. What will they think now?"

— He CARES??

He isn't using the Church for "Bob's" glory OR his own spiritual advancement down the path of Least Resistance! He's a

SubGenius because he THINKS it'll make him.... "COOL."

But oh, boo hoo hoo, the evil Church old-timers have gone and MESSED EVERYTHING UP for the poor neglected SubGenius. Now he won't be the only one "in" on the "inside joke" anymore. !!

— Oh no! What if the captain of the football team joins the Church!?! Then the SubGenius girls will NEVER go out with him! (Heh... And I bet you thought the Church was gonna lead you to finally gettin' LAID, DIDN'T ya?? Gee, SORRY about that, kid.)

YOU POOR DELUDED FOOL!!! This Church is for SUPERIOR mutants, not WIMPY CRYBABIES!! HAS NOT DOBBS STATED ALL ALONG THAT THE CHURCH IS THE ONE TRUE SALVATION FOR ALL THE SUBGENIUSES, not just the cloistered nervous dweebs, AND THAT WE MUST NOT STOP OUR OUTREACH UNTIL THE CONSPIRACY IS SMASHED AND EVERY POSSIBLE SUB HAS IN FACT PAID its Sacred \$20 so as to be ELIGIBLE for a TICKET to the WAITING LINES for a SEAT on the ESCAPE VESSELS OF THE SEX-MEN FROM PLANET X, ON X-DAY July 5th 1998 at 7 am????? What'd you think we're gonna do, **refuse to allow** the image of Dobbs to appear anywhere but politically correct mimeographed handouts at colleges?? "Oh, don't run COMMERCIALS on MTV!! Let the CHRISTIANS run commercials on EVERY OTHER CHANNEL, but oh, (huh huh) "BOB FORBID" letting the Word of Dobbs indiscriminately go out to MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF IMPRESSIONABLE KIDS all over the GLOBE!! Because... because... MTV just isn't FASHIONABLE anymore. See, I hate everything popular, **that means I'm not a slave to fashion!!**"

What's the difference? NOW you're a slave to what's NOT fashion... but according to WHO?? — STILL according to the dictates of the NORMALS. Hey, snap out of it. There ARE some things that are good for both normals AND SubGeniuses to have. Like FOOD, SEX, and MONEY. Even CATTLE need these things.

For your information — unlike your **amateur** "bizzare fake religions", this Church is FAR from satisfied with wallowing in underground obscurity — because PREACHING TO THE SAVED IS FOR COWARDS. We're here to UNBUCKLE THE BIBLE BELT!! Dobbs **commissioned** this Church to impart the CONCEPTS of Slack, "Bob", and the warning about the Conspiracy **far and wide**, to every clime and shore, to **every** possible potential SubGenius. If some Pinks join up, FINE, we get their money and ignore them, or occasionally compose RANTS about how stupid they are, like this one. The other Pinks will be either offended or confused, depending on if they're smart Pinks or dumb Pinks, respectively, and the newly-saved SubGeni will bust a gut laughing and recognize with **tears** in their eyes that if the Church can even EXIST, that there is STILL HOPE no matter how... well, **absurd** it might be. "It's just SO crazy, it just might work!" But those BOBBIES... oh, those Bobbies will get **JEALOUS**.... SO jealous that their — quote their unquote — little 'secret coded inside joke' might GET AWAY FROM 'EM and might **even** be shared by someone THEY HATED AND FEARED... mayhaps, someone... BETTER than them? Someone... LUCKIER? Someone... YOUNGER?... with more... GUTS and ORIGINALITY?? Or even someone so WEIRDLY ADEPT that they HAVE to LOOK NORMAL in order not to get CAUGHT??

And this guy talks about "Casting out the false prophets..." He's gonna do it 'cause we aren't. I suppose a false prophet is anyone and everyone you see on TV. Before



you saw Frank Zappa on TV, he was a true warrior for the mutants. Now you see him on TV so now he must be a false prophet. But just exactly where do you draw the line? If it is EVIL to have MTV finance and show your mutant public service announcement, then is it ALSO evil to have NIGHTFLIGHT show the SubGenius video ARISE in installments? Or is that somehow OKAY since NightFlight is 33% LESS PINK than MTV, and PAYS less, or is it OK because ARISE is an el-cheapo low-budget 90 minutes while the commercial is an intense and professional one minute? Would it be okay if we'd made that commercial on Super 8 film and only shown it on local cable access shows that 25 people watch? Would THAT serve "Bob" better — or would it serve YOU, keeping YOU the "big stinky fish" in the tiny local SubGenius POND? EH?? What IS your REAL MOTIVATION for wanting to keep the Word of "Bob" out of the hands of 20 million teenagers?

What the hell does he think will happen when those millions of kids see that spot on MTV?? NOTHING, for the most part. The dumb ones will be confused and the smart ones might be tempted to actually purchase *The Book of the SubGenius*... if they ever accidentally enter a bookstore someday. But some would rather the Church sit around like themselves, masturbating to its own hidden coolness. Somehow I get the distinct impression that this is a high school kid who has never had to support himself, or he'd INSTANTLY REALIZE that the commercial a) rapes the minds of normals, b) makes more MONEY for "BOB", and c) being well-done, drags in more mutant members — NOW WHAT IN THE SWEET NAME OF "BOB" IS WRONG WITH MORE SAVED SUBGENIUSES AND MORE MONEY FOR THEM?? I know what's wrong. Then the BOBBIES don't feel SPECIAL anymore. Oh lord, what in heaven's name would they ever DO if suddenly there were SubGeniuses around who were SMARTER, FUNNIER and BETTER (or WEIRDER) LOOKING than them?

Why, their little circle jerk just wouldn't be as "underground" anymore.

Well you can take THAT whimperry attitude and stick it where "Bob" don't care to LOOK. Mabe you didn't HEAR what we were SAYING. We won't rest until EVERY LIVING THING ON THIS PLANET BOWS DOWN BEFORE "BOB" DOBBS IN TOTAL SUBMISSION!!!! We'll force "BOB" down the CHOKING THROATS of every BABY in the UNIVERSE. We won't stop until we've peeled the very SKIN back from the SKY ITSELF and make it SQUIRT OUT THE WORD of the NAME of "B-b-BOB!! WE WILL BURY YOU!!! Your infidel mothers of treason will howl in anguish at the torture of your SKELETONS at our hands, and the oceans shall HEAVE with the BLOOD of your DESCENDENTS!! And you better believe it won't just be MTV, it'll be ABC, NBC and CBS and PBS and every local affiliate and independent! And it won't just be a one minute SubGenius COMMERCIAL, Oh NO!! It'll be nothing BUT "BOB" on TV ALL THE TIME, and you won't be allowed to TURN IT OFF!! By the time we're through, you'll be SO SICK OF "BOB" that THEN you just MIGHT FINALLY UNDERSTAND, and you'll want to KILL "BOB" YOURSELF!! And then you'll know why WE were the first ones to TRY to do just that!! Oh, we're WAY ahead of ya boy. But then, just like we did, you'll learn that, try all you want to kill "Bob", it's the ULTIMATE exercise in futility. For "Bob" CANNOT DIE. It's out of our hands and yours, pal. "BOB" DOBBS is loosed upon the world and is even now slouching towards Bethlehem whether you or we like it or not. If he wants to SUPPLANT the Conspiracy, he WILL!! So

you might as well get used to it, and continue OBEYING HIS EVERY COMMAND — and SENDING MORE MONEY TO THE CHURCH would be as good a place to start as ANY!! Believe me, you people who think you are SO SOPHISTICATED are but the first FEW TENTATIVE INCHES down what you'll find is a LONG LONG PATH... But until that time you are demonstrably NOT the sharpest knife in the drawer. You are three cubes short of a tray. You're three bricks shy of a building and your cylinders aren't all firing. Your box is definitely missing a few crayons, MA'AM. You have a read-only memory and are badly in need of an upgrade.

And I hate to say it dear friends, but JEALOUSY, not pure and honest HATE but filthy JEALOUSY, plays a BIG part in this. If you've been around the 'hip scene' as long as I have you'll agree that the people who most stidently criticise pop culture and rock stars and so forth, are very often the ones secretly most DESPERATE to gain exactly that level of attention and notoriety. But since they're afraid to maybe make a fool of themselves by trying to go out and GET it, in ANY manner besides getting drunk and obnoxious, they dislike anyone ELSE who happens upon even a LITTLE bit of stardom. Anybody who's ever been in a band for very long should know what I mean. And by the same token there are SubGeniuses, so called, out there who PROJECT their own deepest desires on us — who assume we actually WANT to be puffed-up famous sold-out STARS as much as they secretly do — which is WRONG, believe it or not; we have FAMILIES, we KNOW what's IMPORTANT — and then DIS US when we get slightly ahead without hardly TRYING.

"If somebody gave ME a million dollars, I'd certainly do better than THAT."

"Well, if somebody made ME a big rock star I wouldn't be so PINK!"

"Oh, if somebody would publish MY masterpieces of poetry, I'd NEVER sell out, I'd speak out AGAINST the unethical treatment of sensitive artists, and all those fascists in the government who won't give me free money for my new performance piece, "Presumption in BI!"

Oh yeah... you THINK you've been HATIN' like "Bob" said to. But you're still just mired in that silly, localized, pathetic kind of hate. That diddly-fiddly, trivial, antifashion-enslaved kind of hate. "I hate MTV. I hate Pinks. I hate anything popular." Once again... the CONFORMITY of NONCONFORMISTS rears its ugly head. You gotta LAUNCH that filthy pimple-head, get that coke bottle out of your BUTT, and get down to some for-real, all-inclusive, WARRIOR style UNIVERSAL HATE!!! Go ahead, HATE US!! HONESTLY — PLEASE DO HATE US if that's what it takes to get you to show some GONAD and THINK FOR YOURSELF!! And maybe that is INDEED, JUST WHAT IT TAKES!! Because "BOB" ISN'T THE ANSWER, AND NEITHER IS ANYTHING ELSE!!

...And then he ends his letter saying he doesn't know whether to fire up on SubGenius and cast out the false prophets like me, or to join the Discordians who QUOTE "will never advertise on MTV" UNQUOTE... and who also, for that matter, won't be heard of much of ... anywhere else... maybe science fiction conventions. Where the REAL HE-MAN RADICALS hang out, uh-huh, yea. (NOTE: No offense to the Discordians. In fact, "Bob" has said, "If it were not for the Discordians, I never would have set the Church loose on the world — for I know that they will always be around to DESTROY IT if it gets OUT OF HAND.")

Well, listen pal, if seeing a KILLER spot for the Church on MTV makes you want to withdraw your membership, PLEASE HURRY UP AND DO SO!!! One more psuedo-

Sub-poseur and jargon-babbling ninny will be removed from the mailing list. The AILING list, I should say. PLEASE QUIT THE CHURCH AND JOIN THE DISCORDIANS!! I'm sure you'll feel MUCH MORE SUPERIOR there. For one thing, there won't be anybody else around who might make you look ... unoriginal.

By the way, we didn't 'place an ad' on MTV. They do these things called "art breaks" where they give weirdos a pittance to do 'artful' one-minute things. THEY PAID US TO MAKE A COMMERCIAL ABOUT OURSELVES AND THEY RUN IT FOR FREE. In other words we got the Conspiracy to PAY US to BITE ITS HAND while it FED US. Now we have the fine piece of film to show for our efforts and plenty more new SubGeniuses, hopefully not a bunch of mincing snobs like this guy. Not only that, Mr. "Slacker Than Thou," if you'd paid any attention you'd notice that MTV itself is actually TRASHED in the video. A saucer piloted by "Bob" blows up the MTV building which is shaped like pyramid-with-eye and blinking MTV logo. Later in the spot when the harried Sub kicks ass and then relaxes on the beach to watch TV, he CLICKS PAST MTV and stops on a CHEESY MONSTER MOVIE. It's subtle but then I always figured the goal of the Church was not so much to PICK ON that EVIL EMPIRE of uncool mainstream music, MTV, but to PRAISE "BOB" AND OVERTHROW THE CONSPIRACY IN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF ALL BIPEDS. That's what I heard. But then... maybe we just have a different sense of PRIORITIES.

But all that's a moot point. What this guy's REALLY saying is, "DON'T BE A SUCCESSFUL weirdo! Don't actually DO what you talk about — like showing the WORLD that you CAN ACTUALLY, in REAL LIFE, EXPLOIT your abnormality, make money and SLACK OFF by doing something totally WEIRD, PERSONAL, CREATIVE and above all FUN — because if you DO — if you actually succeed in doing the impossible — then I'LL have to explain to myself why I HAVEN'T!!"

The fact is they're FEARFUL because they're JEALOUS because they're LAZY and AFRAID TO QUIT READING OUR BOOKS ABOUT IT in the safety of their dorm rooms, and GET OUT THERE and ACTUALLY DO IT: BE WEIRD and DIFFERENT for ALL THE WORLD TO SEE, not just the other gimps. THAT's the difference between this Church and all the other so-called anti-establishment geek clubs — WE do it on MAIN STREET, and they do it in CLOSETS.

Like MICE.

Like RABBITS.

Like... PINKS. AFRAID to risk looking DUMB to THE OTHERS.

Guess they just sorta... MISSED... that first WORD there:

"SUBGENIUS."

Well, FUCK 'EM if they CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.

Me OVERMAN! Me SUBGENIUS!! Eiyiyiyiyiyi....

And one more thing. If MTV is going to "TAINT" the Church... then what was this guy doing watching it? Oh, but HE was "in pursuit of some decadent pinkism." Everybody else, they're just mindless consumers... only HE can withstand their deadly mind control, uh-huh, I see, yes.

Besides, SINCE WHEN is the super-elite, highly trained, dues-paid, squid-humpin', black-eye-pea-eatin', face-fucking bat-sperm-antidote-pudding-injectin' HIERARCHY of the Church of the SubGenius, the ORIGINAL APOSTLES of DOBBS, beholden to the mewling whines of common, unannointed, riff-raff "street" SubGenit — that is, IF WE DON'T WANT TO BE? What do you think this is, COMMUNISM??



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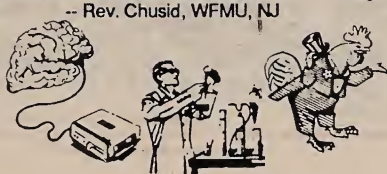
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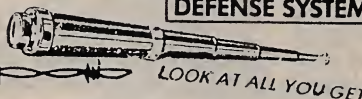
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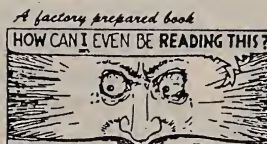
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124 WATCH FOR SUBGENIUS REVIVALS, DEVIVALS AND SLACK MARCHES IN YOUR TOWN!



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In all cases, allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. For orders over \$20, add \$3 shipping and handling. All foreign orders add an extra \$5 shipping and handling. **U.S. DOLLARS ONLY.**

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**REV. RAY DODGE's Church of the Double Negatory P.O.Box 88, Brookfield, CT 06804.** Well actually we haven't heard from 'em in years, but when we did, it was **HOLY**.

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The best rantzine in the universe, although you'd have to be 'up' on bad films and preachers to appreciate it. You are, so why not? Intensely politico-cultural, viciously anti-Conspiracy.... "INTENSIVE STUDY of the most obscure and disreputable cultural manifestations of the **DECAYING HU-MAN EMPIRE**." Latest issue: Gulf war, Shirley Temple Black, faith-healing, and of course badfilm (not just monster movies!). They also sell incredible **VIDEOTAPES**. Check out "Perverse Preachers, Fascist Fundamentalists & Kristian Kiddie Kooks" — a collection of Xian (not Xist) madness you won't believe, no matter how much you monitor the enemy.

**JANOR DEVICE II audio tape!**

**\$7.50 from Janor Hypercleats, c/o Hathorn, 8701 Evergreen, Little Rock, AR 72207**

Janor Hypercleats is now on **HIS OWN THREE "FEET"**, marketing his own stuff and his own self for revivals or "comedy shows". ANYWHERE. (Bring Janor to YOUR bar!) **THE JANOR DEVICE** is our most esoteric tape — **THE JANOR DEVICE II** is **HIS** most esoteric. **WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU!???** GO FOR IT NOW!!! Hear what we cannot play on the radio, but would, 24 hours a day, if it were legal.

**Short Duration MARRIAGES**

**REV. BUCK NAKED**, PO Box 140026, Dallas, Texas 75214 (MUST include SASE)

Start your OWN **BUSINESS** Selling Short Duration Marriage\$! No spiritual penalty for short liaisons with Shor-Dur-Mar! Do it now and avoid Hell. Beautiful certificate created and sanctified in full Dobbsmanship by Pastor Naked. Graced by graven image of Buck himself in the throes of Smilin'Tology (NOT a religion.) This singin' preacher can set you up as a **PRACTICING SubGenius minister**.

**EVERYTHING MUST SELL BY 1998!** Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Buck for his **FREE CATALOG!** Buttons galore, including many rare characters such as "Bub," "Negro Bob", "NuNu," "Bleeding Head", "Pec Dog", and "Bobra"! Marriage certificates! Postcards! Much more! Buy now while your money's good!

**BUMMER NEWS: Pope Jimbo, Katlady Closed!**

**Pope Jimbo** of Cleveland, and

**The GOOD SEX for MUTANTS DATING LEAGUE**

have **CLOSED UP SHOP**. We bid a fond farewell.

It IS a lot of trouble, isn't it?

Actually, I think Pope Jimbo just got sick and tired of filling orders. We understand. There are never enough, but always too many for Slack. On the other hand we're hoping Jimbo will send us his stock of Overman Masks, Bleeding Head replicas, decals, shirts etc.

As for the Dating League — as far as I know only one woman ever signed up, and that date was disastrous (details not available at press time). It was mostly just **LONELY GUYS**, some of them lonely for good reason. How well I realize, there are so many boys and girls out there who just **KNOW** that somewhere, there's a SubGenius of the opposite or otherwise desired sex who will see past the fat and acne and inability to function socially with fellow bipeds, to the **REGAL SOUL** beneath. And there ARE. But SubGenius mail-order is apparently not the way. Don't restrict your searching to 'out-of-the-closet' SubGeni; the person you need may well turn out to have the **exact opposite interests**. By definition you shouldn't expect anyone else to have the same idea of Slack as you do. The idea is that you learn from each other. It's part of this wholesome 'tolerance' thing we preach — tolerate others' absurdities, and they'll tolerate yours. It's just a damn shame that we're going to have to teach the Pinks tolerance by enslaving them in forced-labor camps for a hundred years.

**THE SWINGING LOVE CORPSES cassette tapes** \$6

After Dr. Philo Drummond left Dallas and Drs. 4 Wotan, he joined with his brother Sphinx and guitarist Rey Hey (and eventually a cast of dozens) to form this beloved acid-disco garage-funk combo (also known as "The Cups", "Goat Family", and ((CENSORED))). Not antimusic! You HAVE to dance to it! These groovy mop-tops will win your hard with their rockin' beat. Teenagers all over America are hanging themselves in the nude after seeing this groped-out band in concert. Ask for their latest compilation album.

**SWINGING LOVE CORPSES, c/o 338 Lakewood, Ballwin MO 63011**

**PEE DOG COMICS #2!!**

\$5 for this long awaited, utterly disgusting and incredibly blasphemous sequel starring that infamous urine canine and his lonesome, amputated penis. Rated Triple-X.

\$6 for the cassette tape of weirdly transcendental instrumental music, **ZOMBO FROP LAND**. All from St. Jay Condom (who also did a lot of the music for *Pee Wee's Playhouse*.)

**SPOOKY COMIX, PO Box 896, Commerce, TX 75428**



**Dobbshead RUBBER STAMP  
TOP DRAWER RUBBER STAMPS, BOX 38,  
HANCOCK, VT. 05748**

The sheer face of "Bob" with his classic grin of enlightenment and his mysterious pipe. 1 1/2" image protects mail from being opened by Conspiracy, wards off thieves and demonic spirits, offsets magic influence of NHGH. Stamp it on your forehead for increased intelligence. Works well with blood, invisible ink, or lemon juice (for fake magic burn-ins by "Bob" later)... or even a common stamp pad. Sturdy, businesslike wooden handle. Fits in pocket for furtive skulk-and stamp sessions.

**'BOB' RUBBER STAMP: \$4.50... WINGS OF SLACK (dagger/clock emblem): \$3.75..... COWBOY & H-BOMB "Beware the Church of SubGenius", \$4.25.... BAT-WINGED SKULL w/clock n' bomb by Bergdol, \$4.50**

And there are OTHER DESIGNS yet! See their catalog. Add \$1.50 to the above prices (for postage). ((Hey — psst — royalties??))

**POST HIP GNOSSIS cassette EXCELLENT** Dobbs hymns and rants by Rev. Don Trubey & Large Door... fine recordings, vast range of musical and rant styles. An INSPIRATION. "Pipe in the Sky" brings tears to your eyes. "The Blast Supper" is Joycean and then some; and wait'll you hear Jimmy Swaggart rants cut into an anti-Pentecostal Rap song! \$7 for the tape with booklet.  
**INTERIM MUSIC, PO Box 1301, New York, NY 10276**

**BRITISH T-SHIRTS AND BUTTONS  
Mark Pawson, PO Box 664, LONDON E5  
OJW, U.K.**

These include the eccentric, multi-colored psychedelic "mandala"-style small Dobbs buttons so many of you have bought from me at Devivals. This is your most dependable opening into a whole subculture, the British "House/Dobbs" scene. EH-EH-EH. Has a whole button-making business; ask for his CHEEP CHEEP CHEEP price list. \$18 T-shirts, \$6 or so for art books.

**ROGUE SUBGENIUS CLENCH, LEEDS  
PO Box HP26, LEEDS, LS6 2RL, UK — £10** (??) for short sleeved, £20 for long-sleeved VERY PSYCHEDELIC shirts. Since Rev. Martin Baker moved to the U.S., supply is questionable... but well worth the effort. Write first. These are the shirts I wear most often. Handprinted (front and back) in Yorkshire by Clench slaves on quality material. Most I've seen are printed bright yellow on BLACK shirts. They bear wonderful slogans that only make sense in England, like: "It's Grim Up North," Guinness take-offs, "No Poll Tax, No Income Tax, No Cooking or Preparation of Food (an important one), No Watches, No Fresh Fruit, More SLACK." (You might think there'd be scurvy but I guess they take vitamins to replace the fruit.) Plus keen Rogue Clench logo on back: Wings-o-Slack over Beer Glass.

**SICKEST MEDIA BARRAGE ON VIDEO IN  
THE UNIVERSE!  
"The Obvious" — from: Flash Video  
Box 410052, San Francisco, CA 94141**

Rev. Stevie Hambone, long-time SubVidDok & all-around bon-vivant Niponologist, compiled (under the name "Peter Fleschette") this 1-hour video barrage which cuts from movie porn scenes to movie violence scenes and back, every second (And he mixes the soundtracks up so you'll get, say, Traci Lords sound effects with Rambo exploding trucks.) 2000 quick cuts of campy porn and outrageous ultraviolence make this one of those tapes that'll clear the room of some people, but enrapture others. Most intense... I've often added this to public screenings of ARISE, and it's interesting to see how it divides the audience between those can't stay and those who can't leave. \$39.95 + \$2 handling in U.S. ((Flash also carries many wonderful party videos like "Erotic Tattooing and Body Piercing" and "Weird Thailand", both oft-duplicated components of my sicko collection.)) I had originally penned a little rant here defending we

who juxtapose sex & violence for its HIDEOUS EFFECT, but... no apologies... (besides, that portion of the disc-file CRASHED).

**Silver Dobbsian Jewelry  
Robert Lee, Church of the Immaculate '60  
Chevy, PO Box 19721, Sacramento, CA  
95819-0271**

Guess what "Bob" wear on his sleeves during Sleeve Jobs? \$20-45 a pop for extremely well-crafted pins/necklaces: Dobbs pins, medallions, "Triangular Logo" medallions, Sacred Pipes. No personal checks, please — cashier's or M.O.s only. These are the ONLY, ORTHODOX, TRULY APPROVED DOBBS JEWELRY PIECES, and as such, BY FAR THE BEST. Send SASE for illustrated catalog and then send your money. These are SILVER and Dobbsian — THEY CANNOT DEVALUE.

**GET STUPID...** from these Archivists of Bulldada come the Slack-imbued "GET STUPID" Magazines, crucial to any understanding of the arcane cosmic stupidity that rules life on Earth. "Fucking hilarious." — The Person You Most Admire. \$3 each.

**1st Church of Mr. Science, 25 Grant St., Cambridge, MA 02138.** Make checks payable to **SETH DEITCH**; allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**UNAUTHORIZED "SHOW" TAPES!! (from  
"CALLERS"!!!)  
Dr. Phineas Narco, PO Box 1247, Jan Jose,  
CA 95108-1247**

Sells his own culled-down edits of "Best Of" KPFA SubGenius show done by Puzzling Evidence and Hal Robins. This guy calls in to the show a lot. So of course it's heavy on his calls. Still, until Puzzling Evidence decides to actually start duping tapes for money-paying customers, this is the best you can get outside of Hour of Slack compilations without staying up till 4 in the morning. \$6/90 min.

**DOBBSSTATOOS:  
PAT FISH, Box 777, Santa Barbara, CA  
93102**

St. Pat is the Royal Tatoost of the Church. She will and has etched Dobbsheads on HUMAN BUTTS or other places. She can also fashion custom rubber stamps. Quality of her work? Check out the giant Dobbshead on foamcore I carry to Devivals. Imagine that, tattooed on your FACE. She can do it, and you'll even laugh through the tears of pain. (Note: Rev. Martin Baker (once of Leeds, now happily married to Rev. Kate in L.A., thanks to MY MATCHMAKING I might add) has a Dobbs birthmark on his arm. If you try to say it's a tattoo he'll KICK YOUR ASS.)

**THE TAGALOG PRESS, 126 W. Main St.,  
Medway, OHIO 45341**

\$8 for LARGE (3") Dobbshead rubber stamps, SASE for amazingly antique-looking pamphlets and Sub-rants. This individual runs one of the last 'typesoundries' wherein printing in the Gutenberg style is accomplished at great lengths and bleeding fingernails.

**Ephemera Buttons, 275 Capp St., San  
Francisco, CA 94110**

Again carrying Church buttons w/ Dobbshead on black... SASE for amazing catalog of other offensive buttons. Probably the most useful button catalog in the world — many cleverly rude & scatological statements available.

**DOBBS CLOCKS!!**

**First SubGenius Apostolic Church, c/o  
Skippy Stone, PO Box 8622, Salem, MA  
01971, (508)741-4479...** For \$19.98 you can have sent you a FLIMSY but COLORFUL and EFFECTIVE DOBBSHEAD CLOCK — runs on an AA battery, suitable for stabbing with a dagger. It's a hand-colored Dobbshead plate behind leetle clock hands... hangs from the wall or fridge... No numbers on it, but old Time-Controllers will be

able to tell the hour anyway. (My cue to pick up my daughter at school is when the little hand is on "Bob's" right Eye and the big hand is at the Brylcream gleam in His hair.) Also many publications available!! \$1 pamphlets, \$2 mags. Buttons too, various prices.

**HERETICAL NONORTHODOX RANTS  
Fool's Press, 928 Creekview Dr., Mesquite,  
TX 75181-2338**

"Are you too stupid to know you're ignorant of the truth?" \$1 for sampler of tracts, flyers. Rev. Sheldon DeWehr is a long-time Sub and very articulate writer, YET he comes up with NEW IDEAS!! I think \$1 is too 'humble.' A very nice young KILL-THE-PINKS fellow who hates the Con like nobody's business.

**AMAZING "SERIOUS" MWOWM-ORIENTED  
RANT-BOOKS!!  
Nicolas Gardener, c/o Campbell, PO Box 3004-249,  
Corvallis, OR 97339**

Loyal Hour of Slack listeners will recognize St.Nick, 1st Terrorist Church of NVITH, Scientist, as the SubGenius rant who most maniacally intertwines serious conspiracy theory and Dobbs theology. That's right, THEOLOGY. Rev. Gardener produces long, convoluted, valid, masterfully penned RANTS about EVERYTHING: you know, the Big Everything. SubGenius is only a part of the overall ACID-HEAD PHILOSOPHY available here, and it's an acidhead philosophy so intricately detailed that we are... HONORED... seriously, he takes Time Control seriously. Mathematical, numerical possibilities of Dobbsian theology thoroughly explored and REAMED. \$3 each for Manual of Spiritual Warfare, Tachyon Transmissions #111 & #22. Prodvct Magazine \$2. Checks payable to Ben Campbell. "If the Secretary of the Treasury can't cash it, the Church cannot save you from Hell!"

Last-Minute:  
Dr. Legume, Peoples' Temple of the Blood Covenant of Dobbs, Mutant, #2 Seventh St., Upland, PA 19015 — excellent small SubG pamphlets and misc. blessings.

**THREADBARE Magazine  
PO Box 20681, Seattle, WA 98102**

\$2 @. Editor Prince (of pieces) whups together these mags now and then... a hell of a lot more frequently than I do... with fine ranting, anti-Con news, and a very left-thigh political slant. He also puts on annual "REVULVALS" in Seattle, so if you're new in the area, get on his mailing list. The Revulvals sound like loads of kinky fun and a good place to meet fellow spaced-out weirdo Subs (who might secretly be doctors and lawyers in the Pink world.)

Church of All Wierds, Phallus, TX, — they forgot their address, 3 mailings in a row... typical.

**FOOD FOR BIRDS, PEOPLE FOR PROFIT  
RFD 279, Rockland, ME 04841**

From the Mid-Coast SubChurch of Paranoia (not a support group). Intriguing rantings, anti-Con info and artfulness. Last issue was anti-DrugWar. These are substantial tomes, 60 pages or so, so, though he gives no price, send at least \$3 or stamps or something worthwhile for the mag.

**IDEOLOGY OF MADNESS, Yggdrassil Press,  
PO Box 1742, Arlington, TX 76004** — the magazine of Stang-hate. Jeez, what a limited subject upon which to base a magazine. And, what an honor. Well, they print a lot of other good stuff too. (When will you folks catch on that you STARTED OUT 'inside' but just DRIFTED??) Actually, he may have GIVEN UP by now, wouldn't blame him, considering his ALL-CONFIDENT, ALL-INFLUENTIAL FOE. (HEH!)

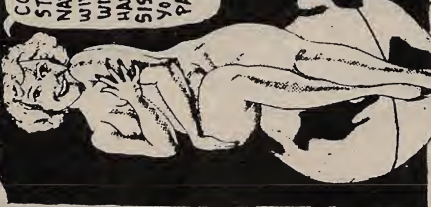
Slimetrax, the Official Voice of the Brunswick Loyal Order of Bar Slugs, PO Box 1305, Suite 122, Brunswick, ME 04011 — Crazy, man.

**OTHER WEIRD MAGS N  
TAPES N SHIT**

See the Upcoming/Present sections of OTHER MUTANTS for many many more of these.



# KOHOUTEK'S COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS CRUSADE PRESENTS: FREEDOM TO FUCK AND COPULATION



COMRADES! WILL YOU BE FREE TO STAND ON YOUR OWN WHILE THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD CRUMBLE WITH THEIR OWN PESTERING CORRUPTION? WILL YOU BE TRULY FREE TO LIVE IN HARMONY WITH YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS THE WORLD OVER? OR WILL YOU BE AN OBSOLETE RELIC OF THE PAST FULL OF SEXUAL INHIBITIONS AND SELF-IMPOSED REPRESSIONS?

PURSUIT OF THE GLORIOUS ORGASM WILL LEAD US FROM THE DYING SOCIETY OF THE PRESENT INTO THE CLASSLESS UNITY OF MANKIND IN THE FUTURE!

KOHOUTEK BRINGS YOU THE SIGN TO FUCK FOR THE SHEER JOY OF COPULATION! DENIAL OF SEXUAL IMPULSES IS FASCISM!

BECOME FREE! MAN! HAVE GRANTED BY THE NATIONAL GOVT. BUT BY THE NATIONAL GOVT. FOR YOUR NATIONALITY! YOU ARE TO REMAIN FOR YOUR OWN NATIONALITY!



YOU CAN BET JFK KNEW THE MEANING OF FREEDOM WHEN HE WAS FUCKING MARILYN MONROE!

FREEDOM TO FUCK IS FREEDOM TO LIVE!!

RIGHT ON MR. PRESIDENT!



WHY RESTRICT YOURSELF FROM EDEN IN THE HERE AND NOW?

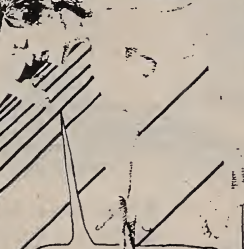
INTELLIGENT BEINGS MERGING PSYCHES AND BODIES IN COPULATION REPRESENTS THE DYNAMIC LIFE FORCE OF THE UNIVERSE! WHEN THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE UNIVERSE IS IN TUNE WITH THIS ORGASMIC ENERGY ALL MATTER WILL BE TRANSCENDED AND A SUPER ENERGY BEING WILL TAKE ITS PLACE! THIS BEING, MADE UP OF THE EMISSIONS OF INTELLIGENT CREATURES OF THE UNIVERSE IS THE END RESULT OF ALL CREATION! MAN AND GOD WILL AT LAST BE ONE!!



UNTIL WE BECOME MENTALLY FREE SEXUALLY WORTHY WE ARE NOT OUR TO UNITE SPACE BROEDERS TO GLORIOUS TRAVELLERS TO WHO HAVE LIGHT VECTORS BRING US THE SECRET OF UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS!

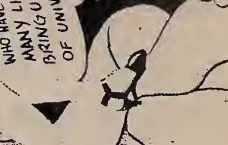


FUCKING LEADS TO INCREASED MENTAL AWARENESS; ESP THROUGH INTERCOURSE!



FREE LOVE AND SEX IS THE MAINSPRING OF THE WORLD OF TOMORROW! SEXUAL ENERGY WILL SAVE HUMANITY AND LIFT IT TO THE NEXT PLATEAU ON THE EVOLUTIONARY STEPLADDER!!

RID YOURSELF OF THE SELF-IMPOSED CANCER OF REPRESSION!  
FUCK FOR THE UNITY OF CREATION!  
FUCK FOR GOD!  
FUCK FOR FUCKING'S SAKE!



© Byron Werner



DO YOU WANT TO BE A SUPERHERO? ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS...  
DO YOU WANT TO BE A SUPERHERO? ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS...  
DO YOU WANT TO BE A SUPERHERO? ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS...

YOUR NAME HERE

© BYRON WERNER



